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ORIGINAL PORTRAITS OF WASHINGTON.

THE return to this country of a portrait of Washington, claimed to be from life, and to have been executed at Philadelphia, in 1795, by Wertmüller, a Danish artist of eminence in his day, and the fact that an engraving from this picture has been adopted as the frontispiece to Irving's new Biography of Washington, have led to a general discussion, not only of the merits of the portrait itself, but of those previously recognised as authentic, the comparative resemblance of each, the ability of the different artists, and the history of their work. The interest thus awakened in the subject, has induced us to devote a few pages to its illustration, as a theme of curious artistic suggestiveness, and one which, from its associations, has a national charm.

The earliest portrait of Washington is more interesting, perhaps, as a memorial than as a work of art; and we can easily imagine that associations endeared it to his old comrades. The continental dress and youthful face make it illustrative of the first experience of the future commander, when, exchanging the surveyor's implements for a major's commission, he bivouacked in the wilderness of Ohio, the leader of a motley band of hunters, provincials and savages, to confront wily Frenchmen, cut forest roads, and encounter all the perils of Indian ambush, inclement skies, undisciplined followers, famine

and woodland skirmish. It recalls his calm authority and providential escape amid the dismay of Braddock's defeat, and his pleasant sensation at the first whistling of bullets in the weary march to Fort Mifflin. To Charles Wilson Peale we owe this precious relic of the chieftain's youth. His own career partook of the vicissitudes and was impressed with the spirit of the revolutionary era; a captain of volunteers at the battles of Trenton and Germantown, a State representative of Pennsylvania, a favorite pupil of West, an ingenious mechanic and a warrior, he always cherished the instinct and the faculty for art; and, even amid the bustle and duties of the camp, never failed to seize auspicious intervals of leisure, to depict his brother officers.

The resolution of Congress by which this portrait was ordered, was passed before the occupation of Philadelphia. Its progress marks the vicissitudes of the revolutionary struggle; commenced in the gloomy winter and half-famished encampment at Valley Forge, in 1777, the battles of Trenton, Princeton, and Monmouth intervened before its completion. At the last place Washington suggested that the view from the window of the farm-house opposite to which he was sitting, would form a desirable background. Peale adopted the idea, and represented Monmouth Court House, and a party of Hessians under

guard marching out of it.* The picture was finished at Philadelphia, but Congress adjourned without making an appropriation and it remained in the artist's hands. Lafayette desired a copy for the King of France, and Peale executed one in 1779, which was sent to Paris; but the misfortunes of the royal family occasioned its sale, and it became the property of the Count de Menou, who brought it again to this country and presented it to the National Institute, where it is now preserved. Chapman made two copies at a thousand dollars each; and Dr. Craik, one of the earliest and warmest personal friends of Washington, their commissions as officers in the French war having been signed on the same day [1754], declared it a most faithful likeness of him as he appeared in the prime of his life.

The characteristic traits of Peale's full-length portrait of Washington, now at Arlington House, and the era of our history and of Washington's life it embalms, make it doubly valuable as the initiative in a series of pictorial illustrations, each of which, independent of the degree of professional skill exhibited, is essential to our Washingtonian gallery. Before Trumbull and Stuart had caught from the living man his aspect in maturity and age, the form, knit to athletic proportions by self-denial and activity, and clad in the garb of rank and war, and the countenance open with truth and grave with thought, yet rounded with the contour and ruddy with the glow of early manhood, was thus genially delineated by the hand of a comrade, and in the infancy of native art. Of the fourteen portraits by Peale, that exhibiting Washington as a Virginian colonel in the uniform of the colonial force of Great Britain, was painted in 1772, at Mount Vernon, and is the only entire portrait before the Revolution extant.

A few octogenarians, in the city of brotherly love, used to speak, not many years since, of a diminutive family, the head of which manifested the sensitive temperament, if not the highest capabilities of artistic genius. This was Robert Edge Pine. He was considered a superior colorist, and was favorably introduced into society there

by his acknowledged sympathy for the American cause, and by a grand project such as was afterwards partially realized by Trumbull; that of a series of historical paintings, illustrative of the American Revolution, to embrace original portraits of the leaders, both civil and military, in that achievement, including the statesmen who were chiefly instrumental in framing the Constitution and organizing the government. He brought a letter of introduction to the father of the late Judge Hopkinson, whose portrait he executed, and its vivid tints and correct resemblance still attest to his descendants the ability of the painter. In the intervals of his business as a teacher of drawing and a votary of portraiture in general, he collected, from time to time, a large number of "distinguished heads." Of these portraits, the heads of General Gates, Charles Carroll, Baron Steuben, and Washington, are the best known and most highly prized. Pine remained three weeks at Mount Vernon, and his portrait bequeaths some features with great accuracy; artists find in it certain merits not discoverable in those of a later date; it has the permanent interest of a representation from life, by a painter of established reputation; yet its tone is cold and its effect unimpressive, beside the more bold and glowing pencil of Stuart. It has repose and dignity. In his letter to Washington, asking his cooperation in the design he meditated, Pine says, "I have been sometime at Annapolis painting the portraits of patriots, legislators, heroes, and beauties, in order to adorn my large pictures;" and seems to have commenced his enterprise with sanguine hopes of one day accomplishing his object, which, however, it was reserved for a native artist eventually to complete. That his appeal to Washington was not neglected, however, is evident from an encouraging allusion to Pine, and his scheme, in the correspondence of the former. "Mr. Pine," he says, "has met a favorable reception in this country, and may, I conceive, command as much business as he pleases. He is now preparing materials for historical representations of the most important events of the war."† Pine's picture is in the possession of

* MS. Letter of Rembrandt Peale to George Livermore, Esq.

† Sparks' Writings of Washington.

the Hopkinson family at Philadelphia. The fac-simile of Washington's letter proves that it was taken in 1785. A duplicate was purchased at Montreal, in 1817, by the late Henry Brevoort, of New York.

The reader of Haydon's autobiography will remember the awkward predicament in which that egotistic but impassioned devotee of "high art" found himself, when attempting to take a cast in plaster from the person of a Herculean model, whom he nearly suffocated by the experiment. To the same crude process was the head of our august chief submitted in 1783. Franklin introduced to him, by letter, a Bordentown gentleman, Joseph Wright, who painted both his wife and himself at Rocky Hill, near Princeton, in that year, and, afterwards, etched a profile of the latter from his own drawing. Both portraits were thought like; and Congress, then sitting in Philadelphia, with the intention of securing a reliable statue, employed this artist to take a mould, in plaster of Paris, of Washington's face. But the trepidation of the operator caused him, in removing the mould, to let it fall, and, though it was utterly ruined, the President declined subjecting himself again to the unpleasant ordeal. A letter to this artist, in reference to a portrait he executed for the Count de Solms, illustrates the desire for military fame, which was an instinctive and an hereditary trait of Washington's character, apparent in his eagerness to take part, when quite young, in frontier warfare, and subsequently in Braddock's expedition, notwithstanding his mother's remonstrances, to which, in all other interests, he was ever obedient. After directing the painter to forward his bill, he adds: "you will not be deficient in execution, as the Count designs this for his gallery of military characters."

But the most interesting work of this artist is a portrait of Washington, executed for Mrs. Elizabeth Willing, of Philadelphia. This lady was an intimate friend of the first President, as his familiar letters to her on subjects of general and personal concern, and to her husband, on agricultural matters, evidence. This picture came by direct inheritance into the possession of John Haxe Powell, the nephew of Mrs. Willing, and is now owned by that gentleman's son, at whose house, in Newport, we lately had the pleasure of examining it. It bears

date Philadelphia, 1784. There is something at once inelegant and truthful in the impression it conveys; no attempt is visible to modify the somewhat unsymmetrical torso, or to give artificial ease to the attitude; it strikes the beholder as a most honest but wholly unembellished portrait, one of those bold, faithful imitations of nature whose very lack of ideal finish yields *prima facie* proof of authenticity. The attitude is erect, the lips closed with determination, the eye clear and unflinching, the hair shorter than in any other portrait, and the nose so distinctly outlined and decided in its form as to claim special notice. Perhaps no portrait of Washington bears such convincing marks of genuine individuality, without a particle of artistic flattery. There is something honest in the mere look of the right hand; resolution and great calmness are the predominant traits. Bushrod Washington always spoke of this portrait as the most literal similitude of his great kinsman.

One of Canova's fellow workmen, in the first years of his artistic life, was a melancholy enthusiast, whose thirst for the ideal was deepened by a morbid tenacity of purpose and sensitiveness of heart. The political confusion that reigned in Europe for a time, seriously interfered with the pursuit of art; and this was doubtless a great motive with Giuseppe Ceracchi for visiting America; but not less inciting was the triumph of freedom, of which our land had recently become the scene—a triumph that so enlisted the sympathies and fired the imagination of the republican sculptor, that he designed a grand national monument, commemorative of American independence, and sought the patronage of the newly-organized government in its behalf. Washington, individually, favored his design, and the model of the proposed work received the approval of competent judges. With a view to its execution, Ceracchi made the only series of marble portraits from life of the founders of the government; his busts of Hamilton, Jay, Trumbull, and Governor George Clinton, were long the prominent ornaments of the Academy of Fine Arts, in New York; the latter, especially, was remarkable, both in regard to its resemblance to the original, and as a work of art. His most important achievement, however,

was a bust of Washington, generally considered the most perfect representation of the man and the hero combined, after Stuart's master-piece. The fate of this valuable effigy was singular. It was purchased by the Spanish Ambassador, as a gift to the Prince of Peace, then at the height of his power at Madrid; before the bust reached Spain, Godoy was exiled, and the minister recalled, who, on his arrival, transferred it, unpacked, to Richard Meade, Esq., of Philadelphia, in whose family it remained until two years ago, when, at the administrators' sale of that gentleman's fine collection of paintings, it was purchased by Gouverneur Kemble, and can now be seen at his hospitable mansion, on the banks of the Hudson. This bust gives Washington a Roman look, yet has been declared to exhibit more truly the expression of the mouth than any other work.

The design of a statue was only realized on the arrival of Houdon, who accompanied Dr. Franklin to the United States. He remained at Mount Vernon long enough to execute a model of Washington's head, and familiarize himself with every detail of his features and the traits of his natural language; but that implicit fidelity, now evident in the busts of our own leading sculptors, was not then in vogue, and the artists of the day were rather adepts in idealizing than in precise imitation of nature; therefore, the result of Houdon's labors, though, in general, satisfactory, cannot be used with the mathematical exactitude, as a guide, which greater attention to minutiae would have secured. There is a little drawing by Stuart, in which the minute discrepancies between Houdon's bust and the original head are noted. On leaving, he presented Washington with the bas-relief which used to hang over his chair in the library at Mount Vernon. He completed the statue after his return to Paris. The original cast of the head is still at Mount Vernon, and the statue itself is the cherished ornament of the Capitol at Richmond, and has been declared, by one of Washington's biographers, to be "as perfect a resemblance, in face and figure, as the art admits;" while, on the other hand, a critic of large and studious observation, who was well acquainted with the appearance of the original, says that, as a likeness, the head is inferior to

Ceracchi's bust. The costume is that Washington wore as commander-in-chief; it has been assailed with the usual arguments—its want of classical effect, and its undignified style; but less conservative reasoners applaud the truth of the drapery, and the work is endeared as a reliable and unique representation of the man—the only one from life, bequeathed by the art of the statuary.

In 1847, Mr. Charles Fox proclaimed the discovery of an original portrait of Washington, in the possession of a respectable family of Boston, claimed to be the work of a relative. The name of this artist was Fullerton, who, with his brother, ranked high among the juvenile patriots of his native town, was a visitor to Gage's camp, and traced the features of his country's hero as he appeared reviewing the troops on Boston Common; after a voyage to India for his health, he came home only to die, and was buried in the old grave-yard of King's Chapel. Mr. Fox had this portrait engraved by G. G. Smith, and obtained a certificate of its value, as a correct resemblance, from H. G. Otis, John Wells, David Ellis, and other well known, venerable citizens of Boston. There are, indeed, certain familiar lines in the profile, and a general, though vague, similitude to the acknowledged likenesses; but as a work of art it is stiff and hard: the eye is larger in proportion, the muscles of the lower jaw less firm, and the nose more straight, than in the majority of previous and subsequent representations. Still it may be justly regarded as a curious relic.

A letter of Washington's, dated at New York, in 1789, courteously acknowledges an introduction brought him from Cambridge by Edward Savage, in which he is respectfully solicited to sit to that painter, who had offered to execute his portrait as a gift to Harvard College. It is probable that the opportunity was gained, by this very mediocre painter, entirely on account of the institution whence the request emanated; for the work of Mr. Savage, still in the collection of the university, compares quite unfavorably with the heads of the old worthies, portrayed not only by Copley, but his very inferior successors in New England. It has the attraction, indeed, which belongs to every representation from the life of an illustrious character, whose effigy can never be

seen with indifference by American eyes. It bears an obvious resemblance to the Wertmuller portrait. But it is a hard and heavy production, utterly deficient in genuine expression and skillful finish. This picture dates soon after Washington's inauguration, and was tolerably engraved by Young Edwin, from whose burin proceeded that formal but once favorite print, called *The Washington Family*, the original of which was by Savage, and long preserved at a Museum in New York. He was originally a print publisher, and chiefly engraved portraits executed by himself. He owes the distinction he enjoyed to the low state of the arts and the paucity of artists in his day, and is now remembered only as having been the first teacher of Jarvis, and the painter of an ordinary likeness of the first American President.

One of the few accomplished foreign ladies who graced the republican court, during his administration, was Madame de Bréhen, sister of the French minister, who possessed considerable talent for drawing. She made two profile heads of Washington, one of which he gave to Mrs. Bingham, and the other was taken to France by the artist and handsomely engraved. In a letter to her brother, from Mount Vernon, in 1790, Washington expresses his gratification at the receipt of several proof impressions of this work. As thus exhibited, it has quite the look of an etching from a Roman medallion; the outline is serene and noble, but the wreath round the brow gives it a half classical and half French air, not easily associated with the head of an American hero. It is, however, a graceful tribute from a countrywoman of Lafayette. If this portrait agreeably symbolizes the days when Washington held councils of war with Rochambeau and D'Estaing, corresponded with Gouverneur Morris on the events of the French Revolution, and became the courteous sitter to a fair Parisian limner, the portrait in the collection of the Earl of Buchan is a no less pleasing token of the appreciation in which his high example was held in the land of Bruce. In Washington's correspondence we find the evidence of a strong desire to meet the wishes of this nobleman, who paid him a significant compliment, by sending the letter, asking for his portrait, and introducing Archibald Robertson, a painter from

Aberdeen, in a box made from the very oak that sheltered Wallace after the battle of Falkirk. "The manner of the execution," he writes to the Earl in transmitting the picture, "does no discredit, I am told, to the artist, of whose skill favorable mention has been made to me."

The miniatures of the President and his wife, executed in 1790, by this artist, and belonging to the family, have been pronounced more remarkable for high finish than as likenesses. Among the secondary effigies of Washington may be mentioned, also, two portraits by James Peale, and a bas-relief in wax by Mrs. Wright, now in the possession of H. P. Beck, Esq., of Philadelphia.

In some of the reminiscences of the American stage, the name of Gallagher, a scene painter, occurs; he was one of those adventurers who bring the palette and pencil to account in any manner which will afford subsistence. He executed portraits when he could find a subject, but seems to have chiefly relied upon theatrical scenery and sign-boards. In 1789, he made a likeness of Washington. Another limner, a Genevan by birth, who came to the same city in 1780, Du Cimitiere, made a portrait which the family thought good, and which, for a while, had some circulation abroad, through engraved copies executed in Paris. Eccleston, a Virginian, modeled his head in 1796. Robert Fulton, in that transition period of his enterprising life, when art disputed the empire of his mind with science, full of patriotic enthusiasm for so illustrious a subject, painted Washington, in 1782; but his ineffective labors as an artist were soon forgotten in the signal triumphs of his mechanical genius. In the following year, William Dunlap, then a youthful tyro, performed the same office, with limited success, at Rocky Hill, N. J. Although what may be termed the incidental labors of the artists of the day, many of them deficient in the higher qualifications for portraiture, to embody and transmit the countenance of Washington, have ceased to have any value except to the antiquarian and the virtuoso, an exception should be made in favor of the felicitous pencil of Samuel Folwell, who, availing himself of the President's appearance before Congress, when assembled in Philadelphia, watched his opportunity, and caught so true a profile

from the unconscious subject, at a moment when his features were most expressive, that a leading journal of the day declares it the most spirited and correct off-hand likeness ever made. It afterwards became widely known, from being admirably transferred to a collection of earthen pitchers; these, in process of time, grew rare; and, when a crate of them was accidentally discovered in 1801, they were eagerly sought as memorials, and the heads carefully removed and framed for preservation, under the name of "the pitcher portrait."^{*}

In 1798 there also arrived, for the second time, in New York, an artist of less aspiring genius than practical views. Although of an English Roman Catholic family, and educated in France, the look and bearing of James Sharpless were those of a courteous Quaker. To his pencil we owe, in numerous instances, the only correct portraits of our revolutionary statesmen, and leading members of the convention who framed the Constitution; his sketches of Gouverneur Morris and Rufus King are memorable; and his graceful pastilles may yet be seen in some of our old-fashioned mansions. The profile likeness of Washington, by Sharpless, is a valuable item of the legacy which art has bequeathed of those noble and benign features; he evidently bestowed upon it his greatest skill, and there is no more correct facial outline of the immortal subject in existence; a disciple of Lavater would probably find it the most available side-view for physiological inference; it is remarkably adapted to the burin, and has been once, at least, adequately engraved; it also has the melancholy attraction of being the last portrait of Washington taken from life.

The memory of Sharpless and his career in America were pleasantly revived, within a short time, by the visit to our shores of an English gentleman, having in his possession an oil portrait of Washington by this artist, which, for many years, was the cherished ornament of a London dwelling—the residence of one of the firm that acted, for a considerable period, as agents of the illustrious Virginia planter, and subsequently of the great republican chief. The owner of this precious relic was

one of the many victims of the railway speculations that, not long since, brought such financial disasters upon Great Britain. His account of the Sharpless portrait traces its history with authentic minuteness. It was well known by the *habitués* of Mr. Cary's dwelling, where it hung over the fireplace—the object of frequent discussion—at a time when good likenesses of Washington were rare in England. The artist was a relative of the merchant, and it is probable that the latter commissioned Sharpless to execute the work, or obtained it by direct purchase. It fell into the hands of a confidential employé of the house, from whose son the more recent owner bought it, having learned the value which, in this country, at least, would attach to an original portrait of Washington. It was exhibited at a meeting of the New York Historical Society, and elicited the most satisfactory proofs of its resemblance to the original. The venerable Dr. Van Pelt, especially, attested its correctness. In a letter to the owner, he describes the sentiments of love and awe towards Washington that filled his heart in boyhood, and the vivid emotions with which he first beheld him. "I got by the side of him," he says, "taking the buttons of his military coat between my fingers, and intent on looking at him, he putting his own arm around my neck. I observed distinctly the features of his face, his bland, dignified, majestic countenance, his erect, tall, towering person, his graceful movements and amiable demeanor." The declaration of such a witness, that this portrait is "faithful, excellent, life-like," establishes its value. It resembles Stuart's head, but has "a latent fire in the eye," a character, vigor, and breadth which proclaim it an original. Its worth and interest are also increased by the painter's high reputation and attractive qualities. For Washington his letters breathe a profound respect and affection; and he strove to represent him not less from delight in the subject than in order to possess himself of a reliable memorial of one in whose praises he was singularly eloquent. No artist more completely felt the difficulties of the task; none was ever inspired with more reverence for the man. "It is not in the grasp of any painter," he

^{*} Watson's Annals. American Literary Curiosities.

writes to his family, "to hold the dignity and mightiness of the great subject;" and elsewhere he expatiates upon the uniform kindness and the noble condescension of Washington. One remark is worthy of notice, as an indirect but striking tribute to that habitual self-control, the cost of which, in discipline and inward struggle, we have yet thoroughly to realize. "There was," says Sharpless, "a concealed, though not unconquered passion working within him, which rendered him a somewhat painful sitter. On this account," he adds, "I felt the necessity of making a dash at him before any ennui could be engendered;" and to this we may fairly attribute the superior animation of the portrait. The first outline by this ingenious man was made in 1796, by the pentograph, and is, therefore, mathematically correct. Of his two colored crayons, one is the profile before described, and the other a neat front view. Of his American collection, so endeared to him that he refused to part with a single specimen, using, to importunate applicants, Stuart's old excuse—that they were not quite finished—there now exist in England, two portraits of Washington, one a profile, another of Mrs. Washington, one of John Adams, and one of Jefferson and Madison.

Rembrandt Peale, when quite young, became the companion of his father's artistic labors. In compliment to the latter, Washington sat for a likeness to the novice of eighteen, who says the honor agitated more than it inspired him, and he solicited his father's intercession and countenance on the memorable occasion. Of the precise value of his original sketch it is difficult to form an accurate opinion, but the mature result of his efforts to produce a portrait of Washington has attained a high and permanent fame. He availed himself of Stuart's best points, and always worked with Houdon's bust before him. This celebrated picture is the favorite portrait of a large number of amateurs. Rembrandt Peale is said to be the only living artist who ever saw Washington. In the pamphlet which he issued to authenticate the work, we find the cordial testimony, to its fidelity and other merits, of Lawrence Lewis, the eldest nephew of Washington; of the late venerable John Vaughan, of Bishop White, Rufus King, Charles

Carroll, Edward Livingston, General Smith, Dr. James Thatcher, and Judge Cranch. Chief Justice Marshall says of it: "It is more Washington himself than any portrait I have ever seen;" and Judge Peters explains his approval by declaring, "I judge from its effect on my heart."

No artist enjoyed the opportunities of Colonel Trumbull, as the portrayer of Washington. As aid-de-camp, he was familiar with his appearance in the prime of his life and its most exciting era. At the commencement of the revolutionary struggle, this officer was among the most active, and essentially promoted the secure retreat of the American forces, under General Sullivan, from Rhode Island; he, therefore, largely partook of the spirit of those days, came freely under the influence of Washington's character as it pervaded the camp, and had ample time and occasion to observe the commander-in-chief in his military aspect, and in social intercourse, on horseback, in the field, and at the hospitable board, in the councils of war, when silently meditating his great work, when oppressed with anxiety, animated by hope, or under the influence of those quick and strong feelings he so early learned to subdue. After Trumbull's resignation, and when far away from the scene of Washington's glory, he painted his head from recollection, so distinctly was every feature and expression impressed upon his mind. In the autumn of 1789 he returned from Europe, and began his sketches of the chiefs and statesmen of the Revolution, afterwards embodied in the pictures that adorn the Rotunda of the Capitol, and the originals of which, invaluable for their authenticity, may now be seen in the gallery at New Haven. Here is preserved the most spirited portrait of Washington that exists—the only reflection of him, as a soldier of freedom, worthy of the name, drawn from life. The artist's own account of this work is given in his memoirs: "In 1792 I was again in Philadelphia, and there painted the portrait of General Washington, now placed in the gallery at New Haven, the best, certainly, of those that I painted, and the best, in my estimation, which exists in his heroic and military character. The city of Charleston, S. C., instructed Mr. W. R. Smith, one of the representatives of South Carolina,

to employ me to paint for them a portrait of the great man, and I undertook it *con amore*, as the commission was unlimited, meaning to give his military character at the most sublime moment of its exertion—the evening previous to the battle of Trenton, when, viewing the vast superiority of his approaching enemy, the impossibility of again crossing the Delaware or retreating down the river, he conceives the plan of returning by a night march into the country from which he had been driven, thus cutting off the enemy's communication and destroying the dépôt of stores at Bruns-
wick." There is a singular felicity in this choice of the moment to represent Washington, for it combines all the most desirable elements of expression characteristic of the man. It is a moment, not of brilliant achievement, but of intrepid conception, when the dignity of thought is united with the sternness of resolve, and the enthusiasm of a daring experiment kindles the habitual mood of self-control into an unwonted glow. As the artist unfolded his design to Washington, the memory of that eventful night thrilled him anew; he rehearsed the circumstances, described the scene, and his face was lighted up as the memorable crisis in his country's fate and his own career was renewed before him. He spoke of the desperate chance, the wild hope, and the hazardous but fixed determination of that hour; and, as the gratified painter declares, "looked the scene." "The result," he says, "was, in my own opinion, eminently successful, and the General was satisfied."

The gentleman who was the medium of this commission to Trumbull, praised his work; but, aware of the popular sentiment, declared it not calm and peaceful enough to satisfy those for whom it was intended. With reluctance, the painter asked Washington, overwhelmed as he was with official duty, to sit for another portrait, which represents him in his every-day aspect, and, therefore, better pleased the citizens of Charleston. "Keep this picture," said Washington to the artist, speaking of the first experiment, "and finish it to your own taste." When the Connecticut State Society of Cincinnati dissolved, a few of the members purchased it as a gift to Yale College.* Although the concurrent testimony of

those best fitted to judge gives the palm to Trumbull's portrait, now in the gallery at New Haven, as the most faithful likeness of Washington in his prime, this praise seems to refer rather to the general expression and air than to the details of the face. Trumbull often failed in giving a satisfactory likeness; he never succeeded in rendering the complexion, as is obvious by comparing that of his picture in the New York City Hall with any or all of Stuart's heads; the former is yellow, and gives the idea of a bilious temperament, while the latter, in every instance, have the florid, ruddy tint, which, we are assured, was characteristic of Washington, and indicative of his active habits, constant exposure to the elements, and Saxon blood. The best efforts of Trumbull were his first, careful sketches; he never could elaborate with equal effect; the collection of small, original heads, from which his historical pictures were drawn, are invaluable, as the most authentic resemblances in existence of our revolutionary heroes. They have a genuine look and a spirited air, seldom discoverable in the enlarged copies.

"Washington," says Trumbull, in describing the picture, "is represented standing on elevated ground, on the south side of the creek at Trenton, a little below the stone-bridge and mill. He has a reconnoitering glass in his hand, with which he is supposed to have been examining the strength of the hostile army, pouring into and occupying Trenton, which he has just abandoned at their appearance; and, having ascertained their great superiority, as well in numbers as discipline, he is supposed to have been meditating how to avoid the apparently impending ruin, and to have just formed the plan which he executed during the night. This led to the splendid success at Princeton on the following morning; and, in the estimation of the great Frederic, placed his military character on a level with that of the greatest commanders of ancient or modern times. Behind, and near, an attendant holds his horse. Every minute article of dress, down to the buttons and spurs, and the buckles and straps of the horse furniture, was carefully painted from the different objects."

Although not so familiar as Stuart's

* Life of Col. Trumbull, p. 167.

numerous good copies of Trumbull's Washington, some from his own, and others by later pencils, have rendered it almost as well known in this country. Contemporaries gave it a decided preference; it recalled the man who was "first in the hearts of his countrymen," ere age relaxed the facial muscles and modified the decisive lines of the mouth; it was associated in their minds with the indignant rebuke at Monmouth, the brilliant surprise at Trenton, and the heroic patience at Valley Forge; it was the Washington of their youth, who led the armies of freedom. Ask an elderly Knickerbocker what picture will give you a good idea of Washington, and he will confidently refer you, as the testimony of his father has taught him, to Trumbull's portrait in the City Hall. When Lafayette first beheld a copy of this picture, in a gentleman's house in New Jersey, on his visit to this country, a few years before his death, he uttered an exclamation of delight at its resemblance.

To trace the history of each of Stuart's portraits of Washington would prove of curious interest. One of his letters to a relative, dated the 2d of November, 1794, enables us to fix the period of the earliest experiment. "The object of my journey," he says, "is only to secure a portrait of the President and finish yours." One of the succeeding pictures was bought from the artist's studio by Mr. Tayloe, of Washington, and is at present owned by his son, B. Ogde Tayloe, Esq.; another was long in the possession of Madison, and is now in that of Gov. E. Coles, of Philadelphia. The full-length, in the presidential mansion, at the seat of government, was saved through the foresight and care of the late Mrs. Madison, when the city was taken by the British in the last war. Another portrait of undoubted authenticity was offered to and declined by Congress, a few years ago, and is owned by a Boston gentleman; and one graced the hospitable dwelling of Samuel Williams, the London banker. The feature usually exaggerated in poor copies, and the least agreeable in the original, is the mouth, resulting from the want of support of those muscles consequent on the loss of teeth, a defect which Stuart vainly attempted to remedy by inserting cotton between the jaw and the lips; and Wilson Peale

more permanently, but not less ineffectually, sought to retrieve by a set of artificial teeth. We have seen in Western New York a cabinet head of Washington, which bears strong evidence of Stuart's pencil, and is traced directly by its present owner to his hand, which was purchased of the artist and presented to Mr. Gilbert, a member of Congress from Columbia County, New York.

While Congress was in session at Philadelphia, in 1794, Stuart went thither with a letter of introduction to Washington, from John Jay. He first met his illustrious subject on a reception evening, and was spontaneously accosted by him with a greeting of dignified urbanity. Familiar as was the painter with eminent men, he afterwards declared that no human being ever awakened in him the sentiment of reverence to such a degree. For a moment, he lost his self-possession—with him an experience quite unprecedented—and it was not until several interviews that he felt himself enough at home with his sitter to give the requisite concentration of mind to his work. This was owing not less to the personal impressiveness of Washington—which all who came in contact with him felt and acknowledged—than to the profound respect and deep interest which the long anticipations of the artist had fostered in his own mind. He failed, probably from this cause, in his first experiment. No portrait-painter has left such a reputation for the faculty of eliciting expression, by his social tact, as Stuart. He would even defer his task, upon any pretext, until he succeeded in making the sitter, as he said, "look like himself." To induce a natural, unconscious, and characteristic mood, was his initiative step in the execution of a portrait. Innumerable are the anecdotes of his ingenuity and persistence in carrying out this habit. More or less conversant with every topic of general interest, and endowed with rare conversational ability and knowledge of character, he seldom failed to excite the ruling passion, magnetize the prominent idiosyncrasy, or awaken the professional interest of the occupant of his throne, whether statesman, farmer, actor, judge, or merchant; and his fund of good stories, narrated with dramatic effect, by enchainning the attention or enlisting the sympathies, usually made the delighted listener self-oblivious and

demonstrative, when, with an alertness and precision like magic, the watchful limner transferred the vital identity of his pre-occupied and fascinated subject, with almost breathing similitude. In Washington, however, he found a less flexible character upon which to scintillate his wit and open his anecdotal battery. Facility of adaptation seldom accompanies great individuality; and a man whose entire life has been oppressed with responsibility, and in whom the prevalent qualities are conscience and good sense, can scarcely be expected to possess humor and geniality in the same proportion as self-control and reflection. On the professional themes of agriculture and military science, Washington was always ready to converse, if not with enthusiasm, at least in an attentive and intelligent strain; but the artillery of repartee, and the sallies of fancy, made but a slight impression upon his grave and reserved nature. He was deficient in language—far more a man of action than of words—and had been obliged to think too much on vast interests, to “carry America in his brain,” as one of his eulogists has aptly said, to readily unbend in colloquial diversion. By degrees, however, the desired relation was established between himself and the artist, who, of several portraits, justly gave the preference to the Lansdowne picture and the unfinished one now possessed by the Boston Athenæum. They, doubtless, are the most perfect representations of Washington, as he looked at the time they were executed. The freshness of color, the studious modeling of the brow, the mingling of clear purpose and benevolence in the eye, and a thorough nobleness and dignity in the whole head, realize all the most intelligent admirer of the original has imagined—not, indeed, when thinking of him as the intrepid leader of armies, but in the last analysis and complete image of the hero in retirement. It is this master-piece of Stuart that has not only perpetuated, but distributed over the globe the resemblance of Washington. It has been sometimes lamented that so popular a work does not represent him in the aspect of a successful warrior, or in the flush of youth; but there seems to be a singular harmony between this venerable image—so majestic, benignant, and serene—and the absolute character and peculiar example of Washington, separated from

what was purely incidental and contingent in his life. Self-control, endurance, dauntless courage, loyalty to a just but sometimes desperate cause, hope through the most hopeless crises, and a tone of feeling the most exalted, united to habits of candid simplicity, are better embodied in such a calm, magnanimous, mature image, full of dignity and sweetness, than if portrayed in battle array or melodramatic attitude.

A letter of Stuart's which appeared in the *N. Y. Evening Post*, in 1833, attested by three gentlemen of Boston, with one from Washington making the appointment for a sitting, proves the error long current in regard both to the dates and the number of this artist's original portraits. He there distinctly states that he never executed but three from life, the first of which was so unsatisfactory that he destroyed it; the second was the picture for Lord Lansdowne; and the third, the one now belonging to the Boston Athenæum. The finishing touches were put to the one in September, 1795, and to the other, at Philadelphia, in the spring of 1796. This last, it appears by a letter of Mr. Custis, which we have examined, was undertaken against the desire of Washington, and at the earnest solicitation of his wife, who wished a portrait from life of her illustrious husband to be placed among the other family pictures at Mount Vernon. For this express purpose, and to gratify her, the artist commenced the work, and Washington agreed to sit once more. It was left, intentionally, unfinished, and when subsequently claimed by Mr. Custis, who offered a premium upon the original price, Stuart excused himself, much to the former's dissatisfaction, on the plea that it was a requisite legacy for his children. Simultaneously with the Lansdowne portrait, the artist executed for William Constable that now in the possession of his grandson, Henry E. Pierrepont, Esq., of Brooklyn, L. I. Motives of personal friendship induced the artist to exert his best skill in this instance; it is a fac-simile of its prototype, and the expression has been thought even more noble, of higher significance, and true to the traditional character of the subject, than the Athenæum picture. It has the eyes looking off and not at the spectator, as in the latter portrait. Mr. Constable, the original proprietor, was aid to General Washington; and

when Lafayette visited this country in 1824, upon entering the drawing-room at Brooklyn Heights, where the picture hangs, he exclaimed, "that is my old friend, indeed!" Colonel Nicholas Fish and General Van Rensselaer joined in attesting the superior correctness of the likeness. The only adequate engraving of the Athenæum picture is the exquisite and faithful one by Joseph Andrews. Mr. Sparks has noted a curious anecdote in relation to Stuart and Washington, which preserves one of the few authentic instances where the chief's remarkable self-control lapsed into temporary excitement:—"One morning," he says, "as the artist approached the house, the street-door and inner-door were open, so that his eye was led directly into the parlor, and, just as he was about to ascend the steps, he saw Washington seize a man by the collar, and thrust him violently across the room. This being an awkward moment to enter the house, he passed on a short distance, but immediately returned and found the President sitting very composedly in a chair. After the usual salutation, his first words were, 'Mr. Stuart, when you went away, you turned the face of your picture to the wall, and gave directions that it should remain so, to prevent it receiving any injury, but, when I came into the room this morning, the face was turned outward as you now see it, the doors were open, and here was a fellow raising a dust with a broom, and I know not but the picture is ruined.' It so happened, however, that no essential harm was done, and the artist proceeded with his task." To obtain the last sitting, the painter is said to have promised, if successful, to present the portrait both of the General and Mrs. Washington to him *when finished*; and the result was so satisfactory that the artist determined never to complete the pictures, and thus secure them for a legacy to his family. They remained in the identical state in which they left his easel, the vivid tints unimpaired, the details of each head faithfully worked out, but the shoulders and bust only sketched, and the rest of the large canvas blank except a few random strokes of the brush. Yet no finished trophies of American art have been pondered with a more critical and fond gaze by the artists who have subsequently depicted Washington, or with

more reverent admiration by the generations of his countrymen who know their peerless benefactor only through history and their faithful resemblance. This master-piece is, however, said to have been rejected when offered to the government; and it long hung on the door of Stuart's painting-room on Fort Hill, in Boston. Stuart first painted the full length for Lord Lansdowne, subsequently owned by Mr. Williams, of London. He always declared, that, although he made twenty-two copies of the original, he could never reproduce it perfectly. The history and comparative merits of these portraits form a curious speculation. If all the facts were known, and all the traits critically noted, the record would prove quite a suggestive artistic chapter. In the opinion of many not incompetent judges, the full length in Faneuil Hall is the best, after those owned by Messrs. Williams and Pierpont, and the Boston Athenæum. This picture was secured by a mere accident. A mediocre English painter, Winstale, had the audacity to propose to Stuart, at Germantown, to visit his studio in Philadelphia, and give a stroke or two of his riding whip to some copies he had painted of the famous portrait, in order that it could be said they received the last touches from Stuart's own hand, he to share in the profits as well as the imposture. The indignant painter threatened to throw his impertinent visitor out of the window; but the latter, not a whit discouraged, afterwards drove a thriving trade with his spurious collection. Among his victims was a Federalist merchant of Boston, better versed in politics and commerce than the fine arts, who purchased and gave one of these literally "*counterfeit* presentments" to the Town Hall; the deception once known, the wits of the democratic party so overwhelmed the unlucky donor with their merciless gibes, that, in mere self-defense, he paid Stuart six hundred dollars for the painting which now ornaments the old cradle of liberty. In relating this anecdote, the artist, between his pinches of snuff, used to complain of his involuntary patron for having paid him in uncourteous notes on which there was a large discount.

Mr. Bingham, of Philadelphia, earnestly pleaded with Stuart to allow him to pay for Lord Lansdowne's commis-

sion, that he might enjoy the honor and gratification of presenting it to that nobleman. This request was acceded to, but the artist was subsequently much annoyed by discovering several engraved copies of this work, of inferior execution, on a book-seller's counter, in Philadelphia, to whom they had been sent, with a pompous advertisement, by a print-seller in England. The President of the Pennsylvania Academy previously refused Winstaley permission to copy the portrait belonging to that institution, without the artist's consent; but the law of copyright, especially in regard to works of art, was then unsettled, and Stuart was doomed to suffer incalculable wrong, both in his purse and reputation, by the unauthorized and inadequate reproduction of his great work. The copy by the painter himself, in the possession of Mr. Pierpont, of Brooklyn, is remarkable for animated expression; that in the State House at Newport, Rhode Island, is admired by critics for the apt and careful moulding of the brow and the purity of the coloring; the drooping angle of the eyelids is also a noticeable peculiarity. As a work of art, it offers a great contrast to two portraits from the same hand, in the neighboring Redwood Library, executed in boyhood. Of these two invaluable copies, the first, as before stated, was painted for Mr. Constable, and the second presented by the artist to the favorite town of his native State. The usual objection to Stuart's Washington is a certain feebleness about the lines of the mouth, which does not correspond with the distinct outline of the frontal region, the benign yet resolved eye, and the harmonious dignity of the entire head; but this defect was, as we have seen, an inevitable result of the loss of teeth. In view of the state of the arts in this country at the period, and the age of Washington, we cannot but congratulate ourselves that we have so pleasing and satisfactory a portrait, and exclaim, with Leslie, "how fortunate it was, that a painter existed in the time of Washington, who could hand him down looking like a gentleman!" Dr. Marshall, brother of the Chief Justice, said that Washington did not resemble Pine's portrait, when he knew him, and that Wertmüller's had too French a look, but that Stuart's was "prodigiously like." A more decided and magnetic expression

is, indeed, desirable; a more emotional phase would reveal the heroic fire that lay beneath that calm look; but it was no fault of the painter that this was not attained. After several attempts to bring that noble but restrained soul to the surface, to make that calm eye flash and those patient features light up with excitement, Stuart, one day, after making every preparation for his sitter, left his studio a few moments before the time of appointment; knowing Washington's scrupulous punctuality and exaction of it in all with whom he had to do, the artist waited in an adjoining room until he heard a loud exclamation and the rapid steps that told of a chafed mood. Then he entered, respectfully greeted Washington (who sternly resumed his seat), seized his palette, and, after a few touches, apologized by confessing he had practiced the *ruse* to call up a look of moral indignation, which would give spirit to his delineation.

Opinions are quite diverse in regard to the Wertmüller portrait. There are many points of executive merit in the original not completely rendered in the engraving; the air of the head, the grave and refined look, well-arranged hair, neat ruffles, and old-fashioned coat, sprinkled at the shoulders with powder, at once give the somewhat vague yet unmistakable impression of "the portrait of a gentleman." There is an expression of firmness and clear-sightedness, and an erect, brave attitude which reveals the soldier; and there is more animation than we are accustomed to see in portraits of Washington. The latter trait is probably that which led to the selection of this picture as an illustration to Irving's Biography. It offers a contrast to the adolescent head by Wilson Peale, and the venerable face by Stuart, to be attached to the succeeding volumes. Of the history and claims of the original work, the following statement of a Paris correspondent gives the facts credited by the admirers of the portrait:

"It was painted by the celebrated Wertmüller, in 1795, at Philadelphia, who went to the United States for that express purpose; and has not only the merit of being a magnificent painting, but the only portrait of him taken at that period—at a time before age had left its marks—indeed, in the prime and vigor of his life. The picture was at one time taken to Washington, when the price was held at \$10,000, while now it can be had for \$2,000. The Government of Russia has, through its

Minister at Brussels, made an offer; but I have induced the owners to hold on until I can hear from the patriotism of my native State."

Our first knowledge of Wertmüller was derived from a superb picture of Danse, which, for some time, occupied a nook, curtained from observation, in the studio of the late Henry Inman, of New York, and had been exhibited in Washington City, thirty years ago. There was fine drawing and rich color in this voluptuous creation—enough to convey a high idea of the skill and grace of the artist. With this picture vividly in the mind, it is difficult to realize that the chaste, subdued portrait of Washington was from the same hand. Yet granting the assertion that Wertmüller executed such a portrait from life, there seems reason to question the originality of that from which the engraving in Irving's Biography is taken. A writer in the *Evening Post*, of the 17th of March last, states that a French gentleman, M. Le Grand, being under obligations to the eminent lawyer Cornelius J. Bogart, presented exactly such a picture, believed to be an original, to his daughter, which is at present owned by a child of that lady. The portrait recently brought to this country is said to have been given by Washington to Baron Wahrendorf, a Swedish nobleman, who was here from 1795 to 1797, and who took it to Sweden, where it remained in his family until the death of its head, when it became the property of Mr. Cazenove, from whose estate it was transferred to the present owner. On the other hand, it is confidently asserted, that Washington invariably noted in his diary his sittings to portrait painters, and that no entry appears in reference to this picture. Its claim

to originality is, therefore, questioned; with the impatience of the whole subject, however, that Washington confessed he may, at last, have ceased to record what became a penance, and were the picture satisfactory in other respects, we should not be disposed to complain that it was skillfully combined from other portraits. But, in our view, the engraving, at least, has intrinsic faults. It is neither the Washington familiar to observation as portrayed, nor to fancy as idealized. There is a self-conscious expression about the mouth, not visible in Stuart's or Trumbull's heads, and out of character in itself; the eyebrows are raised so as to indicate either a supercilious or a surprised mood, both alien to Washington's habitual state of mind; it is impossible for the brows to be knit between the eyes, and arched over them at the same time, as in this engraving; the eyes themselves have a staring look; the animation so much wanted is here obtained at the expense of that serenity which was a normal characteristic of the man; we miss the modesty, the latent power, the placid strength, so intimately associated with the looks as well as the nature of Washington; the visage is too elongated; compared with the Athenæum portrait this picture has a common-place expression; it does not approach it in moral elevation; we should pass it by in a gallery as the likeness of a gentleman and a brave officer, but not linger over it as the incarnation of disinterested, magnanimous, loyal courage, such as lent a certain unconscious, impressive, and superior aspect to Washington, and divided him, by an infinite distance, from the mob of vulgar heroes.

WIND AND RAIN.

RATTLE the windows, winds!
Rain, drip on the pane!
There are tears and sighs in our hearts and eyes,
For the life we live in vain!

The gray sea heaves, and heaves,
On the dreary flats of sand;
And the blasted limb of the church-yard tree
Shakes like a ghostly hand!

The dead are engulfed beneath it,
Sunk in the grassy waves;
But we have more dead in our hearts to-day
Than the earth in all her graves!

THE WILLEY HOUSE.

A BALLAD OF THE WHITE HILLS.

I.

COME, children, put your baskets down,
And let the blushing berries be;
Sit here and wreath a laurel crown,
And if I win it, give it me.

'Tis afternoon—it is July—
The mountain shadows grow and grow;
Your time of rest, and mine is nigh—
The moon was rising long ago.

While yet on old Chocorua's top
The lingering sunlight says farewell,
Your purple-fingered labor stop,
And hear a tale I have to tell.

II.

You see that cottage in the glen,
Yon desolate, forsaken shed—
Whose moldering threshold now and then,
Only a few stray travelers tread.

No smoke is curling from its roof,
At eve no cattle gather round,
No neighbor now, with dint of hoof,
Prints his glad visit on the ground.

A happy home it was of yore:
At morn the flocks went nibbling by,
And Farmer Willey, at his door,
Oft made their reckoning with his eye.

Where yon rank alder trees have sprung,
And birches cluster, thick and tall,
Once the stout apple overhung,
With his red gifts, the orchard wall.

Right fond and pleasant, in their ways,
The gentle Willey people were,
I knew them in those peaceful days,
And Mary—every one knew her.

III.

Two summers now had seared the hills,
Two years of little rain or dew;
High up the courses of the rills
The wild-rose and the raspberry grew:

The mountain sides were cracked and dry,
And frequent fissures on the plain,
Like mouths, gaped open to the sky
As though the parched earth prayed for rain.

One sultry August afternoon,
Old Willey, looking toward the West,
Said—"We shall hear the thunder soon:
Oh! if it bring us rain, 'tis blest."

And even with his word, a smell
Of sprinkled fields passed through the air,
And from a single cloud there fell
A few large drops—the rain was there.

Ere set of sun a thunder-stroke
Gave signal to the floods to rise:
Then the great seal of heaven was broke!
Then burst the gates that barred the skies!

While from the west the clouds rolled on,
And from the nor'west gathered fast;
“We'll have enough of rain anon,”
Said Willey—“if this deluge last.”

For all these cliffs that stand sublime
Around, like solemn priests appeared,
Gray druids of the olden time,
Each with his white and streaming beard.

Till in one sheet of seething foam
The mingling torrents joined their might;
But in the Willeys' quiet home
Was naught but silence and “Good night!”

For soon they went to their repose,
And in their beds, all safe and warm,
Saw not how fast the waters rose,
Heard not the growing of the storm.

But just before the stroke of ten,
Old Willey looked into the night,
And called upon his two hired men,
And woke his wife, who struck a light;

Though her hand trembled, as she heard
The horses whinnying in the stall,
And—“children!” was the only word,
That woman from her lips let fall.

“Mother!” the frightened infants cried,
“What is it? has a whirlwind come?”
Wildly the weeping mother eyed
Each little darling, but was dumb.

A sound! as though a mighty gale
Some forest from its hold had riven,
Mixed with a rattling noise like hail,
God! art thou raining rocks from heaven?

A flash! oh Christ! the lightning showed
The mountain moving from his seat!
Out! out into the slippery road!
Into the wet with naked feet!

No time for dress—for life! for life!
No time for any word but this:
The father grasped his boys—his wife
Snatched her young babe—but not to kiss.

And Mary with the younger girl,
Barefoot and shivering in their smocks,
Sped forth amid that angry whirl
Of rushing waves and whelming rocks.

For down the mountain's crumbling side,
Full half the mountain from on high
Came sinking, like the snows that slide
From the great Alps about July.

And with it went the lordly ash,
And with it went the kingly pine,
Cedar and oak amid the crash,
Dropped down like clippings of the vine.

Two rivers rushed—the one that broke
His wonted bounds and drowned the land,
And one that streamed with dust and smoke,
A flood of earth, of stones and sand.

Then for a time the vale was dry,
The soil had swallowed up the wave;
Till one star looking from the sky,
A signal to the tempest gave:

The clouds withdrew, the storm was o'er,
Bright Aldebaran burned again;
The buried river rose once more,
And foamed along his gravelly glen.

IV.

At morn the men of Conway felt
Some dreadful thing had chanced that night,
And those by Breton woods who dwelt
Observed the mountain's altered height.

Old Crawford and the Fabyan lad
Came down from Amonoosuck then,
And passed the Notch—ah! strange and sad
It was to see the ravaged glen.

But having toiled for miles, in doubt,
With many a risk of limb and neck,
They saw, and hailed with joyful shout
The Willey House amid the wreck.

That avalanche of stones and sand,
Remembering mercy in its wrath,
Had parted, and on either hand,
Pursued the ruin of its path.

And there upon its pleasant slope,
The cottage, like a sunny isle,
That wakes the shipwrecked seaman's hope,
Amid that horror seemed to smile.

And still upon the lawn before,
The peaceful sheep were nibbling nigh;
But Farmer Willey at his door
Stood not to count them with his eye.

And in the dwelling—O despair!
The silent room! the vacant bed!
The children's little shoes were there—
But whither were the children fled?

That day a woman's head, all gashed,
Its long hair streaming in the flow,
Went o'er the dam, and then was dashed
Among the whirlpools down below.

And farther down, by Saco side,
They found the mangled forms of four,
Held in an eddy of the tide;
But Mary, she was seen no more.

Yet never to this mournful vale
Shall any maid, in summer time,
Come without thinking of the tale
I now have told you, in my rhyme.

And when the Willey House is gone,
And its last rafter is decayed,
Its history may yet live on
In this your ballad that I made.

BENITO CERENO.

IN the year 1799, Captain Amasa Delano, of Duxbury, in Massachusetts, commanding a large sealer and general trader, lay at anchor, with a valuable cargo, in the harbor of St. Maria—a small, desert, uninhabited island toward the southern extremity of the long coast of Chili. There he had touched for water.

On the second day, not long after dawn, while lying in his berth, his mate came below, informing him that a strange sail was coming into the bay. Ships were then not so plenty in those waters as now. He rose, dressed, and went on deck.

The morning was one peculiar to that coast. Everything was mute and calm; everything gray. The sea, though undulated into long roods of swells, seemed fixed, and was sleeked at the surface like waved lead that has cooled and set in the smelter's mold. The sky seemed a gray mantle. Flights of troubled gray fowl, kith and kin with flights of troubled gray vapors among which they were mixed, skimmed low and fitfully over the waters, as swallows over meadows before storms. Shadows present, foreshadowing deeper shadows to come.

To Captain Delano's surprise, the stranger, viewed through the glass, showed no colors; though to do so upon entering a haven, however uninhabited in its shores, where but a single other ship might be lying, was the custom among peaceful seamen of all nations. Considering the lawlessness and

loneliness of the spot, and the sort of stories, at that day, associated with those seas, Captain Delano's surprise might have deepened into some uneasiness had he not been a person of a singularly undistrustful good nature, not liable, except on extraordinary and repeated excitement, and hardly then, to indulge in personal alarms, any way involving the imputation of malign evil in man. Whether, in view of what humanity is capable, such a trait implies, along with a benevolent heart, more than ordinary quickness and accuracy of intellectual perception, may be left to the wise to determine.

But whatever misgivings might have obtruded on first seeing the stranger, would almost, in any seaman's mind, have been dissipated by observing that the ship, in navigating into the harbor, was drawing too near the land, for her own safety's sake, owing to a sunken reef making out off her bow. This seemed to prove her a stranger, indeed, not only to the sealer, but the island; consequently, she could be no wanted freebooter on that ocean. With no small interest, Captain Delano continued to watch her—a proceeding not much facilitated by the vapors partly mantling the hull, through which the far matin light from her cabin streamed equivocally enough; much like the sun—by this time crescented on the rim of the horizon, and apparently, in company with the strange ship, entering the harbor—which, wimpled by the same low, creeping clouds, showed not unlike a

Lima intriguante's one sinister eye peering across the Plaza from the Indian loop-hole of her dusk *saya-y-manta*.

It might have been but a deception of the vapors, but, the longer the stranger was watched, the more singular appeared her maneuvers. Ere long it seemed hard to decide whether she meant to come in or no—what she wanted, or what she was about. The wind, which had breezed up a little during the night, was now extremely light and baffling, which the more increased the apparent uncertainty of her movements.

Surmising, at last, that it might be a ship in distress, Captain Delano ordered his whale-boat to be dropped, and, much to the wary opposition of his mate, prepared to board her, and, at the least, pilot her in. On the night previous, a fishing-party of the seamen had gone a long distance to some detached rocks out of sight from the sealer, and, an hour or two before day-break, had returned, having met with no small success. Presuming that the stranger might have been long off soundings, the good captain put several baskets of the fish, for presents, into his boat, and so pulled away. From her continuing too near the sunken reef, deeming her in danger, calling to his men, he made all haste to apprise those on board of their situation. But, some time ere the boat came up, the wind, light though it was, having shifted, had headed the vessel off, as well as partly broken the vapors from about her.

Upon gaining a less remote view, the ship, when made signally visible on the verge of the leaden-hued swells, with the shreds of fog here and there raggedly furring her, appeared like a white-washed monastery after a thunder-storm, seen perched upon some dun cliff among the Pyrenees. But it was no purely fanciful resemblance which now, for a moment, almost led Captain Delano to think that nothing less than a ship-load of monks was before him. Peering over the bulwarks were what really seemed, in the hazy distance, throngs of dark cowl; while, fitfully revealed through the open port-holes, other dark moving figures were dimly descried, as of Black Friars pacing the cloisters.

Upon a still nigher approach, this appearance was modified, and the true character of the vessel was plain—a Spanish merchantman of the first class;

carrying negro slaves, amongst other valuable freight, from one colonial port to another. A very large, and, in its time, a very fine vessel, such as in those days were at intervals encountered along that main; sometimes superseded Acapulco treasure-ships, or retired frigates of the Spanish king's navy, which, like superannuated Italian palaces, still, under a decline of masters, preserved signs of former state.

As the whale-boat drew more and more nigh, the cause of the peculiar pipe-clayed aspect of the stranger was seen in the slovenly neglect pervading her. The spars, ropes, and great part of the bulwarks, looked woolly, from long unacquaintance with the scraper, tar, and the brush. Her keel seemed laid, her ribs put together, and she launched, from Ezekiel's Valley of Dry Bones.

In the present business in which she was engaged, the ship's general model and rig appeared to have undergone no material change from their original warlike and Froissart pattern. However, no guns were seen.

The tops were large, and were railed about with what had once been octagonal net-work, all now in sad disrepair. These tops hung overhead like three ruinous aviaries, in one of which was seen perched, on a ratlin, a white noddy, a strange fowl, so called from its lethargic, somnambulistic character, being frequently caught by hand at sea. Battered and mouldy, the castellated fore-castle seemed some ancient turret, long ago taken by assault, and then left to decay. Toward the stern, two high-raised quarter galleries—the balustrades here and there covered with dry, tindery sea-moss—opening out from the unoccupied state-cabin, whose dead lights, for all the mild weather, were hermetically closed and calked—these tenantless balconies hung over the sea as if it were the grand Venetian canal. But the principal relic of faded grandeur was the ample oval of the shield-like stern-piece, intricately carved with the arms of Castile and Leon, medallioned about by groups of mythological or symbolical devices; uppermost and central of which was a dark satyr in a mask, holding his foot on the prostate neck of a writhing figure, likewise masked.

Whether the ship had a figure-head, or only a plain beak, was not quite cer-

tain, owing to canvas wrapped about that part, either to protect it while undergoing a re-furbishing, or else decently to hide its decay. Rudely painted or chalked, as in a sailor freak, along the forward side of a sort of pedestal below the canvas, was the sentence, "*Seguid nuestro jefe*," (follow your leader); while upon the tarnished head-boards, near by, appeared, in stately capitals, once gilt, the ship's name, "*SAN DOMINICK*," each letter streakingly corroded with tricklings of copper-spike rust; while, like mourning weeds, dark festoons of sea-grass slimily swept to and fro over the name, with every hearse-like roll of the hull.

As at last the boat was hooked from the bow along toward the gangway amidship, its keel, while yet some inches separated from the hull, harshly grated as on a sunken coral reef. It proved a huge bunch of conglobated barnacles adhering below the water to the side like a wen; a token of baffling airs and long calms passed somewhere in those seas.

Climbing the side, the visitor was at once surrounded by a clamorous throng of whites and blacks, but the latter outnumbering the former more than could have been expected, negro transportation-ship as the stranger in port was. But, in one language, and as with one voice, all poured out a common tale of suffering; in which the negresses, of whom there were not a few, exceeded the others in their dolorous vehemence. The scurvy, together with a fever, had swept off a great part of their number, more especially the Spaniards. Off Cape Horn, they had narrowly escaped shipwreck; then, for days together, they had lain tranced without wind; their provisions were low; their water next to none; their lips that moment were baked.

While Captain Delano was thus made the mark of all eager tongues, his one eager glance took in all the faces, with every other object about him.

Always upon first boarding a large and populous ship at sea, especially a foreign one, with a nondescript crew such as Lascars or Manilla men, the impression varies in a peculiar way from that produced by first entering a strange house with strange inmates in a strange land. Both house and ship, the one by its walls and blinds, the other by its high bulwarks like ramparts,

hoard from view their interiors till the last moment; but in the case of the ship there is this addition; that the living spectacle it contains, upon its sudden and complete disclosure, has, in contrast with the blank ocean which zones it, something of the effect of enchantment. The ship seems unreal; these strange costumes, gestures, and faces, but a shadowy tableau just emerged from the deep, which directly must receive back what it gave.

Perhaps it was some such influence as above is attempted to be described, which, in Captain Delano's mind, heightened whatever, upon a staid scrutiny, might have seemed unusual; especially the conspicuous figures of four elderly grizzled negroes, their heads like black, doddered willow tops, who, in venerable contrast to the tumult below them, were couched sphynx-like, one on the star-board cat-head, another on the lar-board, and the remaining pair face to face on the opposite bulwarks above the main-chains. They each had bits of unstranded old junk in their hands, and, with a sort of stoical self-content, were picking the junk into oakum, a small heap of which lay by their sides. They accompanied the task with a continuous, low, monotonous chant; droning and druling away like so many gray-headed bag-pipers playing a funeral march.

The quarter-deck rose into an ample elevated poop, upon the forward verge of which, lifted, like the oakum-pickers, some eight feet above the general throng, sat along in a row, separated by regular spaces, the cross-legged figures of six other blacks; each with a rusty hatchet in his hand, which, with a bit of brick and a rag, he was engaged like a scullion in scouring; while between each two was a small stack of hatchets, their rusted edges turned forward awaiting a like operation. Though occasionally the four oakum-pickers would briefly address some person or persons in the crowd below, yet the six hatchet-polishers neither spoke to others, nor breathed a whisper among themselves, but sat intent upon their task, except at intervals, when, with the peculiar love in negroes of uniting industry with pastime, two and two they sideways clashed their hatchets together, like cymbals, with a barbarous din. All six, unlike the generality, had the raw aspect of unsophisticated Africans.

But that first comprehensive glance which took in those ten figures, with scores less conspicuous, rested but an instant upon them, as, impatient of the hubbub of voices, the visitor turned in quest of whomsoever it might be that commanded the ship.

But as if not unwilling to let nature make known her own case among his suffering charge, or else in despair of restraining it for the time, the Spanish captain, a gentlemanly, reserved-looking, and rather young man to a stranger's eye, dressed with singular richness, but bearing plain traces of recent sleepless cares and disquietudes, stood passively by, leaning against the main-mast, at one moment casting a dreary, spiritless look upon his excited people, at the next an unhappy glance toward his visitor. By his side stood a black of small stature, in whose rude face, as occasionally, like a shepherd's dog, he mutely turned it up into the Spaniard's, sorrow and affection were equally blended.

Struggling through the throng, the American advanced to the Spaniard, assuring him of his sympathies, and offering to render whatever assistance might be in his power. To which the Spaniard returned, for the present, but grave and ceremonious acknowledgments, his national formality dusked by the saturnine mood of ill health.

But losing no time, in mere compliments, Captain Delano returning to the gangway, had his baskets of fish brought up; and as the wind still continued light, so that some hours at least must elapse ere the ship could be brought to the anchorage, he bade his men return to the sealer, and fetch back as much water as the whale-boat could carry, with whatever soft bread the steward might have, all the remaining pumpkins on board, with a box of sugar, and a dozen of his private bottles of cider.

Not many minutes after the boat's pushing off, to the vexation of all, the wind entirely died away, and the tide turning, began drifting back the ship helplessly seaward. But trusting this would not long last, Captain Delano sought with good hopes to cheer up the strangers, feeling no small satisfaction that, with persons in their condition he could—thanks to his frequent voyages along the Spanish main—converse with some freedom in their native tongue.

While left alone with them, he was

not long in observing some things tending to lighten his first impressions; but surprise was lost in pity, both for the Spaniards and blacks, alike evidently reduced from scarcity of water and provisions; while long-continued suffering seemed to have brought out the less good-natured qualities of the negroes, besides, at the same time, impairing the Spaniard's authority over them. But, under the circumstances, precisely this condition of things was to have been anticipated. In armies, navies, cities, or families, in nature herself, nothing more relaxes good order than misery. Still, Captain Delano was not without the idea, that had Benito Cereno been a man of greater energy, misrule would hardly have come to the present pass. But the debility, constitutional or induced by the hardships, bodily and mental, of the Spanish captain, was too obvious to be overlooked. A prey to settled dejection, as if long mocked with hope he would not now indulge it, even when it had ceased to be a mock, the prospect of that day or evening at furthest, lying at anchor, with plenty of water for his people, and a brother captain to counsel and befriend, seemed in no perceptible degree to encourage him. His mind appeared unstrung, if not still more seriously affected. Shut up in these oaken walls, chained to one dull round of command, whose unconditional cloyed him, like some hypochondriac abbot he moved slowly about, at times suddenly pausing, starting, or staring, biting his lip, biting his finger-nail, flushing, paling, twitching his beard, with other symptoms of an absent or moody mind. This distempered spirit was lodged, as before hinted, in as distempered a frame. He was rather tall, but seemed never to have been robust, and now with nervous suffering was almost worn to a skeleton. A tendency to some pulmonary complaint appeared to have been lately confirmed. His voice was like that of one with lungs half gone, hoarsely suppressed, a husky whisper. No wonder that, as in this state he tottered about, his private servant apprehensively followed him. Sometimes the negro gave his master his arm, or took his handkerchief out of his pocket for him; performing these and similar offices with that affectionate zeal which transmutes into something filial or fraternal acts in themselves but menial;

and which has gained for the negro the repute of making the most pleasing body servant in the world; one, too, whom a master need be on no stiffly superior terms with, but may treat with familiar trust; less a servant than a devoted companion.

Marking the noisy indocility of the blacks in general, as well as what seemed the sullen inefficiency of the whites, it was not without humane satisfaction that Captain Delano witnessed the steady good conduct of Babo.

But the good conduct of Babo, hardly more than the ill-behavior of others, seemed to withdraw the half-lunatic Don Benito from his cloudy languor. Not that such precisely was the impression made by the Spaniard on the mind of his visitor. The Spaniard's individual unrest was, for the present, but noted as a conspicuous feature in the ship's general affliction. Still, Captain Delano was not a little concerned at what he could not help taking for the time to be Don Benito's unfriendly indifference towards himself. The Spaniard's manner, too, conveyed a sort of sour and gloomy disdain, which he seemed at no pains to disguise. But this the American in charity ascribed to the harassing effects of sickness, since, in former instances, he had noted that there are peculiar natures on whom prolonged physical suffering seems to cancel every social instinct of kindness; as if forced to black bread themselves, they deemed it but equity that each person coming nigh them should, indirectly, by some slight or affront, be made to partake of their fare.

But ere long Captain Delano thought him that, indulgent as he was at the first, in judging the Spaniard, he might not, after all, have exercised charity enough. At bottom it was Don Benito's reserve which displeased him; but the same reserve was shown towards all but his personal attendant. Even the formal reports which, according to sea-usage, were, at stated times, made to him by some petty underling, either a white, mulatto or black, he hardly had patience enough to listen to, without betraying contemptuous aversion. His manner upon such occasions was, in its degree, not unlike that which might be supposed to have been his imperial countryman's, Charles V., just previous to the the anchoritish retirement of that monarch from the throne.

This splenetic disrelish of his place was evinced in almost every function pertaining to it. Proud as he was moody, he condescended to no personal mandate. Whatever special orders were necessary, their delivery was delegated to his body-servant, who in turn transferred them to their ultimate destination, through runners, alert Spanish boys or slave boys, like pages or pilot-fish within easy call continually hovering round Don Benito. So that to have beheld this undemonstrative invalid gliding about, apathetic and mute, no landsman could have dreamed that in him was lodged a dictatorship beyond which, while at sea, there was no earthly appeal.

Thus, the Spaniard, regarded in his reserve, seemed as the involuntary victim of mental disorder. But, in fact, his reserve might, in some degree, have proceeded from design. If so, then in Don Benito was evinced the unhealthy climax of that icy though conscientious policy, more or less adopted by all commanders of large ships, which, except in signal emergencies, obliterates alike the manifestation of sway with every trace of sociality; transforming the man into a block, or rather into a loaded cannon, which, until there is call for thunder, has nothing to say.

Viewing him in this light, it seemed but a natural token of the perverse habit induced by a long course of such hard self-restraint, that, notwithstanding the present condition of his ship, the Spaniard should still persist in a demeanor, which, however harmless, or, it may be, appropriate, in a well appointed vessel, such as the *San Dominick* might have been at the outset of the voyage, was anything but judicious now. But the Spaniard perhaps thought that it was with captains as with gods: reserve, under all events, must still be their cue. But more probably this appearance of slumbering dominion might have been but an attempted disguise to conscious imbecility—not deep policy, but shallow device. But be all this as it might, whether Don Benito's manner was designed or not, the more Captain Delano noted its pervading reserve, the less he felt uneasiness at any particular manifestation of that reserve towards himself.

Neither were his thoughts taken up by the captain alone. Wonted to the quiet orderliness of the sealer's com-

fortable family of a crew, the noisy confusion of the *San Dominick's* suffering host repeatedly challenged his eye. Some prominent breaches not only of discipline but of decency were observed. These Captain Delano could not but ascribe, in the main, to the absence of those subordinate deck-officers to whom, along with higher duties, is entrusted what may be styled the police department of a populous ship. True, the old oakum-pickers appeared at times to act the part of monitorial constables to their countrymen, the blacks; but though occasionally succeeding in allaying trifling outbreaks now and then between man and man, they could do little or nothing toward establishing general quiet. The *San Dominick* was in the condition of a transatlantic emigrant ship, among whose multitude of living freight are some individuals, doubtless, as little troublesome as crates and bales; but the friendly remonstrances of such with their ruder companions are of not so much avail as the unfriendly arm of the mate. What the *San Dominick* wanted was, what the emigrant ship has, stern superior officers. But on these decks not so much as a fourth mate was to be seen.

The visitor's curiosity was roused to learn the particulars of those mishaps which had brought about such absenteeism, with its consequences; because, though deriving some inkling of the voyage from the walls which at the first moment had greeted him, yet of the details no clear understanding had been had. The best account would, doubtless, be given by the captain. Yet at first the visitor was loth to ask it, unwilling to provoke some distant rebuff. But plucking up courage, he at last accosted Don Benito, renewing the expression of his benevolent interest, adding, that did he (Captain Delano) but know the particulars of the ship's misfortunes, he would, perhaps, be better able in the end to relieve them. Would Don Benito favor him with the whole story?

Don Benito faltered; then, like some somnambulist suddenly interfered with, vacantly stared at his visitor, and ended by looking down on the deck. He maintained this posture so long, that Captain Delano, almost equally disconcerted, and involuntarily almost as rude, turned suddenly from him, walking forward to accost one of the Spanish sea-

men for the desired information. But he had hardly gone five paces, when with a sort of eagerness Don Benito invited him back, regretting his momentary absence of mind, and professing readiness to gratify him.

While most part of the story was being given, the two captains stood on the after part of the main-deck, a privileged spot, no one being near but the servant.

"It is now a hundred and ninety days," began the Spaniard, in his husky whisper, "that this ship, well officered and well manned, with several cabin passengers—some fifty Spaniards in all—sailed from Buenos Ayres bound to Lima, with a general cargo, Paraguay tea and the like—and," pointing forward, "that parcel of negroes, now not more than a hundred and fifty, as you see, but then numbering over three hundred souls. Off Cape Horn we had heavy gales. In one moment, by night, three of my best officers, with fifteen sailors, were lost, with the main-yard; the spar snapping under them in the slings, as they sought, with heavers, to beat down the icy sail. To lighten the hull, the heavier sacks of mata were thrown into the sea, with most of the water-pipes lashed on deck at the time. And this last necessity it was, combined with the prolonged detentions afterwards experienced, which eventually brought about our chief causes of suffering. When——"

Here there was a sudden fainting attack of his cough, brought on, no doubt, by his mental distress. His servant sustained him, and drawing a cordial from his pocket placed it to his lips. He a little revived. But unwilling to leave him unsupported while yet imperfectly restored, the black with one arm still encircled his master, at the same time keeping his eye fixed on his face, as if to watch for the first sign of complete restoration, or relapse, as the event might prove.

The Spaniard proceeded, but brokenly and obscurely, as one in a dream.

"Oh, my God! rather than pass through what I have, with joy I would have hailed the most terrible gales; but——"

His cough returned and with increased violence; this subsiding, with reddened lips and closed eyes he fell heavily against his supporter.

"His mind wanders. He was think-

ing of the plague that followed the gales," plaintively sighed the servant; "my poor, poor master!" wringing one hand, and with the other wiping the mouth. "But be patient, Señor," again turning to Captain Delano, "these fits do not last long; master will soon be himself."

Don Benito reviving, went on; but as this portion of the story was very brokenly delivered, the substance only will here be set down.

It appeared that after the ship had been many days tossed in storms off the Cape, the scurvy broke out, carrying off numbers of the whites and blacks. When at last they had worked round into the Pacific, their spars and sails were so damaged, and so inadequately handled by the surviving mariners, most of whom were become invalids, that, unable to lay her northerly course by the wind, which was powerful, the unmanageable ship for successive days and nights was blown northwestward, where the breeze suddenly deserted her, in unknown waters, to sultry calms. The absence of the water-pipes now proved as fatal to life as before their presence had menaced it. Induced, or at least aggravated, by the more than scanty allowance of water, a malignant fever followed the scurvy; with the excessive heat of the lengthened calm, making such short work of it as to sweep away, as by billows, whole families of the Africans, and a yet larger number, proportionably, of the Spaniards, including, by a luckless fatality, every officer on board. Consequently, in the smart west winds eventually following the calm, the already rent sails having to be simply dropped, not furled, at need, had been gradually reduced to the beggar's rags they were now. To procure substitutes for his lost sailors, as well as supplies of water and sails, the captain at the earliest opportunity had made for Baldivia, the southernmost civilized port of Chili and South America; but upon nearing the coast the thick weather had prevented him from so much as sighting that harbor. Since which period, almost without a crew, and almost without canvas and almost without water, and at intervals giving its added dead to the sea, the San Dominick had been battle-dored about by contrary winds, inveigled by currents, or grown weedy in calms. Like a man lost in woods, more than

once she had doubled upon her own track.

"But throughout these calamities," huskily continued Don Benito, painfully turning in the half embrace of his servant, "I have to thank those negroes you see, who, though to your inexperienced eyes appearing unruly, have, indeed, conducted themselves with less of restlessness than even their owner could have thought possible under such circumstances."

Here he again fell faintly back. Again his mind wandered: but he rallied, and less obscurely proceeded.

"Yes, their owner was quite right in assuring me that no fetters would be needed with his blacks; so that while, as is wont in this transportation, those negroes have always remained upon deck—not thrust below, as in the Guineamen—they have, also, from the beginning, been freely permitted to range within given bounds at their pleasure."

Once more the faintness returned—his mind roved—but, recovering, he resumed:

"But it is Babo here to whom, under God, I owe not only my own preservation, but likewise to him, chiefly, the merit is due, of pacifying his more ignorant brethren, when at intervals tempted to murmurings."

"Ah, master," sighed the black, bowing his face, "don't speak of me; Babo is nothing; what Babo has done was but duty."

"Faithful fellow!" cried Capt. Delano. "Don Benito, I envy you such a friend; slave I cannot call him."

As master and man stood before him, the black upholding the white, Captain Delano could not but bethink him of the beauty of that relationship which could present such a spectacle of fidelity on the one hand and confidence on the other. The scene was heightened by the contrast in dress, denoting their relative positions. The Spaniard wore a loose Chili jacket of dark velvet; white small clothes and stockings, with silver buckles at the knee and instep; a high-crowned sombrero, of fine grass; a slender sword, silver mounted, hung from a knot in his sash; the last being an almost invariable adjunct, more for utility than ornament, of a South American gentleman's dress to this hour. Excepting when his occasional nervous contortions brought about disarray, there was a certain precision in

his attire, curiously at variance with the unsightly disorder around; especially in the belittered Ghetto, forward of the main-mast, wholly occupied by the blacks.

The servant wore nothing but wide trowsers, apparently, from their coarseness and patches, made out of some old topsail; they were clean, and confined at the waist by a bit of unstranded rope, which, with his composed, deprecatory air at times, made him look something like a begging friar of St. Francis.

However unsuitable for the time and place, at least in the blunt-thinking American's eyes, and however strangely surviving in the midst of all his afflictions, the toilette of Don Benito might not, in fashion at least, have gone beyond the style of the day among South Americans of his class. Though on the present voyage sailing from Buenos Ayres, he had avowed himself a native and resident of Chili, whose inhabitants had not so generally adopted the plain coat and once plebeian pantaloons; but, with a becoming modification, adhered to their provincial costume, picturesque as any in the world. Still, relatively to the pale history of the voyage, and his own pale face, there seemed something so incongruous in the Spaniard's apparel, as almost to suggest the image of an invalid courtier tottering about London streets in the time of the plague.

The portion of the narrative which, perhaps, most excited interest, as well as some surprise, considering the latitudes in question, was the long calms spoken of, and more particularly the ship's so long drifting about. Without communicating the opinion, of course, the American could not but impute at least part of the detentions both to clumsy seamanship and faulty navigation. Eying Don Benito's small, yellow hands, he easily inferred that the young captain had not got into command at the hawse-hole, but the cabin-window; and if so, why wonder at incompetence, in youth, sickness, and aristocracy united? Such was his democratic conclusion.

But drowning criticism in compassion, after a fresh repetition of his sympathies, Captain Delano having heard out his story, not only engaged, as in the first place, to see Don Benito and his people supplied in their immediate bodily

needs, but, also, now further promised to assist him in procuring a large permanent supply of water, as well as some sails and rigging; and, though it would involve no small embarrassment to himself, yet he would spare three of his best seamen for temporary deck officers; so that without delay the ship might proceed to Conception, there fully to refit for Lima, her destined port.

Such generosity was not without its effect, even upon the invalid. His face lighted up; eager and hectic, he met the honest glance of his visitor. With gratitude he seemed overcome.

"This excitement is bad for master," whispered the servant, taking his arm, and with soothing words gently drawing him aside.

When Don Benito returned, the American was pained to observe that his hopefulness, like the sudden kindling in his cheek, was but febrile and transient.

Ere long, with a joyless mien, looking up towards the poop, the host invited his guest to accompany him there, for the benefit of what little breath of wind might be stirring.

As during the telling of the story, Captain Delano had once or twice started at the occasional cymballing of the hatchet-polishers, wondering why such an interruption should be allowed, especially in that part of the ship, and in the ears of an invalid; and moreover, as the hatchets had anything but an attractive look, and the handlers of them still less so, it was, therefore, to tell the truth, not without some lurking reluctance, or even shrinking, it may be, that Captain Delano, with apparent complaisance, acquiesced in his host's invitation. The more so, since with an untimely caprice of punctilio, rendered distressing by his cadaverous aspect, Don Benito, with Castilian bows, solemnly insisted upon his guest's preceding him up the ladder leading to the elevation; where, one on each side of the last step, sat for armorial supporters and sentries two of the ominous file. Gingerly enough stepped good Captain Delano between them, and in the instant of leaving them behind, like one running the gauntlet, he felt an apprehensive twitch in the calves of his legs.

But when, facing about, he saw the whole file, like so many organ-grinders, still stupidly intent on their work, un-

mindful of everything beside, he could not but smile at his late fidgeting panic.

Presently, while standing with Don Benito, looking forward upon the decks below, he was struck by one of those instances of insubordination previously alluded to. Three black boys, with two Spanish boys, were sitting together on the hatchets, scraping a rude wooden platter, in which some scanty mess had recently been cooked. Suddenly, one of the black boys, enraged at a word dropped by one of his white companions, seized a knife, and though called to forbear by one of the oakum-pickers, struck the lad over the head, inflicting a gash from which blood flowed.

In amazement, Captain Delano inquired what this meant. To which the pale Benito dully muttered, that it was merely the sport of the lad.

"Pretty serious sport, truly," rejoined Captain Delano. "Had such a thing happened on board the Bachelor's Delight, instant punishment would have followed."

At these words the Spaniard turned upon the American one of his sudden, staring, half-lunatic looks; then relapsing into his torpor, answered, "Doubtless, doubtless, Señor."

Is it, thought Captain Delano, that this helpless man is one of those paper captains I've known, who by policy wink at what by power they cannot put down? I know no sadder sight than a commander who has little of command but the name.

"I should think, Don Benito," he now said, glancing towards the oakum-picker who had sought to interfere with the boys, "that you would find it advantageous to keep all your blacks employed, especially the younger ones, no matter at what useless task, and no matter what happens to the ship. Why, even with my little band, I find such a course indispensable. I once kept a crew on my quarter-deck thrumming mats for my cabin, when, for three days, I had given up my ship—mats, men, and all—for a speedy loss, owing to the violence of a gale, in which we could do nothing but helplessly drive before it."

"Doubtless, doubtless," muttered Don Benito.

"But," continued Captain Delano, again glancing upon the oakum-pickers and then at the hatchet-polishers, near

by, "I see you keep some at least of your host employed."

"Yes," was again the vacant response.

"Those old men there, shaking their paws from their pulpits," continued Captain Delano, pointing to the oakum-pickers, "seem to act the part of old dominies to the rest, little heeded as their admonitions are at times. Is this voluntary on their part, Don Benito, or have you appointed them shepherds to your flock of black sheep?"

"What posts they fill, I appointed them," rejoined the Spaniard, in an acrid tone, as if resenting some supposed satiric reflection.

"And these others, these Ashantee conjurors here," continued Captain Delano, rather uneasily eying the brandished steel of the hatchet-polishers, where in spots it had been brought to a shine, "this seems a curious business they are at, Don Benito?"

"In the gales we met," answered the Spaniard, "what of our general cargo was not thrown overboard was much damaged by the brine. Since coming into calm weather, I have had several cases of knives and hatchets daily brought up for overhauling and cleaning."

"A prudent idea, Don Benito. You are part owner of ship and cargo, I presume; but not of the slaves, perhaps?"

"I am owner of all you see," impatiently returned Don Benito, "except the main company of blacks, who belonged to my late friend, Alexandro Aranda."

As he mentioned this name, his air was heart-broken; his knees shook: his servant supported him.

Thinking he divined the cause of such unusual emotion, to confirm his surmise, Captain Delano, after a pause, said, "And may I ask, Don Benito, whether—since awhile ago you spoke of some cabin passengers—the friend, whose loss so afflicts you at the outset of the voyage accompanied his blacks?"

"Yes."

"But died of the fever?"

"Died of the fever.—Oh, could I but—"

Again quivering, the Spaniard paused.

"Pardon me," said Captain Delano lowly, "but I think that, by a sympathetic experience, I conjecture, Don Benito, what it is that gives the keener edge to your grief. It was once my

hard fortune to lose at sea a dear friend, my own brother, then supercargo. Assured of the welfare of his spirit, its departure I could have borne like a man; but that honest eye, that honest hand—both of which had so often met mine—and that warm heart; all, all—like scraps to the dogs—to throw all to the sharks! It was then I vowed never to have for fellow-voyager a man I loved, unless, unbeknown to him, I had provided every requisite, in case of a fatality, for embalming his mortal part for interment on shore. Were your friend's remains now on board this ship, Don Benito, not thus strangely would the mention of his name affect you."

"On board this ship?" echoed the Spaniard. Then, with horrified gestures, as directed against some specter, he unconsciously fell into the ready arms of his attendant, who, with a silent appeal toward Captain Delano, seemed beseeching him not again to broach a theme so unspeakably distressing to his master.

This poor fellow now, thought the pained American, is the victim of that sad superstition which associates goblins with the deserted body of man, as ghosts with an abandoned house. How unlike are we made! What to me, in like case, would have been a solemn satisfaction, the bare suggestion, even, terrifies the Spaniard into this trance. Poor Alexandro Aranda! what would you say could you here see your friend—who, on former voyages, when you for months were left behind, has, I dare say, often longed, and longed, for one peep at you—now transported with terror at the least thought of having you anyway nigh him.

At this moment, with a dreary graveyard toll, betokening a flaw, the ship's fore-castle bell, smote by one of the grizzled oakum-pickers, proclaimed ten o'clock through the leaden calm; when Captain Delano's attention was caught by the moving figure of a gigantic black, emerging from the general crowd below, and slowly advancing towards the elevated poop. An iron collar was about his neck, from which depended a chain, thrice wound round his body; the terminating links padlocked together at a broad band of iron, his girdle.

"How like a mute Atufal moves," murmured the servant.

The black mounted the steps of the poop, and, like a brave prisoner, brought

up to receive sentence, stood in unquailing muteness before Don Benito, now recovered from his attack.

At the first glimpse of his approach, Don Benito had started, a resentful shadow swept over his face; and, as with the sudden memory of bootless rage, his white lips glued together.

This is some mulish mutineer, thought Captain Delano, surveying, not without a mixture of admiration, the colossal form of the negro.

"See, he waits your question, master," said the servant.

Thus reminded, Don Benito, nervously averting his glance, as if shunning, by anticipation, some rebellious response, in a disconcerted voice, thus spoke:—

"Atufal, will you ask my pardon now?"

The black was silent.

"Again, master," murmured the servant, with bitter upbraiding eying his countryman, "Again, master; he will bend to master yet."

"Answer," said Don Benito, still averting his glance, "say but the one word *pardon*, and your chains shall be off."

Upon this, the black, slowly raising both arms, let them lifelessly fall, his links clanking, his head bowed; as much as to say, "no, I am content."

"Go," said Don Benito, with inkept and unknown emotion.

Deliberately as he had come, the black obeyed.

"Excuse me, Don Benito," said Captain Delano, "but this scene surprises me; what means it, pray?"

"It means that that negro alone, of all the band, has given me peculiar cause of offense. I have put him in chains; I——"

Here he paused; his hand to his head, as if there were a swimming there, or a sudden bewilderment of memory had come over him; but meeting his servant's kindly glance seemed reassured, and proceeded:—

"I could not scourge such a form. But I told him he must ask my pardon. As yet he has not. At my command, every two hours he stands before me."

"And how long has this been?"

"Some sixty days."

"And obedient in all else? And respectful?"

"Yes."

"Upon my conscience, then," exclaimed Captain Delano, impulsively, "he has a royal spirit in him, this fellow."

"He may have some right to it," bitterly returned Don Benito, "he says he was king in his own land."

"Yes," said the servant, entering a word, "those slits in Atufal's ears once held wedges of gold; but poor Babo here, in his own land, was only a poor slave; a black man's slave was Babo, who now is the white's."

Somewhat annoyed by these conversational familiarities, Captain Delano turned curiously upon the attendant, then glanced inquiringly at his master; but, as if long wonted to these little informalities, neither master nor man seemed to understand him.

"What, pray, was Atufal's offense, Don Benito?" asked Captain Delano; "if it was not something very serious, take a fool's advice, and, in view of his general docility, as well as in some natural respect for his spirit, remit him his penalty."

"No, no, master never will do that," here murmured the servant to himself, "proud Atufal must first ask master's pardon. The slave there carries the padlock, but master here carries the key."

His attention thus directed, Captain Delano now noticed for the first time that, suspended by a slender silken cord, from Don Benito's neck hung a key. At once, from the servant's muttered syllables divining the key's purpose, he smiled and said:—"So, Don Benito—padlock and key—significant symbols, truly."

Biting his lip, Don Benito faltered.

Though the remark of Captain Delano, a man of such native simplicity as to be incapable of satire or irony, had been dropped in playful allusion to the Spaniard's singularly evidenced lordship over the black; yet the hypochondriac seemed in some way to have taken it as a malicious reflection upon his confessed inability thus far to break down, at least, on a verbal summons, the entrenched will of the slave. Deploring this supposed misconception, yet despairing of correcting it, Captain Delano shifted the subject; but finding his companion more than ever withdrawn, as if still slowly digesting the lees of the presumed affront above-mentioned, by-and-by Captain Delano likewise

became less talkative, oppressed, against his own will, by what seemed the secret vindictiveness of the morbidly sensitive Spaniard. But the good sailor himself, of a quite contrary disposition, refrained, on his part, alike from the appearance as from the feeling of resentment, and if silent, was only so from contagion.

Presently the Spaniard, assisted by his servant, somewhat discourteously crossed over from Captain Delano; a procedure which, sensibly enough, might have been allowed to pass for idle caprice of ill-humor, had not master and man, lingering round the corner of the elevated skylight, began whispering together in low voices. This was displeasing. And more: the moody air of the Spaniard, which at times had not been without a sort of valetudinary stateliness, now seemed anything but dignified; while the menial familiarity of the servant lost its original charm of simple-hearted attachment.

In his embarrassment, the visitor turned his face to the other side of the ship. By so doing, his glance accidentally fell on a young Spanish sailor, a coil of rope in his hand, just stepped from the deck to the first round of the mizzen-rigging. Perhaps the man would not have been particularly noticed, were it not that, during his ascent to one of the yards, he, with a sort of covert intentness, kept his eye fixed on Captain Delano, from whom, presently, it passed, as if by a natural sequence, to the two whisperers.

His own attention thus redirected to that quarter, Captain Delano gave a slight start. From something in Don Benito's manner just then, it seemed as if the visitor had, at least partly, been the subject of the withdrawn consultation going on—a conjecture as little agreeable to the guest as it was little flattering to the host.

The singular alternations of courtesy and ill-breeding in the Spanish captain were unaccountable, except on one of two suppositions—innocent lunacy, or wicked imposture.

But the first idea, though it might naturally have occurred to an indifferent observer, and, in some respect, had not hitherto been wholly a stranger to Captain Delano's mind, yet, now that, in an incipient way, he began to regard the stranger's conduct something in the light of an intentional affront, of course

the idea of lunacy was virtually vacated. But if not a lunatic, what then? Under the circumstances, would a gentleman, nay, any honest boor, act the part now acted by his host? The man was an impostor. Some low-born adventurer, masquerading as an oceanic grandee; yet so ignorant of the first requisites of mere gentlemanhood as to be betrayed into the present remarkable indecorum. That strange ceremoniousness, too, at other times evinced, seemed not uncharacteristic of one playing a part above his real level. Benito Cereno—Don Benito Cereno—a sounding name. One, too, at that period, not unknown, in the surname, to supercargoes and sea captains trading along the Spanish Main, as belonging to one of the most enterprising and extensive mercantile families in all those provinces; several members of it having titles; a sort of Castilian Rothschild, with a noble brother, or cousin, in every great trading town of South America. The alleged Don Benito was in early manhood, about twenty-nine or thirty. To assume a sort of roving cadetship in the maritime affairs of such a house, what more likely scheme for a young knave of talent and spirit? But the Spaniard was a pale invalid. Never mind. For even to the degree of simulating mortal disease, the craft of some tricksters had been known to attain. To think that, under the aspect of infantile weakness, the most savage energies might be couched—those velvets of the Spaniard but the velvet paw to his fangs.

From no train of thought did these fancies come; not from within, but from without; suddenly, too, and in one throng, like hoar frost; yet as soon to vanish as the mild sun of Captain Delano's good-nature regained its meridian.

Glancing over once more towards Don Benito—whose side-face, revealed above the skylight, was now turned towards him—Captain Delano was struck by the profile, whose clearness of cut was refined by the thinness incident to ill-health, as well as ennobled about the chin by the beard. Away with suspicion. He was a true off-shoot of a true hidalgo Cereno.

Relieved by these and other better thoughts, the visitor, lightly humming a tune, now began indifferently pacing the poop, so as not to betray to Don Benito that he had at all mistrusted in-

civility, much less duplicity; for such mistrust would yet be proved illusory, and by the event; though, for the present, the circumstance which had provoked that distrust remained unexplained. But when that little mystery should have been cleared up, Captain Delano thought he might extremely regret it, did he allow Don Benito to become aware that he had indulged in ungenerous surmises. In short, to the Spaniard's black-letter text, it was best, for awhile, to leave open margin.

Presently, his pale face twitching and overcast, the Spaniard, still supported by his attendant, moved over towards his guest, when, with even more than his usual embarrassment, and a strange sort of intriguing intonation in his husky whisper, the following conversation began:—

"Señor, may I ask how long you have lain at this isle?"

"Oh, but a day or two, Don Benito."

"And from what port are you last?"

"Canton."

"And there, Señor, you exchanged your seal-skins for teas and silks, I think you said?"

"Yes. Silks, mostly."

"And the balance you took in specie, perhaps?"

Captain Delano, fidgeting a little, answered—

"Yes; some silver; not a very great deal, though."

"Ah—well. May I ask how many men have you on board, Señor?"

Captain Delano slightly started, but answered—

"About five-and-twenty, all told."

"And at present, Señor, all on board, I suppose?"

"All on board, Don Benito," replied the Captain, now with satisfaction.

"And will be to-night, Señor?"

At this last question, following so many pertinacious ones, for the soul of him Captain Delano could not but look very earnestly at the questioner, who, instead of meeting the glance, with every token of craven discomposure dropped his eyes to the deck; presenting an unworthy contrast to his servant, who, just then, was kneeling at his feet, adjusting a loose shoe-buckle; his disengaged face meantime, with humble curiosity, turned openly up into his master's downcast one.

The Spaniard, still with a guilty shuffle, repeated his question:—

"And—and will be to-night, Señor?"

"Yes, for aught I know," returned Captain Delano,—"but nay," rallying himself into fearless truth, "some of them talked of going off on another fishing party about midnight."

"Your ships generally go—go more or less armed, I believe, Señor?"

"Oh, a six-pounder or two, in case of emergency," was the intrepidly indifferent reply, "with a small stock of muskets, sealing-spears, and cutlasses, you know."

As he thus responded, Captain Delano again glanced at Don Benito, but the latter's eyes were averted; while abruptly and awkwardly shifting the subject, he made some peevish allusion to the calm, and then, without apology, once more, with his attendant, withdrew to the opposite bulwarks, where the whispering was resumed.

At this moment, and ere Captain Delano could cast a cool thought upon what had just passed, the young Spanish sailor before mentioned was seen descending from the rigging. In act of stooping over to spring inboard to the deck, his voluminous, unconfined frock, or shirt, of coarse woollen, much spotted with tar, opened out far down the chest, revealing a soiled under garment of what seemed the finest linen. edged, about the neck, with a narrow blue ribbon, sadly faded and worn. At this moment the young sailor's eye was again fixed on the whisperers, and Captain Delano thought he observed a lurking significance in it, as if silent signs of some Freemason sort had that instant been interchanged.

This once more impelled his own glance in the direction of Don Benito, and, as before, he could not but infer that himself formed the subject of the conference. He paused. The sound of the hatchet-polishing fell on his ears. He cast another swift side-look at the two. They had the air of conspirators. In connection with the late questionings and the incident of the young sailor, these things now begat such return of involuntary suspicion, that the singular guilelessness of the American could not endure it. Plucking up a gay and humorous expression, he crossed over to the two rapidly, saying:—"Ha, Don Benito, your black here seems high in your trust; a sort of privy-counselor, in fact."

Upon this, the servant looked up with

a good-natured grin, but the master started as from a venomous bite. I was a moment or two before the Spaniard sufficiently recovered himself to reply; which he did, at last, with cold constraint:—"Yes, Señor, I have trust in Babo."

Here Babo, changing his previous grin of mere animal humor into an intelligent smile, not ungratefully eyed his master.

Finding that the Spaniard now stood silent and reserved, as if involuntarily, or purposely giving hint that his guest's proximity was inconvenient just then, Captain Delano, unwilling to appear uncivil even to incivility itself, made some trivial remark and moved off; again and again turning over in his mind the mysterious demeanor of Don Benito Cereno.

He had descended from the poop, and, wrapped in thought, was passing near a dark hatchway, leading down into the steerage, when, perceiving motion there, he looked to see what moved. The same instant there was a sparkle in the shadowy hatchway, and he saw one of the Spanish sailors prowling there hurriedly placing his hand in the bosom of his frock, as if hiding something. Before the man could have been certain who it was that was passing, he slunk below out of sight. But enough was seen of him to make it sure that he was the same young sailor before noticed in the rigging.

What was that which so sparkled? thought Captain Delano. It was no lamp—no match—no live coal. Could it have been a jewel? But how come sailors with jewels?—or with silk-trimmed under-shirts either? Has he been robbing the trunks of the dead cabin passengers? But if so, he would hardly wear one of the stolen articles on board ship here. Ah, ah—if now that was, indeed, a secret sign I saw passing between this suspicious fellow and his captain awhile since; if I could only be certain that in my uneasiness my senses did not deceive me, then —

Here, passing from one suspicious thing to another, his mind revolved the point of the strange questions put to him concerning his ship.

By a curious coincidence, as each point was recalled, the black wizards of Ashantee would strike up with their hatchets, as in ominous comment on the white stranger's thoughts. Pressed

by such enigmas and portents, it would have been almost against nature, had not, even into the least distrustful heart, some ugly misgivings obtruded.

Observing the ship now helplessly fallen into a current, with enchanted sails, drifting with increased rapidity seaward; and noting that, from a lately intercepted projection of the land, the sealer was hidden, the stout mariner began to quake at thoughts which he barely durst confess to himself. Above all, he began to feel a ghostly dread of Don Benito. And yet when he roused himself, dilated his chest, felt himself strong on his legs, and coolly considered it—what did all these phantoms amount to?

Had the Spaniard any sinister scheme, it must have reference not so much to him (Captain Delano) as to his ship (the Bachelor's Delight). Hence the present drifting away of the one ship from the other, instead of favoring any such possible scheme, was, for the time at least, opposed to it. Clearly any suspicion, combining such contradictions, must need be delusive. Beside, was it not absurd to think of a vessel in distress—a vessel by sickness almost dismantled of her crew—a vessel whose inmates were parched for water—was it not a thousand times absurd that such a craft should, at present, be of a piratical character; or her commander, either for himself or those under him, cherish any desire but for speedy relief and refreshment? But then, might not general distress, and thirst in particular, be affected? And might not that same undiminished Spanish crew, alleged to have perished off to a remnant, be at that very moment lurking in the hold? On heart-broken pretense of entreating a cup of cold water, fiends in human form had got into lonely dwellings, nor retired until a dark deed had been done. And among the Malay pirates, it was no unusual thing to lure ships after them into their treacherous harbors, or entice boarders from a declared enemy at sea, by the spectacle of thinly manned or vacant decks, beneath which prowled a hundred spears with yellow arms ready to upthrust them through the mats. Not that Captain Delano had entirely credited such things. He had heard of them—and now, as stories, they recurred. The present destination of the ship was the anchorage. There she would be near

his own vessel. Upon gaining that vicinity, might not the San Dominick, like a slumbering volcano, suddenly let loose energies now hid?

He recalled the Spaniard's manner while telling his story. There was a gloomy hesitancy and subterfuge about it. It was just the manner of one making up his tale for evil purposes, as he goes. But if that story was not true, what was the truth? That the ship had unlawfully come into the Spaniard's possession? But in many of its details, especially in reference to the more calamitous parts, such as the fatalities among the seamen, the consequent prolonged beating about, the past sufferings from obstinate calms, and still continued suffering from thirst; in all these points, as well as others, Don Benito's story had corroborated not only the wailing ejaculations of the indiscriminate multitude, white and black, but likewise—what seemed impossible to be counterfeited—by the very expression and play of every human feature, which Captain Delano saw. If Don Benito's story was throughout an invention, then every soul on board, down to the youngest negress, was his carefully drilled recruit in the plot; an incredible inference. And yet, if there was ground for mistrusting the Spanish captain's veracity, that inference was a legitimate one.

In short, scarce an uneasiness entered the honest sailor's mind but, by a subsequent spontaneous act of good sense, it was ejected. At last he began to laugh at these forebodings; and laugh at the strange ship for, in its aspect somewhat siding with them, as it were; and laugh, too, at the odd-looking blacks, particularly those old scissors-grinders, the Ashantees; and those bed-ridden old knitting-women, the oakum-pickers; and, in a human way, he almost began to laugh at the dark Spaniard himself, the central hobgoblin of all.

For the rest, whatever in a serious way seemed enigmatical, was now good-naturedly explained away by the thought that, for the most part, the poor invalid scarcely knew what he was about; either sulking in black vapors, or putting random questions without sense or object. Evidently, for the present, the man was not fit to be entrusted with the ship. On some benevolent plea withdrawing the command from him

Captain Delano would yet have to send her to Conception, in charge of his second mate, a worthy person and good navigator—a plan which would prove no wiser for the San Dominick than for Don Benito; for, relieved from all anxiety, keeping wholly to his cabin, the sick man, under the good nursing of his servant, would probably, by the end of the passage, be in a measure restored to health, and with that he should also be restored to authority.

Such were the American's thoughts.

They were tranquilizing. There was a difference between the idea of Don Benito's darkly pre-ordaining Captain Delano's fate, and Captain Delano's lightly arranging Don Benito's. Nevertheless, it was not without something of relief that the good seaman presently perceived his whale-boat in the distance. Its absence had been prolonged by unexpected detention at the sealer's side, as well as its returning trip lengthened by the continual recession of the goal.

[To be Continued.]

UNKNOWN TONGUES.

PART II.

THE young lions roar after their prey and seek their meat from God, "and He hears their voice, and fills their appetite." But few of the mammalia, only, can be said to have articulate speech or true vocal utterance. Far above insects and reptiles in point of language, they yet cannot compare with the happier birds of heaven. Most quadrupeds utter sounds of pain; the timid rabbit cries when seized, and in peril the humble mole has a voice. That of Brazil, even, produces a short, nasal grunt from under the ground, which it repeats four times in quick succession. Coming, as it were, from unknown regions, this sound baffles the acutest ear, and puzzles the stranger not a little, until the experienced Indian discovers for him the curious little "Tucutuco." But all these animals have only faint and indistinct sounds, and there is a long scale to ascend from the grunt of the pig to the joyous bark of the dog or the plaintive cry of the camel. The pig's language has no consonants, hence it cannot be expressed in words or notes. All utterance of the elements consists of vowels simply—so does the infant's first cry, for in nature as in man, consonants pre-suppose higher development, and vowels are the signs of unconscious action. Strange it is, that pigs should know how to keep time to music, and yet we hear of such skill in several cases. When the great Medici was a victim to sad melancholies, some fawning courtier once surprised him by ushering, of a sudden, six well-dressed pigs into his chamber.

They danced so well and moved so grotesquely, that even Cosmo could not resist, and broke out into a hearty, wholesome laughter.

The simple voice of lambs has a charm of its own for the Christian. He can never forget Him who said in beautiful allegory, "The sheep follow him for they know his voice, but they know not the voice of strangers." Their ear is acute as their tones are simple. A lamb will, by the bleating alone, find its mother out of a thousand. What abounding wealth does not nature exhibit even in her voices! what a countless variety of modulations she must have given to the single note of the ewe to produce such effects.

The horse has sounds only for passion and pain; what interests us most is, the manner in which the tones he utters are developed and refined in precise proportion to his general improvement.

The neighing of the wild horse of the steppes is shrill and fierce, but how low and gentle is the affectionate voice of the thorough-bred, as he replies to his master's caresses! "Among the trumpets he says ha! ha! and the grandeur of his neighing is terror." He utters fierce cries when, with bristling mane and maddened eye, he rushes to attack a rival on the wide prairie; and the expiring voice of a dying horse is never forgotten by those who have once heard it in the raving floods of a torrent or amidst the agonies of a deserted battle-field.

Cats, also, have their amusing but by no means melodious concerts.

Gravely and majestically sits the most valiant of beaux in the midst of an admiring circle of belles. He utters a deep, solemn note; they answer in all kinds of voices, but not exactly in pure or clear accents. Louder and wilder rises the chorus, fiercer grow their passions, blows are dealt with little forbearance, and at last a row ensues ludicrous in the extreme to the eye, but to the ear torture. Stranger still, and as yet unexplained, is their conduct when, like true toppers, they get drunk from eating the root of valerian. On moonlight nights of early spring they have often been seen under the intoxicating influence of this well-known poison.

They caper and shriek, they scamper and scream, they leap and kick and tumble about like genuine madmen. Hence the significative though barbarous word of the German, "Katzenjammer," so expressive of the dread feelings that follow a night of debauch. Unmelodious as their voices are, they differ not only with sex or age, but in every individual cat. This led some rascally courtier or other to the outrageous idea of a cat organ. He confined a large number of cats with different voices in a large box, arranging them carefully according to musical annotation. In front was a keyboard, and as the hand touched a key, a pin entered the tail of the corresponding victim. The cats mewed and—for a shame—the world laughed.

Simpler in form but much higher in its character is the language of animals who live in regularly organized society. Both monkeys and elephants place sentinels upon eminences to guard them against surprise, whilst they are feeding or robbing. These outposts give a shrill cry of warning, which refers not to their own feeling of pain or fear, but is clearly intended to benefit others. This is a manner of communication by voice entirely different from a mere involuntary utterance of sound, and belonging, in fact, to the class of reasoning speech, the highest of which is human language. Monkeys, especially, obey the voice of their leader with military precision. He calls and they leap upon trees; his voice is heard again and they arm themselves with clubs and sticks, they advance or retreat, flee or attack as he commands them. Prisoners cry piteously, and others, moved by sympathy, come to the rescue.

Even the less cunning chamois, when grazing in herds upon lofty mountains, have a keen-sighted sentinel posted on a high rock or jutting promontory. Whilst the others feed or play and gambol in simple delight, she stands alone on her lofty eminence, watchfully glancing around and scenting the air. At the least sign of danger, the distant echo of a footfall or the sight of an unknown object, she whistles shrill and clear through her front teeth, and taking the lead, she vanishes with her companions with almost magical swiftness.

Even these sounds, however, full of meaning and intelligence as they are, cannot compare with the eloquence of the dog. His sensibilities are highly developed; he can shed tears, and, of all animals probably the only one, he can even laugh. His ear is sharp and fastidious. Some, we know, cannot bear music of any kind, others detest only wind-instruments; if they cannot escape what is torture to their nerves, they draw themselves up, raise their spines in ample curves, hide their tails and howl piteously. The violin, it is said, is their special torment, and this idiosyncrasy strengthens the theory of their relation to wolves. No animal, however, is so quick and so perfect in comprehending the human voice; the dog receives, as it were, man's thoughts into his own mind; he obeys his commands, he recollects, he reasons, in fine, on his duty. What more striking proof of this can be given than the well-known story of a dog's encounter with a raven? He was pursuing the bird over a meadow and on the point of seizing his wing. Of a sudden, the raven turns round, assumes that air of sublime impudence which his race alone possesses, and bawls into the dog's face a furious: Thief! Thief! The dog stood aghast; he was frightened to death, and ran off in vile, cowardly fear. He had pursued a bird and had met with a human voice. It was magic to him, it was witchcraft. He must have reasoned, to be thus amazed.

As the dog's ear is acute and well developed, so his language is rich in tone and modulation. This is the result of civilization only, and of his familiar intercourse with man. The wild dog does not bark; the tame dog, suffered to become wild, loses the curious gift in the second or third generation. The dog of

Mexico, which the early inhabitants ate after Chinese fashion, and which even the Spaniards learned to appreciate before cattle could be brought across the Atlantic, is utterly voiceless. That of the Esquimaux, on the contrary, gives regular concerts. Leaving the warm nest they have dug in the firm snow, one seats himself gravely in the center, whilst the others crouch around him in a circle; he leads and they follow in a dismal howl, like that of wolves.

Subject, as the dog is, to almost all the diseases of men, even to madness, he has, like them, also his fancies and his idiosyncrasies. Some are slaves of their masters from overflowing affection; others are fickle and faithless. But why do they bark at the moon in heaven? Dr. Galt claims for them, from his own experience, the knowledge, not of one language only, but of several idioms. The crowning wonder, however, is their actual power of articulate speech. It is no small authority that compels us to grant to dogs such marvelous talent. The philosopher Leibnitz—than whom all Germany knows no greater scholar—took a warm interest in this matter, and furnished an ample and well-authenticated report to the French Academy at Paris. A peasant's boy in Saxony, it appears, fancied he perceived, in the bark of a common watch-dog, a strange resemblance to words uttered by the human voice. Though the animal was three years old, the youth undertook to teach him to speak, and spared neither time nor labor. At the end of a few months his able pupil could articulate thirty words most clearly and distinctly. He loved his native tongue best, however, and even the illustrious Leibnitz could not induce him to speak of his own free will. He only repeated what was first pronounced before him, but then in a voice so marvelously human, that it deceived listeners in an adjoining apartment.

The best known of animal tongues are, of course, the most perfect among them—those of birds. It would be a long list, were we to mention but half of the curious literature, that, of old and of late, has been written on this subject. Pallas Athene herself gave the knowledge of the language of birds to Tiresias, to console him for the loss of his eyes. Helenus of Troy, Thales and Melampus claimed to possess it.

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Solomon, who had wisdom exceeding much, and spake of beasts, and of fowls, and of creeping things, and of fishes, is reported to have understood the meaning of every bird's song. Pliny even gives, in his Natural History, an unfailing receipt for the obtaining of such wonderful knowledge; and King Dag, who was a master of the science, kept sparrows, which brought him the news of the world from every country on earth. Gerbert, of Seville, the great Christian master of the Black Art, learned to explain the flight and notes of birds; and Benedict IX., who rose to the Holy See at the early age of twelve years, knew their voice, and could tell from it what had happened to-day, yesterday, and the day before, anywhere through the wide range of Christendom. It is not long since a German scholar studied the language of geese, and issued proposals for a dictionary of their idiom. Two adventurous Frenchmen, Dupont de Nemours and Pierquin de Gembloux, carried out the unfinished plan, and actually published works on the language of birds and other animals. It has been a favorite task of many authors to set the songs of birds to music, and to give their meaning—a scheme which Thomas Gardiner, in his *Music of Nature*, has more fully developed.

Birds certainly have, of all animals known, the most perfect organs of speech, and the greatest variety of sounds and notes. They are better endowed than others, for they have a second larynx, which forms, as it were, an additional organ. Thus, if the head of a duck or a goose be cut off, the lower throat in the neck will, as many a boy knows from actual trial, still freely produce the accustomed, broad accents of its owner. The nightingale, of all singers the richest, has also, of all birds, the largest larynx. Besides, they can shorten and lengthen at will the tube of their windpipe, so as to modify the sounds it emits, a power possessed by birds only. To this they add a remarkable, innate sense for music; their song is neither mechanical only, nor merely instinctive. On the contrary, they connect each note with a special, definite feeling, and are actually aware of a connection between them, which rests exclusively upon the musical arrangement, or the idea by which they are suggested. Hence, also, their almost infinite variety

of notes, known to all, and yet combined with a striking individuality found nowhere else. The blue-tit and the wren sing each a different song; but as soon as the one or the other utters a chirp of fear or terror, all birds, even the stupid turkeys, know its meaning, and anxiously hide under turf or twig. The whole forest, in a moment, is still and silent; the hawk sails in vain on high in the clouds, and peers into thicket and copse—they have all been forewarned and are safe and secure. So it is with their notes of joy and happiness. Not one sings exactly like the other; but the first note of exuberant gladness rouses them all, and one tiny creature sets a whole host of them singing and chirping; as long as breath lasts their joy is undisturbed.

And, truly, their voices are, for the most part, but voices of happiness and thanksgiving. Their table is always set, a pendant twig offers a cozy seat, and neighbors are ever ready to sport, to gambol, or to join in joyous concerts. Theirs is the wide realm of the air, they dwell and play, without care or trouble, in the eternal halls of their great Father; "before whom not one of them is forgotten." There is ample room; they are bound to no path and no highway; freely they move, large or small, in the great house under the heavens. Early and long before daybreak—says that charming Swiss writer, Tschudi—when the stars are still shining clear and bright in the dark blue night-sky, you hear, in a tall fir-tree, a strange, low, and rumbling noise. A pause, and then follow a few sharp, clapping, clacking sounds, which come quicker and quicker, until the full power of the voice is gathered; at last is heard a long series of quaint, hissing notes. It is the foolish turkey, that gobbles with his eyes shut, and his feet cutting most extravagant capers. So he trips and dances above on a stout, strong branch; below him slumber peacefully his hens in the bush, or look up with reverence to the absurd gestures of their high and mighty master. He is not long left alone. The little songsters, in rush and reed, have, long before midnight, already begun to practice their humble, cheerful melodies. As the rosy morning clouds announce the rising sun, and light, fairy vapors in the east veil the chamber from which he comes forth as a bridegroom, these tiny birds are all

ready to greet him, and in concert begin their early hymn. Now the ouzel also awakes, and, shaking the dew from her jet-black wings, she sharpens her bill and then leaps from branch to branch up a tall maple-tree. Two or three times she calls up the mountain side and down into the still, misty valley, that day is coming, and then she pours forth her glorious, melodious song, now breaking out in gay, exuberant joy, and now sinking low in sweet, plaintive melancholy. Her chant is the signal for all life to awaken around her. The robin at once replies from afar off, well hid in the thickest of bushes. And long before the light blue columns of smoke rise from the lowly valley, long before the harmonious bells of the grazing cattle are heard, all the birds of the air have left their snug hiding-places, and are ready to greet the day and to sing praises to their good mother nature, that has sent them once more the sweet light of heaven. From the fullness of their hearts and with overflowing joy, they raise their thousand voices and join in the great concert in the green halls of the forest. Now one kind of bird prevails, and is heard high above the rest, and now another; then, of a sudden, all is quiet as if struck with the magic wand of silence. But high in the air you hear the hoarse, hungry croak of the hawk, and instantly all the merry little singers are safely hid in the dense foliage. At noon all is still; their gay melodies are hushed, and the great Pan passes by with his wild host. Towards evening, however, the merry chorus begins again, though not with the same freshness and fullness as in the morning. There is a soft tenderness in the sorrow of their parting with the setting sun, with the glowing mountain and the warm, fragrant valley. One after another, they hide their heads under their wings, and yet, the earliest risers are the latest awake. Hours after the sun has sunk in golden floods of light, and the shadows of night cover the earth, deep, melancholy voices are still heard from dark pines, or an anxious cry, a dreaming note swims through the dusky air. At last the quaint hoo-hoo of the owl startles the woods, and the whole host of owls and night-birds begin to laugh and to cry, to purr and to scream in a monstrous, demon-like chorus.

All birds, as we know, are not endowed with like talents. Here, also, the variety of nature's gifts is as marvelous as the gifts themselves. What a difference between the melancholy, woeful croaking of the raven, and the melting notes of the nightingale! or the shrill trumpet blast of the osprey as he dashes through the foaming waves, and the cooing of the amorous pigeon! The rich melody of the warblers is sweetest music to our ears; the taunting laugh of the seagull and the fearful hooting of the owl cause us only disgust and terror.

Some birds merely utter sounds, others speak; the most perfect sing and have a rich, melodious language for all their feelings.

The poorest in speech utter but a single, monotonous note as when

"In the plover's shrilly strain
The signal whistle's heard again."

Cranes chatter without ceasing, at home and abroad; the mother gives sage advice to her young, the little ones babble and stammer like infants. What do they say to each other? Often they have been seen in the West to assemble at dawn and to break forth in a vast, discordant chorus, as if about to salute the rising sun. Was it to them that the mysterious words apply: "Curse not the king, no not in thy thought, for a bird of the air shall carry the voice and that which hath wings shall tell the matter!" Even in Greece they were looked upon as sad tale-bearers, and when Ibycus on his way to the Olympian games was murdered near Corinth, the cranes on high alone bore witness, and in the midst of the assembled multitude betrayed those who had slain him. Sea-birds have mostly but mournful notes—for "there is sorrow on the sea"—or sharp shrill cries, that may be heard high above the roaring of the tempest and the furious waves. What bitter, terrible irony there is in the prophet's words, when he speaks of the desolation of Nineveh: "All the daughters of music shall be brought low—but the cormorant and the bittern shall lodge in the upper lintels of it, their voice shall sing in the windows."

The turkey is the clown among singers. With his eyes and ears closed to the world, dancing and tripping in most fantastic manner, he utters his quaint, unintelligible jargon, and gobbles so

loud that the woods resound and the distant echo mockingly answers. It was a fortunate escape, for the United States when Franklin, who had chosen the turkey to be the emblem of our Union, met hunters who told him of the bird's mad pranks and foolish behavior, when, full of conceit and vapory anger, he blows himself up and whistles and gurgles and gobbles in most unearthly, undignified manner. Even in quieter moments his voice is pert and petulant like his temper. Owls escape the same reproach only by their imperturbable gravity, screeching horribly as they fly, and thus giving rise to the well-known superstition about screech-owls that love to sit at the windows of dying persons. They all hoot in a manner peculiarly their own—the white owls, as White tells us, always in B flat. But there is no end to their manifold sounds: an indignant naturalist calls them monsters, composed of a cat, a mouse and a monkey, for they have borrowed from each some part of their voice. At night they hiss and snore in a most tremendous manner, for the purpose of frightening and intimidating their tiny victims, so that many an English village has risen fancying that the churchyard was full of specters and goblins!

Poor geese! not a word has ever been said to praise your voices, though they did save the Capitol, and with it all Europe. They are, besides, full of vigor and force, trumpet-like and clanging; and even the hissing of the bold gander, as he defends the young brood, is formidable enough, and full of menace. Ducks, we apprehend, have been despised for their broad, vulgar quacking, ever since Pythagoras vowed they were the most disturbing neighbors for a wise man at work. Still Buffon gives them the part of the clarinet, in the great orchestra of nature, and the clang of the wild mallard is far from unpleasant.

The honor of web-footed birds is saved by the noblest among them, the swan, whom antiquity connected with all that is sweet and melodious in heavenly music. Phaethon was changed into a swan, and, as such, now shines among the stars in heaven;—the great Apollo is seldom seen without one, and Aristotle and Horace both believed that the souls of poets passed after death into swans, and that they were thus enabled to retain the noble gift of harmony

which they had possessed among mortals. How grand is Homer's language when he compares the Greeks, rushing from their ships into battle, with a flock of long-necked swans, who flutter hither and thither, with joyful beating of wings, and then, lowering their flight, sing aloud till the fields resound! Even the icy North loved the melodious bird of Apollo. Here they were heard singing high over the heads of stern warriors, calling them to immortal life in the great Walhalla. But their highest charm lay ever in that most beautiful of ancient fables, which speaks of their last dying effort as an image of true faith in the life that is to come. The swan, it is said, pours out his last breath in lofty melodies, of wondrous power and beauty. Who knows not the great poet's unsurpassed death hymn of the wild swan, "over the river, that ran with an inner voice?"

"At first to the ear,
The warble was low, and full, and clear,
And floating about the under sky;
Prevailing in weakness, the coronach stole,
Sometimes afar and sometimes anear.
But anon her awful, jubilant voice,
With a music strange and manifold,
Flowed forth in a carol free and bold:
As when a mighty people rejoice,
And the tumult of their acclaim is rolled,
Thro' the open gates of the city afar,
To the shepherd who watcheth the evening
"star."

But of all birds that neither sing nor speak, the crested cock, whose clarion sounds the silent hours, holds by far the first rank. Even Herodes Agrippa well knew this, when he sent rich presents to the cock that had greeted and cheered him, like no other voice, on his night journey. Long before the dark mantle of night is lifted apace, the watchful guardian announces the coming of day. The black spirits of darkness flee at the powerful call—their time is passed, and the bright light of heaven rejects their presence. The wanderer on his lonely path and the weary mariner far out at sea hear the familiar voice; joy returns to their hearts, and causes them to swell with sweet hopes. At home, it breaks the idle fancies of dreams—it rouses the sluggard to work—it comforts the sick, and cheers the strong and the hearty. The first voice, says the Koran, is heard high in heaven; there a noble white cock calls, morning by morning, the heavenly choir to prayer; his clear,

clanging voice rings far through the universe. Mankind alone, in sin and error, hear not the wondrous note, but all cocks on earth listen and quickly join in the chorus, praising the Lord Almighty. The Christian places the cock, in like manner, on the steeple of churches, as a constant warning to watch and pray, that we enter not into temptation.

After his first call follows a pause and deep silence; little more than half an hour later he utters his second, and in certain seasons of the year even a third call. All around, neighbors answer, even the most remote; their voices are easily distinguished, for the older crow with a deep and yet perfectly clear note, the young ones waver and tremble in early efforts.

Not less famous is their boastful song of triumph. Bleeding from serious, often mortal wounds, trembling from sheer exhaustion, and feeling his heart's blood leave him, brave chanticleer gathers his last strength, heralds his victory aloft with a loud trumpet-blast and then lays himself down to die in the blaze of his glory. If he is unhurt, he flies with powerful wing on fence or roof and proclaims aloud that he has conquered and means to maintain his honor. There is no doubt that the fowls all around hear and comprehend the news, and ever afterward fear and respect the victorious hero. Themistocles once pointed out two cocks fighting and crowing, to his followers, and said: "See, these are but animals, and fight for victory only, yet they cease not and are not weary. You, men of Athens, fight for your hearths and your gods, for the cradles of your infants and the graves of your fathers, will you despair?" And new strength came to their hearts, and the barbarians were routed. So on board the good ship Marlborough, in 1793: her masts were down, her rigging was destroyed, her hull pierced on all sides, and despair had seized all hearts, when, of a sudden, Admiral Berkeley's cock flew upon the stump of the mainmast, and, clapping his wings, raised his clarion voice on high with such inspiring and hearty vigor that all were encouraged. The battle was renewed and victory secured.

Nor is the humbler hen less proud and boastful in announcing her triumph to the world at large. How clamorous is

her joy, when the great deed is done—the egg is laid—how tumultuous her exuberant utterance! Her motherly affection is touchingly expressed in the low, anxious cry with which she calls her young when a hawk threatens, poised high in the air. Only her own little ones follow her voice; they know it from amid a numerous crowd. How they haste to take shelter under her broad wings, which she spreads out like a buckler! The powerful robber-bird does not touch the ground; he only tries in a mighty swoop to catch the unfledged chickens; but he dashes in vain his strong beak against the elastic feathers, and when he sails off in bitter wrath, the happy mother cackles and crows with such hearty content and abundant thanks that no heart can remain untouched. So the ancients already had their Alcyone among the stars; she herself was the hen, and the cloudy troop of smaller stars were her chickens. The Arabs, also, place her on high; they give the name of Hen to our Pleiades. We, in Christian lands, think with grateful heart of the touching words of the Saviour: "Oh, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not!"

Ravens and all the dark, dismal order of birds in gray and black, are the speakers of the airy hosts. They have a peculiar form of tongue which aids them in mimicking, with great success, the human voice. Some persons cut the so-called string of their tongues, though with doubtful advantage. When divination was a study and a sacred profession, every modulation of their varied voices was noted and carefully marked. The ancients knew at least sixty-four, not to speak of minor and less significant shades of utterance. What acuteness of ear, what strength of faith! Every note had its meaning, and some ate the heart and entrails of these birds to obtain themselves their prophetic power.

The most noted among these is the raven, the feathered soothsayer of Greece and Rome, the oracular voice of Teutonic nations; the harbinger of evil and death; the bird of night and witchcraft; the grim watcher by the gibbet where the murderer swings in chains; and where he, as Malone says, "doth shake contagion from his sable wings."

The raven of Plutarch's barber in Rome imitated, of his own will, the voice of man and all the cries of his neighbors. Many an unlucky schoolmaster exclaims the famous "*Oleum et operam peridi!*" of the poor man that had taught his raven to hail Augustus with the words: "*Ave Cæsar, Victor, Imperator,*" and then failed of the hoped-for reward. Now, they are frequently seen tamed, but still they most delight, apparently, in such cries as, "thief! rascal! murder!"

The dirty crow, so voracious and thievish, is still as clever as many a scamp among men, and learns, not unfrequently, words and whole phrases. The rooks,

"The sable tenants of five hundred years,
That on the high tops of yon ancient elms
Pour their hoarse music on the lonely ear,"

are less glib of tongue, and chatter, but do not speak. It is dangerous to keep them tamed in the house, on account of their strange fancy for fire and smoke. They draw burning coals from the hearth or the lighted wick from a lamp, and swallow it all as a luscious morsel. But their greatest pleasure is to see the smoke rise from a fire; and in countries where coal brasiers are used, they have been seen to pick up bits of paper and chips of wood to throw them upon the coals; then they stand by, and enjoy with great glee the ascending smoke. More gifted and eloquent are the restless magpies, who laugh and pronounce very distinctly; and starlings, who talk in Iceland, on the Himalays, and among the long-tailed Chinese and red-painted Indians. They seem to have a natural instinct to mimic all sounds around them; even when untamed, they are heard to mew like cats, to cackle like hens, and sing in flute-like tones after the best of our songsters. The starlings of Drusus and Britannicus repeated Greek proverbs and sayings, and many a bird of the kind is heard in England to say, most devoutly, "God save the Queen!" A German starling, the pet of a shopkeeper, used to frighten many a bashful maiden, by calling to her, from an adjoining room: "Come here and kiss me;" and then he would dash off, as in penance, to recite the Lord's Prayer. In Java, starlings are taught to avenge the unfortunate natives, by crying, with fierce fury, at every European: "Christian! Dog! Pork-eater."

A more pleasing variety of the mournful race is the jay, which,

"Proud of cerulean strains,
From heaven's unallied arch parloined,
Screams hoarse;"

but the wide contrast between his love-note—soft and beautifully sweet—and the short, harsh tone of his anger, shows the uncommon volubility of his tongue. He easily learns words and whole airs; but cannot, except in outward beauty, compare with the magpie or starling.

It is curious that the brilliant parrot and the gorgeous arras, even, should vie with the raven in speaking the language of man. Their natural notes are surpassingly harsh; they despise vowels, and delight in cracking and crushing the hardest of consonants. And yet, with an ear of superior acuteness, and a tongue like no other bird under heaven, they take a strange delight in the human voice, and imitate it with marvelous success. The vain cockatoo, it is true, only repeats his own name, but the genuine parrots have, for thousands of years, been glibbist of tongue and most famous for skill. They are found everywhere. The "Poor Robinson" of England is a "spitzbub" in Germany, a "giaour" in Turkey. Stories of parrots, endowed with superior talents, abound in all books of natural history.

These accomplishments amuse us, and cause us to wonder; but they are, after all, purely mechanical, and tell us nothing of the inner life of the bird by which they are uttered. It is very different with birds that sing—the children of spring and the prophets of summer. They give to the fair face of nature its sweet voice; without them even May would be sad; and the silence that follows their departure for warmer climes adds to the chill that creeps over us at the approach of winter. They sing out of the abundance of the heart and, as with bees, we reap the sweet harvest—they work, and the blessing is ours. Their bright, quick eye, their noble shapes—even their nervous sensitiveness—always bespeak them of a higher and better race. They have different notes for each affection and passion; they answer when we speak to them; they exert themselves to reply—there is something more in them than mere animal instinct. No other animal on earth can mimic as

birds do; no one else holds councils and makes speeches. Nor is their song given them at once at their birth, as they possess the knowledge of their food and the skill of their architecture. They have to learn it slowly, and often painfully. Some have, at first, neither ear nor skill; they sing false, or forget their lessons. Others learn only to sing at the word or the snap of the finger, as the sedge-bird will not utter a sound, unless a stone be thrown into the bush where he hides. Even those who profit by intercourse with man, can learn but note by note and bar by bar. Some even forget, like children of the poor that can go to school only in summer, during winter what they had learned the previous season. They try, and try again, beginning anew, until the little throats, unused during winter or the time of moulting, become clear once more, and at last the ill-remembered melody is brought out correct and complete. Then they fill the air with rich music, and a whole chorus of feathered minstrelsy, like an angel-choir, scatter melody around, which sinks into the soul as a soft summer rain into the earth, gladdening and refreshing it beyond all things earthly. No other bird, no other being, dies as sweetly and gently as a singing bird. Almost without fail, it utters, just before death, a low, melodious sound; and putting its tiny head under its wing, as man composes himself to sleep, the little life is ended.

Not all of them, however, are endowed alike. There are among them the poor, who have but a single note, and must compress all the rich treasures of their feelings and sufferings into the same sad, melancholy sound. But this they sing with untiring zeal from morning till night, from early spring till late in fall, and even when all others are silent. It is the most touching tribute of all: it is the widow's farthing.

The richest in dress are often the poorest in song, and the finest voices are hid in the plainest bodies. Neither the gorgeous peacock, nor the magnificent, fairy-like bird of paradise, can be heard with patience, whilst the night-gale—the queen of all songsters—wears a simple, sad-colored dress. So it is with the beautiful pigeon—the pet of the east, the image of all that is sweet and gentle. It is all feeling, but it has no intelligence, and, therefore, neither

voice nor melody; for the language of the laughing-dove has no meaning, and the low, soft tones of the others are but the expression of vague longing and yearning, or of indefinite sorrow. "We mourn sorely like doves," says the prophet; but he speaks of doves driven to the mountain heights by fierce vultures in the valley.

Sweeter far, though as simple, is the humble twittering of the swallow; and we all love to "be awake, and hear his morning song, twittered to dawning day." It is true that our affections are twined around him as the ever-welcome harbinger of spring. Thracian boys greeted him in merry songs, as the herald of returning summer; and the peasant of Sweden even now receives the wanderer with joyous delight. But there is both melody and meaning in his most modest songs; the "feeble murmur" of his complaint is more moving and touching than louder laments, and his full, exuberant voice of jubilation rings through the clouds, and finds an echo in our hearts. Now he joins with others in cheerful songs of quiet enjoyment, and now he darts to and fro, and, as he approaches the nest, he utters the low note of love, so full of tender sentiment, to which the female responds in a tone not less sweet and affecting.

Some birds sing even in the midst of all the rigors of winter. High up in the mountains, when the brooks are laden with heavy burdens of ice, and fantastic garlands hang from every root and every rock, the water-ousel sits on the snow-covered bank and sings in its clear, joyous voice, before it dives into the cool bath of icy water. And, when her life's end is approaching, she sings in the evening her farewell song, and then the friendly waves play tenderly over her and wrap her up in their cool, cozy embrace, thus carrying her down, with sweet murmuring sighs, to her distant and unknown grave.

But hear, how high in the air and poised upon her wings, "unseen the enamored wood-lark sings!" Morning after morning, in sweet summer-time, she sings her early hymn, and rises high into the blue ether as if calling upon us to do the same, and to thank our Father in heaven. The ring-lark is a mimic of no small talent and power. She carefully learns the notes of birds that live with her only in winter, and

then from the ample stores of her memory she repeats them in summer.

Canaries seem to live only for music. They learn from their parents or are apt pupils of man. Their most touching peculiarity is, that they sing in their dreams, in such low, gentle notes, that it sounds like heavenly music. Still, their song, rich as it is and full of sweet notes, does not compare with that of others. Their docility, however, and their ever cheerful readiness, have made them favorites all over the world. Exiles from their native home, the Canary Islands, on which they are no longer to be found, they are, on the other hand, scattered far and wide over the globe. The Tyrolese, who raise them by ten thousands, are seen with their skillfully piled up load of tiny cages, in the silent streets of St. Petersburg, and amidst the busy hum of our own great sea-ports. Their little charges learn almost anything that man cares to teach them. They can dance a polka, fire a cannon, or repeat the endless words, Constantinople and Papapipapop.

But of all birds, the nightingale of Europe, and the mocking-bird of our own land are foremost. The former is the first bird that sounds all the vowels distinctly, hence probably the amazing richness of her expression. There is no feeling that we cannot hear in her song, no passion that she does not express clearly. She has notes of love and of anger, of buoyant joyfulness and of saddest melancholy. The latter seems to be her favorite sentiment, and is the more apt to be noticed as she only sings during night. Her boasting admirers say, that she disdains, in the consciousness of her queen-like superiority, to enter into rivalry with others or to raise her voice in the midst of the various noises of the day. So she reserves herself for the silent night, when man and nature can better appreciate her song of surpassing beauty. This has been set to music and translated into words. Those who know it best, distinguish twenty-five lines of melodious utterance, which serve to convey three distinct affections. It begins with accents that implore a return of love, then becomes impatient in anxious yearning, and at last dies away in low strains of heart-moving pathos. Still, like all artists on earth, the nightingale is also sensitive, nervous, and jealous. Pliny observed that she would exhaust

her strength sooner than her notes. She vies with a rival to her last moment, and many a noble bird has fallen a victim to this emulation.

In the polyglott thrush and our own favorite mocking-bird, we see the most skillful and accomplished of all singers. Their own notes are beautiful, but they add to them all that is rich and melodious in others. The richer in true music their models are, the better they imitate them, but they despise nothing. Now we hear them mew like a cat, and now bark like a dog. They take up the cry of itinerant vendors in the streets, and do not shrink from imitating the rumbling of

heavy wagons. Their gestures, all the while, are as droll as their notes are successful; they evidently know that they imitate and ridicule every effort. Here is not only talent but genius.

Such are some of the wondrous unknown tongues spoken by animated nature around us. Most rightly does the great lawgiver warn us, "Mind not the cries of birds! for to think them symbolic is idle superstition, to believe in their power to prophesy, sinful." But, surely, the psalmist said not in vain, "Praise the Lord from the earth! Beasts and all cattle, creeping things, and flying fowl. Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord!"

LIFE AMONG THE MORMONS.

[Continued from page 266.]

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, Jan., 1853.

THE plot thickens; we are getting deeper and deeper into the merits of the subject; the Mormon mythology grows interesting. If the contents of Auburn State's prison, with females to match, could be isolated in a country by themselves, and induced to believe themselves a persecuted race, and that thieving and other crimes were virtues, such a community would furnish a faint counterpart of the worshippers of Beelzebub, in this secluded region. Rig up a system that will fasten itself upon the superstitious credulity and animal appetites of the stupidly ignorant, and you are ready for a flourishing business.

Jan. 5th. To-day I have had a very interesting interview with one of the new comers. I have seen her twice before, and found her so evidently intelligent, as to make it a matter for especial wonder how she could ever become a Mormon. The family consists of her husband, herself, and two children, a son and daughter; the latter about fifteen, and good looking. A fine market, truly, for a young girl!

The last time she was here, I was tempted to ask her if she was willing her husband should take another wife. Her face flushed up to her temples, and she gave me an evasive answer; but our landlady was present, and she felt under some restraint. To-day we were

alone, and, after inspecting doors and windows, she has poured forth a perfect tempest of indignation at the outrages which have come to their knowledge. It seems they came, in utter ignorance of polygamy, with the view of making this place their permanent home. Mr. W. purchased a house and lot, and they are now housekeeping. He has a quantity of cattle, at present under the charge of herders, and it was his original intention to go on to California in the spring, to find a market for them, leaving his family here in the mean time. This purpose is now changed, and it is their intention to go on together in the spring, not again to return; but to effect this with as little sacrifice of property as may be, it is quite necessary to keep their own counsels.

She is a woman of masculine activity of mind, who has been very free in the expression of her thoughts, and, consequently, finds it difficult to restrain herself; but they are seriously apprehensive in regard to their ability to extricate themselves from their disagreeable predicament; and she finds it a safety valve to her feelings to converse with me. Together we are able to pass summary judgment on the wretches assembled here, and readily consign them to the very hottest part of the infernal torrid zone.

Mr. W. will be victimized to some ex-

tent. Two of the leaders managed to get into his debt a few hundred dollars. To recover what is his due, sell his house and lot, and get away unmolested, is now his anxious purpose; and if he finally escapes with the loss only of a thousand dollars, they will be satisfied.

She is a well-read hydropathist, and has been called upon repeatedly in cases of scarlet fever, now prevailing; and she gives a graphic though sad account of the sufferings of some of the poor children. One family, in which there were two wives, was living in a small hut—three children very sick—two beds and a cook-stove in the same room, creating the air of a pest house. The husband is a member of the Legislature, and is reputed to be a graduate of old Harvard, and a man of some science. On expressing solicitude for the safety of his children, she asked him how he could expect them to recover while compelled to breathe such an atmosphere; and very plainly intimated to him that his domestic habits were unfavorable to health. Of what use, however, to talk to such men?—as well ask the bacchanalian to dash away the cup, while the fiery liquid is running down his throat.

10th. Among the frequent visitors at Mrs. Farnham's is a tall and rather interesting looking young woman, who is known by the name of Harriet Cook. She is one of Brigham's early sealed ones, by whom she has one child; is quite good looking, and superior in point of native smartness; but exceedingly capricious and variable in her feelings and conversation. The first time I saw her she seemed to have an oppressive sense of her real condition; expressed herself bitterly of her ruin, of the abominations of the harem, and even of hatred towards her child, representing it as an ugly, ungovernable little wretch. I felt much interest for her. I asked her why she did not go to California. She answered, sadly: "Here, I am as good as Mary Ann" (Brigham's first wife) "and the rest of them—but, elsewhere, I am an outcast. My brother wishes me to go, but it is of no use."

To-day this woman has called again, and I don't know when, in a conversation with one of my own sex, my disgust has been more strongly excited. She launched forth into a sort of exposé of the filthy customs of the harem, in language so coarse and vulgar, and

with so much apparent gusto, that all sympathy for her is at an end, and hereafter I can only talk with her, as with some others, merely to gain information. She is a fair specimen of the utter and hopeless degradation effected by the Mormon system; and, as she grows older, will doubtless take a malignant delight in aiding to seduce others into the same unfortunate condition.

14th. Yesterday we went to the Tabernacle, for the first time, and I think my curiosity in that direction is satisfied for the season. Phineas Young acted as guide, and secured us a good seat. The throng was immense—Mr. F. says at least two thousand—and occupied seats looking down to a platform on the west side, where the high priests and elders were assembled for the services of the day.

It was a strange assemblage. If I were a scientific phrenologist, I would undertake some classification. There were a few intelligent countenances, interspersed with sly cunning and disgusting sensuality, in both male and female, a large mass of credulity, and an abundance of open-mouthed, gawky stupidity. There was no prevailing fashion, and the great variety of costume indicated a gathering from all points of the compass: some fashionable bonnets, stuck on the tip of the comb, with plenty of gauze and feathers, in close proximity to steeple crowns, with fronts big enough to hide the beauties or deformities beneath, and these cheek by jowl with projecting fronts and cap crowns, so unwieldy looking that women of this fast age would find difficult navigation under them with a head wind—cloaks, casques, et cetera, to correspond.

One woman, sitting in front of us, turned around and fixed a pair of large, piercing, black eyes upon me. Her gaze manifested more than common curiosity, mingled with the expression of a grieved and unquiet spirit, trying to comprehend how a gentle looked, whose happiness was not in the keeping of a Mormon husband. Aunt Shearer tells me she was from Springfield, Mass., well connected, has made great sacrifices to gather with the saints, and that her husband is soon to take as his second wife the daughter of a man by the name of Colborne. By-the-by, this Colborne has already made our acquaintance, on the score of being connected, by mar-

riage, with some of our old neighbors in Tompkins County, and this circumstance may secure us an invitation to the wedding.

The principal discourse was delivered by Parley Pratt, and was made up mostly of a rambling and disconnected glorification of the saints. As an intellectual effort, it was beneath contempt. One thing was peculiar—he resorted to the same kind of clap-trap common in political assemblages, which excited the boisterous mirth of his audience; and somehow it did not strike me as out of place in such a gathering. As to devotional feeling, there was no manifestation of it whatever. It seemed like anything else than a religious meeting; and a full band of music, stationed in front of the platform, strengthened the impression that we had come to witness some puppet-show, or other kindred performance.

17th. Last evening we went to the theatre at Social Hall, a building erected for purposes of amusement. The acting was on a dais or platform, raised some three or four feet above the room occupied by the spectators. The play was the *Lady of Lyons*, and the performance so much better than we anticipated, that I should have enjoyed it well enough had it not been for some side acting in the crowd, which must preclude us from going again to the same place. How thoroughly and horribly poisoned is everything in this society!

To-day Mrs. Cook called on me, who last night performed at the theatre, in the character of the mother of Claude; and performed it better, too, than you will commonly find. She is an English woman of decided intelligence, staying here through the winter with her children, her husband having gone on to California. She assures me she never before attended a theatre, either in England or America, and being, withal, an accomplished musician, she is much petted here. How could she be a Mormon? Perhaps, like Mrs. W., she is disgusted with it—or, as in the case of a great many, there may be some cogent reason, not yet told, why the society of the outside world has become unpleasant.

We learn from this lady many curious things about their theatre. Some of the actors have been on the stage before, and appear better than mere amateur performers. Among these is a Mrs. Wheelock, whose husband has gone on a mission; and, in consequence of his

absence, the male actors are in full chase after her; for it seems that the fact, of a woman being already married, does not prevent her from being sealed again, provided her husband be absent. One of the most eager in this pursuit is a man who performed Claude well, in the *Lady of Lyons*, and is already the husband of three wives. She was so much of an attraction among the actors in this side play, as to occasionally interfere with the performance intended for the amusement of the public!

Mrs. Cook is working for bread, and complains bitterly in regard to the profits being used up by the unusual number of free tickets. Brigham, with ten or a dozen adjuncts, Kimball, with as many more, and so on through the whole gang, have to be let in free, while the performers are not allowed to bring their families without pay. Of course, where dead-heads, like autumn leaves, literally cover the floor, the sum to be divided after deducting expenses is exceedingly small.

21st. Yesterday was so pleasant that I made another visit to the bath, and on returning took something of a detour, strolling very leisurely, and occasionally dropping into an open door to rest. I find the women very conversable. In one house was a tidy English woman, from Bath, of some native refinement of manner. The room was garnished with little mementoes of her native city, and, as she took down a print to show me the environs, and the particular point from which she came, her eyes filled with tears at the remembrance of home. I felt some hesitation in probing her heart with the ruthless question—

“Are you the only wife?” Pretty soon, a broad, red-faced woman came in, and seemed perfectly at home. As soon as she went out of the room, I said:—

“That woman lives with you?”

“Yes.”

“Are you relatives?”

The poor thing twisted her apron—her lips quivered. I then asked:—

“She is your husband’s second wife?”

It was some moments before she could find words to assure me that it was even so. She then went on to narrate, in a simple, artless way, how happily she and her husband had lived together—how they were anxious to emigrate to this country—how they had been told that the valley of Salt Lake was a paradise, that her husband could have land for nothing, and earn five dollars a

day—how their expenses had been defrayed by the Mormon agents, to be refunded by her husband's labor here on the public works. And then, with tears streaming down her face, she said her husband, about three months since, had been persuaded to marry another wife, and how badly she felt when she first heard of his resolution.

This coarse, blowzy, greasy specimen of womanhood had ruled her with a rod of iron. She could not even have the privilege of a cup of tea without asking this jade's permission, so effectually had the intruder usurped all authority in this humble abode. My heart wept for her. She believed in Mormonism because her husband did; and he believed because he thought it a fine thing to be a landholder, get high wages, and be a priest in the church. This kind of logic, probably, accounts for the conversion of the great mass of English here.

24th. Aunt Shearer is a curiosity. If ever a menagerie of human beings should be gathered together, by some enterprising Barnum, I now bespeak for her the post of lioness of the collection. With all her religious absurdities, she exhibits in many things a certain degree of Yankee shrewdness and thrift. She is like some of the country we have passed through, where there are a few spots fit for cultivation, in a wilderness of rocky sterility.

I have been to her place to-day, where she has her solitary lair, unless, indeed, she is secretly sealed to some one, as I tell her she may be. She looks wondrous grim at these profane suspicions, but holds her temper, merely saying—"My dear, how can you talk so!"

Her house is a curiosity shop, of that kind of household gods and goddesses which a penny saving New Englander would be likely to treasure up—a lot of odd traps, many of which have been kept upon the principle that they may possibly come into use some time during the present generation. These valuables hail mostly from the metropolis of notions, and have escaped mob violence in Missouri and Illinois, where buildings were ruthlessly torn down over the heads of the widow and the orphan, as she pathetically relates—they were carefully garnered up at "winter quarters," in the Indian country, and have escaped all subsequent disasters by flood and field, bating, of course, some breaks,

cracks, and rubs, which appear like honorable scars upon war-worn veterans.

She often walks over her acre, to be sure that she has gathered in her whole crop. An inveterate gleaner she is, but not quite realizing the sweet pictures our artists give us of Ruth and Tamar of old. I take great delight in watching her as she sallies forth at evening, on the plateau north of us, after her cow. I readily recognize her old yellow marten fur cape—her wide cap border flapping in the wind, under a comical looking hood—and her dress, some of her own handiwork in spinning and weaving, just wide enough and none to spare, around her gaunt form. This notable dress is Bloomer enough to display a serviceable pair of brogans. Thus attired, and looking for all the world like a picture of Grant Thorburn in petticoats, she strides along, armed with a stout stick, bidding defiance alike to the tawny digger and the grizzly bear.

27th. Last evening we attended the Governor's party at Social Hall, an affair sufficiently unique in its way. Invitations had been given out some two weeks previously, and we were among the invited. This Social Hall is a large building, which the saints have erected for the sole purposes of parties of pleasure and theatrical performances. It is provided with a kitchen, in one part of the basement, for the preparation of the feast on occasions like the present.

We went sufficiently late not to be among the first arrivals, and were ushered into an ante-room, to be divested of cloaks and shawls. From this, a short flight of steps brought us into a long saloon, where six cotillions were in active motion. Another short flight landed us on a railed platform, which overlooked the dancing-party, and here a band of music were in the full tide of performance. This dais was well accommodated with seats, including two or three sofas, on which were elders and apostles reclining, with a few of their concubines. Brigham was there, and had his hat on, according to his usual habit. We were treated with distinguished attention—the company generally seemed to exert themselves to make the evening pleasant to us. Our old acquaintance, Judge Snow, was there, with Mrs. S., his only wife, and I took advantage of our familiar

footing with both to inquire out all the peculiarities of the evening.

Elder Kimble, one of the chief men, was present, and very sociable. He has a harem, numbering some twenty-five or thirty; but, strange to say, has continued to treat his real wife (so the story goes) as superior to the rest. She was at his right hand on the present occasion, and looked care-worn and sad; on his left was one of his sealed ones, a keen, shrewd-looking woman, from Philadelphia, and who, in the few words of conversation I had with her, evinced some intelligence. Near them sat a delicate woman, with raven hair and piercing black eyes, who proved to be Eliza Snow, the Mormon poetess, and who belongs to Brigham's harem. Polygamy cannot be a subject calculated to produce poetic inspiration—at least the effusions which appear under her name in the *Deseret News* would scare the muses out of their senses.

I found Mrs. Orson Hyde a pleasant woman, of much simplicity of manners, and to her husband's credit be it said, he lives with her alone, although one of the twelve apostles. Another of the twelve, Amasa Lyman, was pointed out, a man of grossly sensual appearance. This man lives in San Bernardino, and has a straggling harem, extending at convenient points from that place to Salt Lake. He collects the tithing in California, and is constantly going back and forth.

A heavy, dark-colored, beetle-browed man was pointed out as Elder John Taylor, who had been badly wounded when the prophet was murdered in Illinois. He had his wife on one arm, on the other was a young widow from Tennessee, reputed to be wealthy, and reputed also to have been lately sealed to this pious elder.

The cotillions upon the floor when we went in were soon danced out, and the dancers came crowding upon the platform—and here happened what seemed to me the crowning incident of the evening: Parley Pratt marched up with four wives, and introduced them successively as Mrs. Pratts. The thing was done with such an easy, nonchalant air, that I had difficulty in keeping from laughing outright. The thought came over me, with what scorn these people, who are here first and foremost, would be banished from society at home. Did the man do this to show what he could do, or because he thought politeness

required it of him? I don't know. Some, however, only introduced the first wife, and I internally thanked them for the forbearance. One thing was peculiar—it was only the first wives that tried to make themselves familiar with me.

Dancing continued fast and furious till a late hour. Each man danced with two women at a time, and took the lead in all the chassés and promenades; so it seems that even in their amusements women take a subordinate position. The private secretary of the Governor acted as master of the ceremonies, and at the commencement of each cotillion called off the number with which each man was furnished on entering the establishment.

The supper came off late, and I was rejoiced at the signal, for I had become tired of the scene. The feast was abundant and well got up, and we were waited upon with attention, and such was probably the case with the rest. Mrs. Snow pointed out to us numbers of the Governor's wives, who were active in waiting upon the tables. We retired soon after supper.

28th. I dropped into Aunt Shearer's this morning, and found there a bright-eyed little girl, rummaging among the curiosities of the worthy dame. She was neatly and even prettily dressed, and I correctly judged that her home had, as yet, escaped pollution from the plurality system. She belongs to an English family of a better class than is usually found here. Her father is a man of business capacity, has a subordinate post connected with the legislative assembly, which does not seem to be recognized by the general government, and is in trouble about his pay. Of course I did not learn these things from the child, but when I found to whom she belonged, and that the little thing was intelligent beyond her years, I yielded to a temptation, justifiable only from the circumstances, and questioned her freely about her family and their previous history; wishing to see how far an unsophisticated child would confirm the accounts we have of Mormon rascalities.

In what way they had been converted to Mormonism I could not learn. They had a comfortable property in England, and, as people before them had chased Jack-o'-lanterns, they, too, were induced to gather with the saints. They got into St. Louis, the usual place of

rendezvous for emigrating parties, in good health and spirits, after a prosperous voyage, well provided with the means of living in their new home, and, withal, buoyed up with the idea of soon being safely established in the very citadel of the true church. These infatuated people little dreamed their troubles were just commencing. The Mormon agent in St. Louis took a fancy to a very fine piano which Mrs. G. had, and induced her to leave it with him, under the pretense that the dry heat of the weather on the plains would ruin it. Of course, they have seen the last of it, or of its value.

They started on the plains, with a number of wagons loaded with their goods, drawn by cattle. But Mr. G. had none of the qualities of a good teamster—his hired men were brutal, and his animals gave out, one after the other, leaving their carcasses to the surgery of the wolves. His goods fell a prey to the rapacity of his companions, under one pretense and another, until they reached Bridger's, about one hundred miles from the promised land, nearly in a state of destitution. The mother's heart was full of foreboding: their comfortable future had withered away in a few short months, like the green leaf before the hot breath of a sirocco; and, to cap the climax, she had just learned that polygamy was a cherished institution in the church. To turn back, however, was impossible. Poor woman, she is destined, I fear, to be cured of her infatuated credulity by much deep suffering.

It is customary with Brigham, at the approach of an emigrating party, to go

out a day's journey to meet them, with a band of music and fresh provisions. It enables him to make a show, and gives an air of triumph on the acquisition of numbers to his colony. So, in this instance, he went out, and met them, struggling through the mountain passes, with provisions and some delicious melons; and ushered them into the city, under a bright September sun, with music playing and banners flying. Their hearts were gladdened—there seemed to be a shout, as well as a smile, of welcome from the valley—but it was as the last flashing up of the lamp, before the flame of hope becomes utterly extinct.

A few days found them established in the smallest kind of an adobe house, wholly destitute of the appearance of comfort on the outside, and none within except what belonged to their neat and tidy habits. Mr. G. is one of the few we are always pleased to see; he calls occasionally, and cannot conceal his abhorrence of polygamy from ordinary penetration. He is now struggling to eke out a living—his days are spent copying the laws, and his nights as an actor at the theatre—a pandemonium more vile than the most prurient imagination can conceive; but if he comes out unscathed it will be a miracle. In a few years, unless they make their escape, their daughters will, one after the other, be distributed among the priesthood. If I could make myself a Caligula, and hold the sword of the executioner over these detestable villains, having but one neck for the convenience of a single blow, I should be sorely tempted just now to undergo the transformation.

MY DARLING.

HER soul is as white as the lily,
And her heart as warm as the rose;
The breath of the morning is with her,
Wherever my darling goes.

The children are glad at her coming;—
When the children are old and gray,
There will be more light in their spirits,
That they danced in her smile to-day.

When she shall be singing in heaven,—
On the ways that she walked below,
Like June in the wealth of October,
Her spirit will breathe and glow!

ALFRED TENNYSON.*

IN the best poetry there is a melody beneath the thought, which is more suggestive than the thought itself; as the odor of a rose hints at something more beautiful than the rose. It is a charm so subtle, that analysis is lost in admiration. It is the poetry of the poetry, as the highest beauty of a woman is an indefinable grace that makes her coming and going like the rise and fall of sweet cadences, and which the poets seek to describe by the word, *feminine*.

There is the same thing in climate. All the days between May and September are, by the almanac, summer days; yet how few of them are so perfect that they seem to be pure summer. When those few come, there is no doubt of them. The happy loiterer by the sea or in the fields knows that the year has touched its prime—sees this evanescent rainbow-spray flung from the very crest of the wave, and feels that, from this flush of bloom, and warmth, and odor, the year will fade through the gorgeous autumn, and disappear. So there are many poets and much poetry, justly so called, yet how little verse seems to be really pure poetry. The names of some poems and poets, like the word summer, fall upon the ear like a strain of music. If any man says that, for his part, he does not like roses, and will let the sunsets go to those who are fond of them, he only confesses what many have consciously or unconsciously confessed about poetry.

It is more than twenty years since Tennyson published a thin volume, which the public put its foot upon, and supposed it had crushed. But it was like an elephant treading upon a lily. The edges of the loveliness showed, and the odor perfumed the forest. Most of the poems circulated in manuscript copies, and in that way reached this country. They were extremely unlike Pope, or Byron, or the Reverend Messrs. Crabbe, Croly, Bowles, or Pollock; and, when the author of the first American notice of Tennyson carried his article to the editor of a grave review, the

editor shook his head, wondered what young men would do next, and, in consideration of the reviewer's feelings, compassionately returned the article, saying that he did not understand the poetry. The "airy, fairy Lillian," clapping her tiny hands above an editor, and "Claribel, low-lying" in the sanctum, were, it must be allowed, not very intelligible. But if Christabel were admitted into good society, it was not polite to exclude the Lady of Shalott.

The name of Tennyson gradually became synonymous with affectation. Like *cachous aromatists*, his poetry was supposed to be good to sweeten the breath, but it was not food. It was suggested that he was a languid coxcomb, in exact lemon kids, who wrote dainty rhymes in honor of certain vague, blue-eyed wax dolls of his fancy. It was doubted whether anything more were left of the thin volume than a faint scent of withered rose-leaves. And the sagacious old world that had scoffed at Wordsworth, because he was too coarse, laughed at Tennyson, because he was too fine; the sagacious old world that called Keats cockney, virtuously frowned upon the immoral Shelley, and worshipped the moral Byron; that had ranked Coleridge and Lloyd together, and actually read Rogers.

Looking now at the bits of verbal color that float through the pages of that earlier volume, like butterflies in a garden of spices, feeling the heart beat in time with that subtle music, perceiving the poetic and manly loyalty to woman—the sure sense of beauty—the clearly-seen and exquisitely-detailed landscape, it seems strange that the wintry front of the world should have been so unaffected by that tropical gush of the spring of genius. The world is generally asleep at dawn, and the poets are in full song before the public awakens. About ten years after the thin volume, came two thicker ones, without preface or explanation, containing some of the earlier poems and many new ones. They were soon republished, and have had an immense sale in this

* *Maud and other Poems*. By ALFRED TENNYSON. 1 vol., 1855.—*In Memoriam*. By the same. 1 vol., 1854.—*The Princess*. By the same. 1 vol., 1848.—*Poems*. By the same. 2 vols., 1843. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

country. The scoffed Tennyson succeeds the ridiculed Wordsworth as laureate. An admiring world thrills as he answers for England to the brave English of the Crimea, while the best thought of men and the finest instinct of women perceive how true a poet he is.

There is a certain prose in the poetry of Pope; and, with all its pensive charm, the same is true of Goldsmith's. The fastidious Gray is not a pure singer; nor Collins. Scott is a rhymed chronicler. Even Byron, with all that he has, has not always the irresistible sense of song. In other words, they do not seem to be unmixed poets, or men who could only adequately express themselves in song. Keats and Tennyson are singular in this respect among all English poets. Their verse cannot be put into prose. The aroma that makes it pure poetry instantly escapes. This arises from the fact that the sentiment and the expression are so welded together. But Keats was bewildered with his own music, while Tennyson controls his. The mental organization of Keats was so sensitive that, delighted with the detail, unwilling to lose a single hue or tone, he was confused by his own affluence; and, while every part of his poem was beautiful, the whole lacked unity and simplicity. Yet, in English poetry there is nothing more complete and satisfactory in their kind than his odes upon a Grecian urn, and a nightingale. More than any other author, Keats lit up classicism with the splendor of romance. He filled the cold Greek vase with burning wine, and the glow enhanced the grace. Keats, first of all, revealed the sensuous richness of the English language; in his mouth it became a tropical tongue. There was almost a cloying with sweets. He showed that our speech had not only force and strength, but the most sumptuous color. Upon that very discovery a school has arisen, and the best part of Aytoun's parody upon it is its name, "Firmilian." Keats infused the luxuriance, the voluptuousness of the south into his verse. He loved a pulpy word, a luscious line. His muse was eastern in her tastes, and, to use his own words, fed upon

"Lucent sirops tinted with cinnamon."

This happy verbal choice is not to be lightly estimated. Aptness of phrase

is one of the first characteristics of Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton. In nothing is the decline of English poetry, during the eighteenth century, more evident than in its tame and colorless vocabulary. This is so true, that the poet is often called the speaker—or the man who best *expresses* a general thought—as if poetry lay rather in the happy expression. It is equally true that fastidiousness of phrase and an exquisite elaboration are found in the decline of art—with other mere luxuries. But even then they are still a homage to its prime, for they are instinctively sought and used in order to perpetuate the show of excellence. The quaint phraseology of the imitative poets is only the reflected light of a vanished splendor.

In Tennyson, whose genius is sympathetic with that of Keats, this verbal mastery is complete. The sense of beauty is so supreme with him, that the lovely motion of some fairy Lilian, the swan-stateness of some Queen Eleanor, the vestal bloom of some nun-like Isabel, are all conveyed in the mere measure of his verse. The poems are fantasias upon a theme. "Serene, imperial Eleanor" is the air of a wonderful piece of verbal music. But is that all? It is no more all than the lofty grace of a beautiful woman is all of the woman. Tennyson's portraits of women, in the earlier volumes, show a power of fine analysis of character, which is not bewildered by an eye-brow, nor lost in the luster of a cheek, but which, seizing what is most characteristic, presents the picture as nature shows the original, warm with passionate or thoughtful life. Tennyson sees women as individuals, although he is often supposed, by those who hear about him and do not read him, to be only a vague dreamer. Byron, on the other hand, having a general contempt for women, associated with the weak, and passionate, and ignorant, and drew such characterless portraits as Medora and Gulnare, who are merely black-eyed girls. This sensitiveness to what is most lovely and most lofty in female character would seem to be inseparable from a true poetic nature. But it is not so; and Tennyson is to be ranked with Shakespeare, before Milton, Pope, Dryden, and most of the dramatists, for his unerring fidelity to the beautiful soul as well as to the lovely face.

Associated naturally with this, is the extreme delicacy of his perception of nature. In no other English poet, not even in Chaucer, are the characteristic details of the English landscape so accurately described. But this is always entirely subdued to the main interest of the verse. It decorates the picture, like Titian's landscapes. And this fidelity to the English landscape is the more striking, because the genius of the poet is evidently so sumptuous, even voluptuous, in its sympathies, that the reader might expect him to lose himself in the rich gloom of Italian and southern subjects. But Lady Flora bending over her embroidery in an English country house, and Lady Clara Vere de Vere breaking a country heart for pastime ere she went to town, and

"Maud, with her venturous climbings, and tumbles, and childish escapes,
Maud, the delight of the village, the ringing joy of the Hall,
Maud, with her sweet purse-mouth when my father dangled the grapes,
Maud, the beloved of my mother, the moon-faced darling of all—"

these are all English women. "Rare, pale Margaret" is the same. They have various characters, but they are essentially English. The poet's imagination is the tropic. That gives splendor to the scene; and he does not need to tell an Italian tale, but finds passion, and power, and beauty in the life around him. In this respect Tennyson's philosophy is the same as Wordsworth's. But Tennyson has the poetic eye always, and Wordsworth had it only sometimes. There is this further difference between them, that Tennyson instinctively selects the poetic charm in the object, while Wordsworth perversely insists that the whole object is poetical, only because it exists. A clothopper, according to Wordsworth, is as poetical a figure as Sir Philip Sidney, because they are both men. Tennyson, with finer instinct, knows that the word poet describes a peculiar, and not a universal, excellence. Wordsworth had often that calm, impersonal fondness for nature, the expression of which, however well rhymed, is only placid prose. But Tennyson regards nature in its association with human life, and its relation to thought and feeling. There is, consequently, a vivid thrill in all his landscape-painting. Love and sorrow have sharpened his eyes, and his picture, like

the scenes we see, has a human interest. The following poem, from "In Memoriam," is illustrative of this. The English pastoral is perfect; but it is interesting, because it is taken up into human sympathy. The minutest description of fields and trees, however accurate and smooth, is only botany in rhyme, if it have no farther reach.

"I wake, I rise: from end to end
Of all the landscape underneath,
I find no place that does not breathe
Some gracious memory of my friend.

"No gray old grange, or lovely fold,
Or low morass and whispering reed,
Or simple stile from mead to mead,
Or sheep-walk up the windy wold,

"Nor hoary knoll of ash and haw,
That bears the latest linnet trill,
Nor quarry trench'd along the hill,
And haunted by the wrangling daw;

"Nor ranslet tinkling from the rock,
Nor pastoral rivulet that swerves
To left and right through meadow curves,
That feed the mothers of the flock;

"But each has pleased a kindred eye,
And each reflects a kindlier day,
And, leaving these to pass away,
I think once more he seems to die."

We can fancy the heart of an Englishman in India leaping at these lines, as that of the Swiss at the Ranz des Vaches. As a pendant, we quote, also from "In Memoriam," this winter scene upon the sea-coast.

"The time admits not flowers or leaves
To deck the banquet. Fiercely flies
The blast of north and east, and ice
Makes daggers at the sharpen'd eaves,

"And bristles all the brakes and thorns
To you hard crescent, as she hangs
Above the wood which grides and clangs
Its leafless ribs and iron horns

"Together, in the drifts that pass,
To darken on the rolling brine
That breaks the coast. But fetch the
wine,
Arrange the board, and brim the glass;

"Bring in great logs and let them lie,
To make a solid core of heat.
Be cheerful minded; talk and treat
Of all things ev'n as he were by."

In both these extracts there is a feeling, a sense of the scene, which the most elaborate description might fail to give. So in "Locksley Hall" and "Maud" the English tone of thought and landscape betray the national sympathies, no less than the artistic power of the poet.

But Tennyson is not only an exquisite singer; he is a profound thinker. Unlike all the recent chief English poets—Byron, Moore, Scott, Keats, Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth—his heart beats with the time, and his sympathies are strong for the noblest human aims. Shelley was the only one among his peers who had a similar tendency; but in Shelley the strong English common-sense was wanting. Of all these men, except, perhaps, Keats, Tennyson is the purest poet or singer; and it is remarkable that he should be also the most earnest in thought. He is an Englishman. He has what he describes in his friend—

"A love of freedom rarely felt,
Of freedom in her regal seat
Of England—not the schoolboy heat,
The blind hysterics of the Celt."

His mind is essentially manly. His airiest grace is not an affected step of the ballet, but the tremulous flash of dewy leaves upon the oak. It is the ornament of the truest strength. Wordsworth, in the pastoral solitude of his old age, could coolly write sonnets upon capital punishment, melodiously commending that cheerful process. It is too sad to remember. Had the lovely waters and the solemn hills brought him no sweeter wisdom, no better sense! It is much more agreeable to watch the gradual progress and development of a noble mind which is not betrayed by early dreams, and which has an instinctive wisdom and tender charity in its youth. The earlier poems of Tennyson, which seem like the graceful gambols of a gay and luxuriant fancy, and the most delicate and sensitive taste, gain a reflected value from the vigor and grave sincerity of his later verse. What was called his affectation is presently seen to be the individuality of the man. It was the same kind of thing that was called cockneyism in Keats.

But from that lovely play of fancy, that sweeping of the strings of the harp for the sake of the musical sound only, Tennyson advanced to "Locksley Hall" and "The Two Voices," and "Love and Duty," and "The Palace of Art," poems full of the sweetest human sympathy, but of the most intellectual intrepidity. He is not afraid to think, more than to feel, and he expresses the thought with an incredibly subtle precision. He does not cease to be a poet

and become a preacher because he is a thinker. There is no twang of the sermon as in the prosy William Wordsworth; but the spirit, the thought, and the form, are all entirely poetic. Nor does he accept anything as a matter of course. The greatest problems are not avoided because of their gravity. The profoundest questions which the mind can ask, he does not consider settled because they have been answered by others to the satisfaction of many minds. The sharp experiences of life confront the poet with all the mysteries of thought, and he boldly and humbly addresses himself to them. And as he is gifted with a most penetrating glance, and as his mind is always tempered by his heart, the result is not a body of divinity, but the hearty sympathy of a man who, by sad thinking, has learned the scope of thought, and has discovered that while faith is the ultimate reach of the human mind toward the solution of the mysterious questions that excite it, yet faith, also, must be questioned by that imperial and unresting mind. The sense of a want of spring in Wordsworth's mind, its lofty satisfaction with the old intellectual ruts, its disproportioned attention to the subject and form of poetry, its total want of hospitality for human hope, are strongly contrasted with the sober realities which he said that he felt, but which Tennyson makes us feel that he feels.

These qualities of our author are mainly displayed in the "In Memoriam," which seems to us to be by far the greatest poem in English literature, since Milton. In the loftiness and importance of the theme, in the exhaustive variety of treatment, ranging from every mood of stunned personal grief up to the most spiritual speculation, and with every mood presented with such unity and force and poetic completeness, that there seems nothing left to desire—in the total want of any conventional or technically proper view of the great question involved, and in its direct appeal of manhood to manhood, so that the poet fearlessly says all that he thinks, and as he thinks it, having such faith in God and man that he scorns even the appearance of cant—in the grand result of pure faith slowly worked out through mystic ranges of suffering, yet a faith which is truly human, and tearful, and tremulous, which does not call itself right, but ac-

knowledges its imperfection and humility—in the constant, passionate, and longing outcry of the heart, and the assertion that sorrow is as real as the consolation of sorrow—in these with all the minor details of picturesque art, "In Memoriam" is to be ranked with the great works of the human mind. To consider it properly in illustration of our assertion, would require a separate article. We pass to the last work of our author, "Maud," and other poems.

"Maud" has the felicitous mannerism of Tennyson's earlier verse, with the stern and vigorous thought of the later. It is not improbably a poem which has been partly written for some years, although it has been adapted to the very moment by its allusions to the Crimean war. In a certain passionate intensity it is much superior to any of his previous works, and there are passages and songs in it which may be considered purely characteristic of the most Tennysonian manner. It is a dramatic lyric, or more exactly, a monologue, of which the tale is told in a series of fragmentary sketches, but so vividly and with such splendor, that the sketchiness is quite forgotten. "Maud" herself is a name and a shadow. She is a perfect impression; but her force and beauty are felt in her influence upon the hero, and not from any description. In truth, it is in spite of the description that the impression is made; for the lover is swayed by his sensitiveness and pride, and describes her as a cold and faultless beauty, while it is clear that her heart is full of the tenderest passion, and she is calm because she is intense. In nothing is the power of the poet more plainly shown than in the success with which he imparts the charm of his heroine's character.

By this time all the lovers of poetry have read the poem; but, because they are lovers of poetry, they will not be sorry if we consider "Maud" in detail.

The story itself is very simple. The hero, who is also the narrator, is a youth of over-sensitive nature, who thus describes himself:—

"For am I not, am I not, here alone
So many a summer since she died,
My mother, who was so gentle and good?
Living alone in an empty house,
Here half-hid in the gleaming wood,
Where I hear the dead at midday moan,
And the shrieking rush of the wainscot
mouse,
And my own sad name in corners cried,

When the shiver of dancing leaves is thrown
About its echoing chambers wide,
Till a morbid hate and horror have grown
Of a world in which I have hardly mixt,
And a morbid eating lichen fixt
On a heart half turned to stone."

In this lies the key note of the poem. A morbid youth of twenty-five, in a quiet country village, whose father had been forced to suicide by the chicanery of an old friend who became lord of the manor in the neighborhood, and was the father of Maud, and a "dandy-despot."

"That jewell'd mass of millinery,
That oil'd and curl'd Assyrian Bull
Smelling of musk and of insolence,
Her brother, from whom I keep aloof"

The poem opens with a stern and desperate protest against social corruption, and the miserable sham called "Peace." Compared with the beginning of "Maud" the outbursts in "Locksley Hall" are mild music. The first stanzas are lurid, and the ghastly glare glimmers through all the poem.

"I hate the dreadful hollow behind the little
wood,
Its lips in the field above are dabbled with
blood-red heath,
The red-ribb'd ledges drip with a silent hor-
ror of blood,
And Echo there, whatever is ask'd her,
answers 'Death.'

"For there in the ghastly pit long since a body
was found,
His who had given me life—O father! O
God! was it well?—
Mangled, and flatten'd, and crush'd, and
dinted into the ground:
There yet lies the rock that fell with him
when he fell."

For this fearful tragedy the hero arraigns society, and pours in a more scathing volley of scorn and contempt than Carlyle, in his most pugnacious moments. It is the biting masculine side of Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children." But there is also the profoundest sadness in this terrible burst.

"Why do they prate of the blessings of
Peace? we have made them a curse,
Pickpockets, each hand lasting for all that
is not its own;
And lust of gain, in the spirit of Cain, is it
better or worse
Than the heart of the citizen hissing in war
on his own hearthstone?"

"But these are the days of advance, the works
of the men of mind,
When who but a fool would have faith in a
tradesman's ware or his word?"

Is it peace or war? Civil war, as I think,
and that of a kind
The viler, as underhand, not openly bearing
the sword.

"Peace sitting under her olive, and slurring
the days gone by,
When the poor are hovell'd and hustled
together, each sex, like swine,
When only the ledger lives, and when only
not all men lie;
Peace in her vineyard—yes!—but a company
forges the wine,

"And the vitriol madness flushes up in the
ruffian's head,
Till the filthy by-lane rings to the yell of the
trampled wife,
While chalk and alum and plaster are sold
to the poor for bread,
And the spirit of murder works in the very
means of life.

"And sleep must lie down arm'd, for the vil-
laneous centre-bits
Grind on the wakeful ear in the hush of the
moonless nights,
While another is cheating the sick of a few
last gasps, as he sits
To pestle a poison'd poison behind his
crimson lights.

"When a Mammonite mother kills her babe
for a burial fee,
And Timour-Mammon grins on a pile of
children's bones,
Is it peace or war? better, war! loud war
by land and by sea,
War with a thousand battles, and shaking
a hundred thrones."

After this furious protest against the
hollowness of the age, beside which
all the reformers are pale, he con-
cludes with a contemptuous taunt upon
the man lost in the shopkeeper:

"For I trust, if an enemy's fleet came yonder
round by the hill,
And the rushing battle-bolt sang from the
three-decker out of the foam,
That the smooth-faced, snub-nosed rogue
would leap from his counter and till,
And strike, if he could, were it but with his
cheating yard-wand, home."

Workmen are putting the Hall in re-
pair, and the family of Maud are about
returning from abroad. He had played
with her in his childhood, and has heard
of her beauty. But it is clear that any
dignity or calm reserve will seem to
him hateful pride. His eyes are not
cool enough to see clearly. They are
blood-shot, and will surely distort. He
sees her, and finds her—

"Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly
null,
Dead perfection, no more."

But the morbid youth is a man. He
cannot see this beautiful woman and

not have human longings for recogni-
tion. It is in vain that he loftily finds
her only perfectly beautiful. His de-
scription shows that he is piqued by
the very pride he considers beneath
him, and concludes with a stroke of
Shakesperian subtlety. He paints all
her charms,

"From which I escaped heart-free, with the
least little touch of spleen."

But his heart is too true to himself
and to what is noble, and he instantly,
with a swing of passion to the other
side, confesses that his feeling was "a
wrong one but in thought," to her
beauty. He cannot sleep for thinking
of her,

"But arose, and all by myself in my own dark
garden ground,
Listening now to the tide in its broad-fung
shipwrecking roar,"

he "walk'd in a wintry wind." He
meets her riding with her brother,
supposes the blush upon her cheek
to be the "fire of a foolish pride," and
plunges off into a sneer at the selfish-
ness of science and the meanness of
thought, ending with this weary hope-
lessness:

"Be mine a philosopher's life in the quiet
woodland ways,
Where if I cannot be gay let a passionless
peace be my lot,
Far-off from the clamour of liars belied in
the habbub of lies;
From the long-neck'd geese of the world
that are ever hissing dispraise
Because their natures are little, and whether
he heed it or not,
Where each man walks with his head in a
cloud of poisonous flies."

Particularly, of course, he wishes to
escape love—and, as for Maud,

"You have but fed on the roses and lain in
the lilies of life."

The poem is not divided into cantos,
but into parts. Each part is complete,
expressing the varying moods of his
mind, and each advances the action;
and is exquisitely picturesque. Sudden-
ly he hears her singing a ballad,
"gallant and gay," and adores, true to
his pride,

"Not her, not her, but a voice."

He meets her

"Last night, when the sunset burn'd
On the blossom'd gable ends
At the head of the village street,"

and checks the eager hope to which he
begins to give way by a doubt—

"What if with her sunny hair,
And smile as sunny as cold,
She meant to weave me a snare
Of some coquettish deceit.

"Yet, if she were not a cheat,
If Maud were all that she seem'd,
And her smile were all that I dream'd,
Then the world were not so bitter
But a smile could make it sweet."

He remembers vaguely that long, long ago in his childhood, there was talk of betrothing him to somebody—a vague, vague talk between his father and Maud's. He sees her at church, and begins to doubt if her dignity is only a mean pride and nothing more. Then he sees her riding with two men at a distance. She waves her hand to him. But the youth is "sick of a jealous dread" of the one who was not her brother, but "a new-made lord," and away he goes into a withering philippic against mushroom nobility and a time-serving clergy, who preach peace when there is no peace, and ends with this stanza, which might even reconcile Carlyle to his friend Tennyson's rhymes, which he thinks the only objectionable thing in the poet:

"Ah God, for a man with heart, head, hand,
Like some of the simple great ones gone
For ever and ever by,
One still strong man in a blatant land,
Whatever they call him, what care I,
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one
Who can rule and dare not lie."

Then comes the strong need of love, and he cries out to find "what some had found so sweet." The rest sings itself in this lovely song.

"Birds in the high Hall-garden
When twilight was falling,
Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,
They were crying and calling."

The hatred of the brother grows with the love for the sister. He meets him and boils with rage, because the brother

"Stopt, and then with a riding whip
Leisurely tapping a glossy boot,
And curving a contumelious lip,
Gorgonised me from head to foot
With a stony British stare."

The youth loves, and believes himself loved; and his sensitive mind wanders through every mood, the verse keeping time and tune, and exquisitely rendering the slightest and most evanescent emotion. At length he resolves to speak,

and his heart leaps up in the delicious song,

"Go not, happy day."

We are only admitted to the result.

"Let no one ask me how it came to pass;
It seems that I am happy, that to me
A livelier emerald twinkles in the grass,
A purer sapphire melts into the sea."

At the Hall, meanwhile, Maud gets hard words from her brother, who is about to give "a grand political dinner," to which the lover is not bidden. But he knows Maud's rose-garden; he has found a rose in his rivulet, "born at the Hall," and he reads in its odor and color a summons to be in the garden that night. Into that garden, at night, he summons Maud, in a strain of as pure music as there is in poetry. The song,

"Come into the garden, Maud,"

is the culmination of the poem. The perfect summer night, full of rare, warm odors—the hints of the festival within, with the lights and the music glancing into the garden gloom—the harmony of the feast of love and beauty with flowers and the setting moon—love's sense of life as a lovely lyric, and its natural appeal to roses and stars, as its interpreters—its passionate compulsion of all nature to be its language—these are all fused and inwrought in this exquisite song, whose very beauty is half prelude of the tragedy, for the brother and the "babe-faced lord" find them in the garden. Maud is heaped with reproaches—

"And while she wept, and I strove to be cool
He fiercely gave me the lie,
Till I with as fierce an anger spoke,
And he struck me, madman, over the face,
Struck me before the languid fool,
Who was gaping and grinning by:
Struck for himself an evil stroke;
Wrought for his house an irredeemable woe;
For front to front in an hour we stood,
And a million horrible bellowing echoes broke
From the red-ribb'd hollow behind the wood,
And thunder'd up into Heaven the Christ-less code,
That must have life for a blow.
Ever and ever afresh they seem'd to grow.
Was it he lay there with a fading eye?
'The fault was mine,' he whisper'd, 'fly'
Then glided out of the joyous wood
The ghastly Wraith of one that I know;
And there rang on a sudden a passionate cry,
A cry for a brother's blood:
It will ring in my heart and my ears, till I die, till I die."

The wretched youth flies to the Breton coast, pursued by the memory of Maud, who remains behind, and loves him still. The clouds now gather more darkly. In a wild burst of longing, and passion, and woe, he recurs to the past; but his brain begins to reel, and Maud is becoming a phantom. Yet, before his mind is totally darkened, there is this sigh of unutterable sadness, in which all the past is tenderly summed up:—

"Alas for her that met me,
That heard me softly call,
Came glimmering thro' the laurels
At the quiet evenfall,
In the garden by the turrets
Of the old manorial hall."

The lover goes mad, and raves at the society in which he has lived. He recovers, but Maud comes no more. He dreams of her; she speaks of a hope for the world in the coming wars.

"And as months ran on and rumor of battle grow;
'Tis time, 'tis time, O passionate heart,'
said I

(For I cleaved to a cause that I felt to be pure and true),

"It is time, O passionate heart and morbid eye,
That old hysterical mock-disease should die."

Maud comes no more. He no longer cares for any other aim. It is left him, like the old knights and heroes, to die; and the poem thus concludes with strict dramatic propriety:—

"Let it go or stay, so I wake to the higher aims

Of a land that has lost for a little her lust of gold,

And love of a peace that was full of wrongs and shames,

Horrible, hateful, monstrous, not to be told;

And hail once more to the banner of battle unroll'd!

The many a light shall darken, and many shall weep

For those that are crush'd in the clash of jarring claims,

Yet God's just doom shall be break'd on a giant liar;

And many a darkness into the light shall leap,

And shine in the sudden making of splendid names,

And noble thought be freer under the sun,

And the heart of a people beat with one desire;

For the long, long canker of peace is over and done.

And now by the side of the Black and the Baltic deep,

And deathful grinning mouths of the forests, flames

The blood-red blossom of war with a heart of fire."

Throughout the poem, there are those happy lines, pictures in a phrase, and accurate and exquisite illustrations which belong to Tennyson. His favorite mannerisms occur with a not disagreeable frequency. He gains great force from alliteration, and "the rivulet flowing on to the wood," and "the garden," of which he is always so fond, make the poem characteristic and more interesting. Maud is an influence, almost more than a person; and yet, as we said, she is drawn with perfect distinctness. The poem itself is two-fold; it is one of the most passionate love-poems in the language, and it is also a Latter-Day Pamphlet in poetry. Yet it is a love-poem of this day and amid our circumstances. It is the passion of a morbid youth subject to the sad introversion which characterizes the age. Unlike most metrical romances, it observes strictly the intellectual unities of time and place. It is a susceptible Englishman of the nineteenth century who loves, and not merely a hero of any time. He has been molded in a kind of savage solitude. Instead of going abroad to fight paynims and conquer dragons, like the lovers in the old romances, or staying at home and conquering female virtue, like the "gentlemen" of the modern French novel, he broods in his lonely garden upon fate, and self, and society, until it is clear that his entry into the house of life of maiden worth and beauty cannot fail to shroud it in gloom. Thus he fails to command sympathy. His mental state is intelligible; but that does not reconcile us to it. Bile has got into his brain. His condition is interesting as an intellectual phenomenon; but he is a victim, not a master. It is not difficult to understand that he was not an agreeable guest to Maud's brother. He did not try to disguise his contempt for him, and after the brother has fallen in the duel, he quite atones for his coisombry by his frank confession of the wrong, and his hope of his enemy's safety. If the brother was a perfumed Assyrian bull, there is no doubt that the lover was a growling grizzly bear, each intensely disagreeable in his way. Their interest is, that they are the representatives of classes characteristic of the time. The moody, shrewd, subtle, sentimentalizing, philosophizing, cultivated mind of the nineteenth century is admirably delineated in the hero of Maud. Child

Harold is not purely intellectual enough to make the portrait of the age complete, and Alastor is too purely a dreamer to satisfy the claims of common sense. But Maud's lover is an intelligible human being; and his shifting humors and fierce fancies, his piercing analysis and delirious passion, are traced with such comprehensive skill that the poem is instantly perceived to be an integral part of the literature which is the intellectual diary of the time.

But however admirable the poem in itself, there is a charge made against the poet, that he is recreant to the hope and humanity of the age, in praising war as a relief from the false peace; and that when he rejoices, or makes his hero rejoice, that the long, long canker of peace is over and done, he fails in the vocation of every true poet, to be a preacher of peace and good will to men.

But to this accusation the reply is decisive, that the poet is not abstractly preferring war to peace, but simply asserting, that the spirit which makes war horrible may exist in a hundred-fold worse form in what is called a time of peace. Why assume, he says, that you have the blessings of an ideal peace, merely because you are not fighting with gunpowder? Is the spirit that makes the trader meanly cheat more wholesome than that which nerves a soldier's arm to strike for what he believes a national cause? and may not the animus of war be greatly more honorable to human nature than the lust of gold? The dramatic cast of the poem allows the poet to give greater emphasis to his protest. But surely it is not unmanly nor unchristian that a man, who has seen and felt "a peace that was full of wrongs and shames—horrible, hateful, monstrous—not to be told," should feel that nothing but the stern schooling of a war could educate the sinewy virtues, without which civilization would end in corruption. "Maud" is the longing sigh of a swelling, manly breast. You make a row in Exeter Hall about various things, the poet seems to say, and they make rum by the ocean everywhere to drown the human mind. Luxury and artificiality eat away the hearts of youth and leave only infidelity and selfishness behind; intellectual introversion turns thought into morbidity and insanity. The eye shudders at blood and sparkles at gold: a man subscribes heavily to support the

Peace Society, and smilingly cheats a thousand times the amount of his subscription out of his neighbors and friends. You coolly assume that Washington and Nelson, as soldiers, were sinners: and the peers of the realm—the lords of England—do not dare not to invite a swindling railway king to their palaces. Is it not all one with this, that when a noble-hearted man draws a long breath, and shouts aloud that war cannot be worse than such things, you turn pale, and tremble at once for human virtue and railway scrip? The appeal is to the honest heart of man; and only there can it be recognized and answered.

The "other poems" in this volume consist of the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," "The Brook, an idyl," "The Letters," "The Daisy," "To the Rev. F. D. Maurice," "Will," and "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Of these, the Wellington ode is the longest, and the "Brook" the best. This last is the purest pastoral. It is of the same class as "The Gardener's Daughter," but superior. It is a triumph both of the Tennysonian blank verse, which is as marked as the Miltonic, and of the Tennysonian melody. The story is a village love-tale, upon the shores of a stream; and, as the tale is told in the rhymeless music of the lines, the brook breaks in with an undertone of melody, as if the latent music of the verse must flow into rhyme. The song of the brook, of which the stanzas are scattered throughout the idyl, we bring together here:

"I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

"By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorns, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

"Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

"I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

"With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

"I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

"I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

"And here and there a foaming flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

"And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

"I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

"I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

"I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

"And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

"The Letters" is an exquisite dramatic lyric. "The Daisy" touches, in quite a new metre, which is continued in the lines to Rev. F. D. Maurice, the chief points of a rapid Italian tour. It is like a bouquet of Southern flowers, so fragrant and characteristic. The stanzas are pictures showing the most delicate and accurate observation of nature. It is only by re-reading and pondering what pleases enough at first by picturesqueness and melody, that the true value of these verses is appreciated. We quote some of these, the charm of which will be best perceived by those who best remember Italy.

"How richly down the rocky dell
The torrent vineyard streaming fell
To meet the sun and sunny waters,
That only heaved with a summer swell.

"What slender campanili grew
By bays, the peacock's neck in hue;
Where, here and there, on sandy
beaches
A milky-bell'd amaryllis blew."

"Or tower, or high hill-convent, seen
A light amid its olives green;
Or olive-hoary cape in ocean;
Or rosy blossom in hot ravine,

"Where oleanders flush'd the bed
Of silent torrents, gravel-spread;
And, crossing, off we saw the glisten
Of ice, far off on a mountain head."

"O Milan, O the chanting quires,
The giant window's blazon'd fires,
The height, the space, the gloom, the
glory!
A mount of marble, a hundred spires!

"I climb'd the roofs at break of day;
Sun-sitten Alps before me lay;
I stood among the silent statues,
And statued pinnacles, mute as they.

"How faintly flush'd, how phantom-fair,
Was Monte Rosa, hanging there
A thousand shadowy-pencill'd valleys
And snowy dells in a golden air."

So, in the lines to Maurice, is this perfect picture from the Isle of Wight, looking over the sea towards the cliffs:

"Where, if below the milky steep
Some ship of battle slowly creep,
And on thro' zones of light and shadow
Glimmer away to the lonely deep."

The volume ends with the Charge of the Light Brigade. Tennyson has been often severely scolded for altering his poems after they have been printed, and have made their impression. His lovers, even, have hardly yet forgiven the pranks he played with the "Lady of Shalott." But of all these changes none seems more unfortunate than that of this lyric, which rang through the world as the only really thrilling thing that had been inspired by the Crimean tragedy. It was good to see that English pluck was not yet gone, either in action or in appreciation. That British valor could charge as it did at Balaklava, and be so hailed and commemorated, showed that Chery Chase was still possible, and manliness not yet extinct. The very objections that were made to the poem when it first appeared, were evidence of its peculiar value. It seized the facts of the day as they were reported. That the order was a blunder only increased the heroism of the charge. If investigation afterwards showed that the circumstance was different, that could be mentioned in a note, for instance, without harming the integrity of the poem. The value of the lyric is, that it was the instant response of the heroic heart of England to the bravery of Englishmen. It should so have been left. The change is not an improvement; and the last

ringing, triumphant shout of the original—

"When can their glory fade!
O the wild charge they made,
All the world wondered,
Honor the charge they made,
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!"

is evidently lost in the changed version:

"Honor the brave and bold!
Long shall the tale be told,
Yea, when our babes are old—
How they rode onward."

When will poets learn to trust their own inspiration against all the cool criticism of the uninspired?

We have noticed this volume at

length, because, in the swarm of wretched books, it is so refreshing to meet a work which belongs to literature and the world. It is idle to ask whether it is worthy of Tennyson. Men of a certain power can no more do what is unworthy of them, than June can bear unworthy roses. If Tennyson sings, the poetry is as sure as light when the sun rises. And it is always the same sun, whether the day be a little darker or lighter. No man need feel that he was born too late, and in an age of exhausted human genius, when, as Tennyson and Thackeray conclude a poem and a novel, Dickens takes up the wondrous tale.

LIVING IN THE COUNTRY.

A Horse of another color—Ancient and Modern Points of a Horse—A suspected Organ and Retrograde Movement—Mr. Sparrowgrass buys the Horse that belongs to the Man's Brother—A valuable Hint as to Stable-building—A Morning Ride, and a Discovery—Old Dockweed—An Evening Ride, and a Catastrophe.

"IT rains very hard," said Mrs. Sparrowgrass, looking out of the window next morning. Sure enough, the rain was sweeping broadcast over the country, and the four Sparrowgrassii were flattening a quartette of noses against the window-panes, believing most faithfully the man would bring the horse that belonged to his brother, in spite of the elements. It was hoping against hope: no man having a horse to sell will trot him out in a rain-storm, unless he intend to sell him a bargain—but childhood is so credulous! The succeeding morning was bright, however, and down came the horse. He had been very cleverly groomed, and looked pleasant under the saddle. The man led him back and forth before the door. "There, Squire, 's as good a hos as ever stood on iron." Mrs. Sparrowgrass asked me what he meant by that. I replied it was a figurative way of expressing, in horse-talk, that he was as good a horse as ever stood in shoe-leather. "He's a handsome hos, Squire," said the man. I replied that he did seem to be a good-looking animal, but, said I, "he does not quite come up to the description of a horse I have read." "Whose hos was it?" said he. I replied it was the horse of Adonis. He said he didn't know him, but, he added, "there is so many hosses stolen, that the descriptions are stuck up

now pretty common." To put him at his ease (for he seemed to think I suspected him of having stolen the horse), I told him the description I meant had been written some hundreds of years ago by Shakespeare, and repeated it—

"Round-hoof, short-joynted, fetlocks slag and long,
Broad breast, full eyes, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, strait legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide."

"Squire," said he, "that will do for a song, but it ain't no p'int of a good hos. Trotters now-a-days go in all shapes, big heads and little heads, big eyes and little eyes, short ears or long ones, thick tail and no tail; so as they have sound legs, good l'in, good barrel, and good stifle, and wind, Squire, and speed well, they'll fetch a price. Now, this animal is what I call a hos, Squire; he's got the p'int, he's stylish, he's close-ribbed, a free goer, kind in harness—single or double—a good feeder." I asked him if being a good feeder was a desirable quality. He replied it was; "of course," said he, "if your hos is off his feed, he ain't good for nothin'. But what is the use," he added, "of me tellin' you the p'int of a good hos? You're a hos man, Squire: you know—" "It seems to me," said I, "there is something

the matter with that left eye." "No, sir," said he, and with that he pulled down the horse's head, and, rapidly crooking his fore-finger at the suspected organ, said, "see thar—don't wink a bit." "But he should wink," I replied. "Not unless his eyes are weak," he said. To satisfy myself, I asked the man to let me take the bridle. He did so, and, as soon as I took hold of it, the horse started off in a remarkable retrograde movement, dragging me with him into my best bed of hybrid roses. Finding we were trampling down all the best plants, that had cost at auction from three-and-sixpence to seven shillings a-piece, and that the more I pulled, the more he backed, I finally let him have his own way, and jammed him stern-foremost into our largest climbing-rose that had been all summer prickling itself, in order to look as much like a vegetable porcupine as possible. This unexpected bit of satire in his rear changed his retrograde movement to a sidelong bound, by which he flirled off half the pots on the balusters, upsetting my gladioluses and tuberose in the pod, and leaving great splashes of mould, geraniums, and red pottery in the gravel walk. By this time his owner had managed to give him two pretty severe cuts with the whip, which made him unmanageable, so I let him go. We had a pleasant time catching him again, when he got among the Lima bean-poles; but his owner led him back with a very self-satisfied expression. "Playful, ain't he, Squire?" I replied that I thought he was, and asked him if it was usual for his horse to play such pranks. He said it was not. "You see, Squire, he feels his oats, and hain't been out of the stable for a month. Use him, and he's as kind as a kitten." With that he put his foot in the stirrup, and mounted. The animal really looked very well as he moved around the grass plot, and, as Mrs. Sparrowgrass seemed to fancy him, I took a written guarantee that he was sound, and bought him. What I gave for him is a secret; I have not even told Mrs. Sparrowgrass.

It is a mooted point whether it is best to buy your horse before you build your stable, or build your stable before you buy your horse. A horse without a stable is like a bishop without a church. Our neighbor, who is very ingenious, built his stable to fit his horse. He took the length of his horse and a little over, as the measure of the depth of his stable; then he built it. He had a place beside the stall for his Rocka-

way carriage. When he came to put the Rockaway in, he found he had not allowed for the shafts! The ceiling was too low to allow them to be erected, so he cut two square port-holes in the back of his stable and ran his shafts through them, into the chicken-house behind. Of course, whenever he wanted to take out his carriage, he had to un-roost all his fowls, who would sit on his shafts, night and day. But that was better than building a new stable. For my part, I determined to avoid mistakes, by getting the horse and carriage both first, and then building the stable. This plan, being acceptable to Mrs. Sparrowgrass, was adopted, as judicious and expedient. In consequence, I found myself with a horse on my hands with no place to put him. Fortunately, I was acquainted with a very honest man who kept a livery stable, where I put him to board by the month, and in order that he might have plenty of good oats, I bought some, which I gave to the ostler for that purpose. The man of whom I bought the horse did not deceive me, when he represented him as a great feeder. He ate more oats than all the rest of the horses put together in that stable.

It is a good thing to have a saddle-horse in the country. The early morning ride, when dawn and dew freshen and flush the landscape, is comparable to no earthly, innocent pleasure. Look at yonder avenue of road-skirting trees. Those marvelous trunks, yet moist, are ruddy as obelisks of jasper! And above—see the leaves blushing at the east! Hark at the music! interminable chains of melody linking earth and sky with its delicious magic. The little, countless wood-birds are singing! and now rolls up from the mown meadow the fragrance of cut grass and clover.

"No print of sheep-track yet hath crushed a flower;

The spider's web with silvery dew is hung
As it was bended ere the daylight hour:
The hooked bramble just as it was strung;
When on each leaf the night her crystals flung,
Then hurried off, the dawning to elude."

"The rutted road did never seem so clean,
There is no dust upon the way-side thorn,
For every bud looks out as if but newly born."

Look at the river with its veil of blue mist! and the grim, gaunt old palisades, as amiable in their orient crowns as old princes, out of the direct line of succession, over the royal cradle of the heir apparent!

There is one thing about early riding in the country; you find out a great many things which perhaps you would not have found out under ordinary circumstances. The first thing I found out was that my horse had the heaves. I had been so wrapt up in the beauties of the morning, that I had not observed, what perhaps everybody in that vicinity had observed, namely, that the new horse had been waking up all the sleepers on both sides of the road with an asthmatic whistle, of half-mile power. My attention was called to the fact by the village teamster, old Dockweed, who came banging after me in his empty cart, shouting out my name as he came. I must say, I have always disliked old Dockweed's familiarity; he presumes too much upon my good nature, when he calls me Sparrygrass before ladies at the dépôt, and by my Christian name always on the Sabbath, when he is dressed up. On this occasion, what with the horse's vocal powers and old Dockweed's, the affair was pretty well blown over the village before breakfast. "Sparrygrass," he said, as he came up, "that your hos?" I replied, that the horse was my property. "Got the heaves, ain't he? got 'em bad." Just then a window was pushed open, and the white head of the old gentleman, who sits in the third pew in front of our pew in church, was thrust out. "What's the matter with your horse?" said he. "Got the heaves," replied old Dockweed, "got 'em bad." Then, I heard symptoms of opening a blind on the other side of the road, and as I did not wish to run the gauntlet of such inquiries, I rode off on a cross road; but not before I heard, above the sound of pulmonary complaint, the voice of old Dockweed explaining to the other cottage. "Sparrygrass—got a hos—got the heaves—got 'em bad." I was so much ashamed, that I took a round-about road to the stable, and instead of coming home like a fresh and gallant cavalier, on a hand gallop, I walked my purchase to the stable and dismounted with a chastened spirit.

"Well, dear," said Mrs. Sparrowgrass, with a face beaming all over with smiles, "how did you like your horse?" I replied that he was not quite so fine a saddle-horse as I had anticipated, but I added, brightening up, for good humor is sympathetic, "he will make a good horse, I think, after all, for you and the children to jog around with in a wagon." "Oh won't that be pleasant," said Mrs. Sparrowgrass.

Farewell, then, rural rides, and rural

roads o' mornings! Farewell song birds, and jasper colonnades, farewell misty river, and rocky palisades, farewell morning honey-breath, farewell stirrup and bridle, dawn and dew, we must jog on at a foot pace. After all, it is better for your horse to have the pulmonary complaint than have it yourself.

I had determined not to build a stable, nor to buy a carriage, until I had thoroughly tested my horse in harness. For this purpose, I hired a Rockaway of the stable-keeper. Then I put Mrs. Sparrowgrass and the young ones in the double seats, and took the ribbons for a little drive by the Nepperhan river road. The Nepperhan is a quiet stream that for centuries has wound its way through the ancient dorp of Yonkers. Geologists may trace the movements of time upon the rocky dial of the palisades, and estimate the age of the more modern Hudson by the foot-prints of scoriae in the strata that fringe its banks, but it is impossible to escape the conviction, as you ride beside the Nepperhan, that it is a very old stream—that it is entirely independent of earthquakes—that its birth was of primeval antiquity—and, no doubt, that it meandered through Westchester valleys when the Hudson was only a fresh water lake, land-locked somewhere above Poughkeepsie. It was a lovely afternoon. The sun was sloping westward, the meadows

"———were all a-flame
In sunken light, and the mailed grasshopper
Shrilled in the maize with ceaseless iteration."

We had passed Chicken Island, and the famous house with the stone gable and the one stone chimney, in which General Washington slept, as he made it a point to sleep in every old stone house in Westchester county, and had gone pretty far on the road, past the cemetery, when Mrs. Sparrowgrass said suddenly, "Dear, what is the matter with your horse." As I had been telling the children all the stories about the river on the way, I had managed to get my head pretty well inside of the carriage, and, at the time she spoke, was keeping a look-out in front with my back. The remark of Mrs. Sparrowgrass induced me to turn about, and I found the new horse behaving in a most unaccountable manner. He was going down hill with his nose almost to the ground, running the wagon first on this side and then on the other. I thought of the remark made by the man, and turning again to Mrs. Sparrowgrass,

said, "Playful, isn't he?" The next moment I heard something breaking away in front, and then the Rockaway gave a lurch and stood still. Upon examination I found the new horse had tumbled down, broken one shaft, gotten the other through the check rein so as to bring his head up with a round turn, and besides had managed to get one of the traces in a single hitch around his off hind leg. As soon as I had taken all the young ones and Mrs. Sparrowgrass out of the Rockaway, I set to work to liberate the horse, who was choking very fast with the check-rein. It is unpleasant to get your fishing line in a tangle when you are in a hurry for bites, but I never saw fishing line in such a tangle as that harness. However, I set to work with a penknife, and cut him out in such a way as to make getting home by our conveyance impossible. When he got up, he was the sleepest looking horse I ever saw. "Mrs. Sparrowgrass," said I, "won't you stay here with the children until I go to the nearest farm-house?" Mrs. Sparrowgrass replied that she would. Then I took the horse with me to get him out of the way of the children, and went in search of assistance. The first thing the new horse did when he got about a quarter of a mile from the scene of the accident, was to tumble down a bank. Fortunately the bank was not over four feet high, but as I went with him, my trousers were rent in a grievous place. While I was getting the new horse on his feet again, I saw a colored person approaching, who came to my assistance. The first thing he did was to pull out a large jack-knife, and the next thing he did was to open

the new horse's mouth, and run the blade two or three times inside of the new horse's gums. Then the new horse commenced bleeding. "Dah, sah," said the man, shutting up his jack-knife, "ef 't han't been for dat yer, your hos would a' bin a goner." "What was the matter with him?" said I. "Oh, he's on'y jis got de blind staggers, das all." "Say," said he, before I was half indignant enough at the man who had sold me such an animal, "say, ain't your name Sparrowgrass?" I replied that my name was Sparrowgrass. "Oh," said he, "I knows you, I brung some fowls once down to you place. I heerd about you, and you hos. Dats de hos dats got de heaves so bad, leh! leh! You better sell dat hos." I determined to take his advice, and employed him to lead my purchase to the nearest place where he would be cared for. Then I went back to the Rockaway, but met Mrs. Sparrowgrass and the children on the road coming to meet me. She had left a man in charge of the Rockaway. When we got to the Rockaway we found the man missing, also the whip and one cushion. We got another person to take care of the Rockaway, and had a pleasant walk home by moonlight. I think a moonlight night delicious upon the Hudson.

Does any person want a horse at a low price? A good, stylish looking animal, close-ribbed, good loin, and good stifle, sound legs, with only the heaves and the blind staggers, and a slight defect in one of his eyes? If at any time he slips his bridle and gets away, you can always approach him by getting on his left side.

THE HELMET.

WHERE the standards waved the thickest,

And the tide of battle rolled,

Furiously he charged the foemen,

On his snow-white steed so bold;

But he wore no guarding helmet,

Only his long hair of gold!

"Turn, and fly! thou rash young warrior,

Or this iron helmet wear!"

"Nay! but I am armed already,

In the brightness of my hair;

For my mother kissed its tresses,

And she guards me with a prayer!"

EXPERIENCES IN MOUNT LEBANON.

THE climate of Beirut is depressingly hot during the summer, and most of the well-to-do foreign residents, and many natives, take wing in the month of June for some cool nest on Mt. Lebanon. The Hakeem invited me to count myself one of his nomadic family, and make a trial of life in the Syrian highlands. Various mules and horses were loaded with baggage and people, and dispatched in small caravans up the rough highways and byways of the mountain. The last party consisted of the Hakeem and his wife, myself, and an under-sized four-year-old individual, whom a certain grave missionary used to designate, in his kindly way, as the "small lad."

A sort of little Saharah has been formed south of Beirut by the sands of the sea; and this youthful desert, like its bigger brethren in various parts of the world, is continually encroaching on the green earth around it. With a barren intolerance, like the zeal of atheists, it seems to consider grass a nuisance, flowers a deformity, and trees a desecration of the soil. Every year, like an insidious disease, it creeps stealthily nearer the city, and has already sheeted over many once verdurous places with its shifting, glittering sterility. As it lay in herbless, pulverous heaps among the enclosures of perished gardens, it seemed to me a glaring image of the unproductiveness and death which has crept over the once intellectual and vigorous Orient. A very small degree of energy, on the part of the Beirutees, would save their land from its fatal presence; inasmuch as a single hedge of the large native cactus will resist its advances for many years, fronting as firmly against its desultory hostility as Napoleon's old infantry against the wild cavalry of the Mamelukes. Of late, something has been done in this way—not by the people, but by the government. Various pashas in Syria have signalized their respective advents by planting groves of pine across the track of the sandy crusade. These trees flourish courageously under difficulties, arrest the evil, at least so far as their shadow extends, and in time restore the soil beneath them to some degree of fertility.

Notwithstanding the labors of these

philanthropic pines, we had to walk our horses through abundant sand-rolls before reaching the green valley of the Nahr-Beirut. To our right rustled the faded green foliage of an enormous olive grove; to our left steamed the hot little delta of the river, richly productive of mulberry-trees and fever and ague. A few moments carried us across the green level, and brought us to the base of the long ascent. Mount Lebanon roads seem to have been constructed by goats for the use of goats; but Syrian horses, never having seen anything better, scramble up them with wonderful contentedness and agility. Mountaineers, from lofty dove-cotes of villages, met us continually on the way, often laden with produce for the city, yet skipping as lightly as birds down the steep rocky slopes. Women passed us, heavily burdened, not stooping under the weight, however, but stepping with a singular perpendicular strut, which eventually becomes habitual at all times. Many were provided with help-meets, in the shape of mules and donkeys, and put upon them the responsibility of backing the market merchandise down the difficult roads. Almost every one of these people gave us a pleasant smile as they met us, and, putting one hand to the breast, wished, "May God bless your morning!"

Under this hail of benedictions, we clambered one huge steep after another, stumbled into deep, fervent valleys, and rose on the opposite side to still more airy eminences. Beirut and its gardens draped themselves in the loveliness of distance; the sea grew grand and glorious, and immeasurable beneath us; white sails fluttered into sight on its horizon, and seemed to wave to us, as if in encouragement; long vistas opened down terraced valleys, dark-green at the bottom, with lemon and orange-trees, and mingling afar with other chasms of verdure; flat-roofed villages looked up at us in wonder from deep recesses, or down in contempt from dizzy elevations above; and to the east rose the great uneven ridge of Lebanon, bare, brown, and trackless, or crowned in its higher regions with a chaplet of glittering snow.

A shocking bad goat-track tumbled

us into the rough, stony ravine, which lay like an immeasurable trench, almost encircling Bhamdun, the goal of our journey. The succeeding ascent was the steepest that we had yet encountered, and required remarkable spryness on the part of the horses and great cohesive qualities in the riders to enable both parties to reach the summit in company, or even at all. But my beast was an old mountaineer, and would have climbed anything short of a lighting-rod, or a rope ladder. Every snort of his venerable nostrils seemed to say, "Now then! never say die! all together, four legs!" And, with the Howadjil sitting on his tail, the energetic quadruped surmounted the edge of the acclivity and wagged his puffing nose through the narrow streets of the village. Low houses of roughly hewn stone flanked us on either side, drawn up in disorderly ranks like militia-men on parade, and, so to speak, squaring their elbows towards all points of the compass after a very independent and squatter-like fashion. Women with tollworn but good-humored faces smiled from the doors as we passed, and abundantly blessed our mornings. Little children, whose mothers had inveterate hydrophobia, scrambled out of the way of our horses, appearing wonderfully old and dignified in their thick head-dresses, their long robes and their slippers. At the other end of the village, where it fronted on its orchards of vines and mulberries, we pulled up at the door of the Hakeem's summer mansion. Yusef, the cook, and Jurjus, the man of all work, rushed out with smiling, hospitable faces to receive us. My horse was politely shown to his stall in the basement story; and I was conducted into the parlor directly above my respected quadruped's eating and sleeping apartment. Leaving him to transact his own affairs, I made a minute inspection of that part of the house which was intended for humanity. The center of the building was a hall about twelve feet wide and twenty-seven feet long. The floor at one end was raised some eight inches, forming a species of reception room which had been furnished with low divans. This recess was lighted by a double-arched window which looked out on a neighboring back yard, vocal all day with the shrieks and howlings of some ill-used Arab babies. Half the front of the hall was perfectly open, sim-

ply fenced in by a wooden railing and the rude pillars of three Saracenic arches which supported that part of the roof. From thence you could look down into the valley below the village, and away over rocky hills to the distant gleam of the Mediterranean. Oh what sunsets of gold used to sit on those waters, like famous empires on the horizons of the past, and slowly lose their splendor and vanish into the night! On various sides of the hall and opening into it, were posted, like outworks, the Hakeem's room, the room of the girls, my room and the parlor. The latter and the raised dais at the end of the hall served in case of need as the dormitories of visitors.

The floor all over the house was of mud, tamped solid and well dried, but so uneven that no school-boy would have accepted it as giving fair play to his marbles. I used to indulge in long reveries over its diminutive plains and valleys and highlands, looking down through wreaths of tobacco smoke from the elevation of my stature, as the gods looked through clouds from Olympus, and imagining it peopled with some infinitesimal race, living and laboring and squabbling upon its circumscribed geography in minute mockery of earth and her restless inhabitants. Once a week a dirty-trowered village maiden used to wash this floor with a solution of red clay, and then polish it with a smooth pebble until it shone like a pair of new boots. Here and there mats were spread, to render the footing less damaging to the complexion of white shirts and yellow slippers.

As for the ceiling, it looked so ponderous, and, at the same time, so unstable, that it was at once a comfort and a terror. Logs, stripped of their bark, and otherwise in a state of nature, stretched from wall to wall, and formed the substratum. Crosswise upon these reposed short bits of narrow board; large flat stones lay like an aerial quarry over them; the whole was thatched, so to speak, with four or five inches of well-tamped earth and gravel. Notwithstanding that it was heavy enough to crush a village, our roof would not always keep out the rain, which dripped cheerfully through in wet weather, and added little lakes and oceans to the scenery of the geographical floor. The corners between the beams and cross-pieces afforded excellent building-spots

to the swallows, who accordingly squatted there, and used to sail comfortably in and out all day. These loquacious birds made a good deal of unnecessary racket, strongly reminding me, by their vociferous way of doing business, of the Arab boatmen who had raised such a hubbub about our arrival in the country.

My room was the largest in the house. It had been designed by the respectable founder of the edifice for a grand dining hall fit for the Sultan or the Prince of Persia to over-eat themselves in. Across the end by the door stretched a stone pavement, separated from the rest of the apartment by a curious wooden fence. This, I suppose, was meant as a standing place for the servants, or the dogs, or the pots and kettles, or something else that was only wanted at intervals during the meals. Above it there was a large round hole in the wall, intended for the convenience of passing in dishes from the next room. How this orifice may have answered its prandial purpose I cannot say; but I found it a rather embarrassing addition to the capabilities of a bed-chamber. There was also a smaller hole in the door, for which I could imagine no earthly use, unless the former occupant had a kitten or a puppy to whom he wished to grant free ingress and egress. I sometimes thought, indeed, that it might be a hopping-out place for the rats or fleas; but, as they could hop in there just as easily, this supposition did not seem to merit much respect. Finally, there was a door into the next room, with a crack so wide between it and the door-post that Ichabod Crane, or any other thin person, might have slipped through comfortably without in the least deranging the shriveled portal.

My dormitory had blind walls on three sides, but was sufficiently lighted, for sleeping purposes, by a window which opened into the central hall. All the windows in the house had been furnished with glass, which was a constant astonishment to the aboriginals of the village, human and quadruped. One morning, an ignoramus of a cat got into my room through one of the holes aforesaid, and, on my making some manual remonstrances against his stay, attempted to get out through the window. He plunged unsuspectingly at the clear pane, rolled back with a squeal on the

floor, tried it again with great emphasis, and fairly butted through, coming down on the outside amid an avalanche of broken glass. Looking somewhat stupefied by the shock, he set his tail a-kimbo and made off at half-speed, no doubt very much surprised at the density of the atmosphere between my window-sashes.

On another occasion, I saw the school-master of the village nonplused by the same mystery. A Turkish Pasha had called to see the Hakeem, and was on reception in the parlor. His presence being noised abroad, the principal inhabitants of Bhamdun, and among them grammatical Abu Mekhiel, came to present their respects to his excellency. The Turk, a stout good-humored personage, sat on one of the divans, and the magnates of the hamlet crossed their legs comfortably on the floor. The dignitary spoke very little Arabic, the mountaineers spoke not a word of Turkish, but both sides smoked cheerfully, and time passed away like a pinch of snuff. Suddenly an accidental knock of the Pasha's elbow sent the coal from his pipe on to the rush matting which partially covered the floor. Abu Mekhiel eagerly seized the inflamed morsel and tried to throw it out of the window. As it was shut, he rapped his knuckles smartly, burnt his fingers, dropped the coal, and called for the tongs. It was an immense incident in the monotony of the visit; and even the stout Pasha laughed and chuckled at the blunder of abashed Abu Mekhiel.

In describing our house, I must not forget the rats, which were, perhaps, its most numerous inhabitants. They seemed to think that it belonged to their order, and haunted it, especially by night. They rattled and rolled through invisible galleries like diminutive four-legged peals of thunder. The Hakeem had famous sport among these creatures, and blazed away at their shiny eyes and bald tails until we thought he would eventually get rid of them by burning the house up. They were a perpetual bugbear to the small lad, who was afraid to sleep alone lest they should climb up the bed coverlet and nibble at his toes.

I have adverted to the union of stable and house in one edifice. This architectural approximation of the human and animal kingdom was the cause of various uncouth interruptions and interludes in our drawing-room conversa-

tions. A speaker would be diverted from the train of his ideas by an outrageous scream, or a tattoo of kicks from some excited beast below. Whenever a strange horse was introduced into these subterranean quarters, there was almost sure to be a clamorous disagreement. Whether they wanted to eat off each other's tails, whether they tried to annex each other's portions of barley, or whether they differed on some other question of an abstract nature, at all events, they were never able to come to an understanding without an unreasonable uproar.

Visitors kept perpetually dropping in, and we almost always had some puffy-trousered individual cuddled up on the divan, or against the wall, his pipe sending a wreathing fragrance aloft among the rats and swallows. As long as I staid in Bhamdun, probably never a day passed without a dozen or twenty of these turbaned exits and entrances. Occasionally, my alien and inquisitive ears would be delighted by an observation of the most innocent simplicity. One day the old Maronite priest of the village lounged into the hall, and smoked his pipe in a comfortable taciturnity for half an hour. Noticing the swallows at last, he remarked that a blessing lay upon the house, since it was inhabited by those good-omened birds.

"Why so?" asked the Hakeem.

"Do you not see that those swallows are constantly bringing earth in their bills to mortice their nests?"

"Yes."

"Do you know from where they bring that earth?"

"No."

"They bring it from the tomb of Moses. Every morsel of that blessed earth comes from the tomb of Moses."

"Indeed! But I thought that no man knew where Moses was buried."

"Very true. But the swallows know."

"But how do people feel so sure, then, that the swallows get it from the tomb of Moses?"

"Well," said the old man, taking a puzzled pull at his pipe, "God knows. I never thought of that before."

One of the most frequent visitors at the Hakeem's house was a man named Khalil, Maronite born, but now, thanks to the American missionaries, a Protestant. Although only about forty or forty-five years old, our girls called him

Uncle Khalil, according to the custom of Syrian young folks when speaking familiarly to one who has attained the ripeness of middle life. Of a slender frame, slow and easy motions, a face decidedly more northern than southern in its features, Khalil always entered with the heartiest and kindest smile. He wore a dark blue jacket, full dark trousers, a large white turban, and always carried a short pipe, sometimes gravely smoking it, sometimes using it gesticulatively to point a moral or adorn a tale. He was a good representative of a large class, half farmer, half trader, to be found scattered all over the mountain. He was a moderate landed proprietor, holding mulberry orchards and grain land on different parts of the terraced hillsides of Lebanon, a bit here and a bit there, according to the fashion of the mountaineers, who never own a farm all lying together.

The time and capital not devoted to his own agriculture, he gave to traffic in the produce of other people. In the spring he usually bought a flock of sheep of the Kurdish shepherds, who come annually with their broad-tailed stock from the elevated plains about Erzeroum. Over and above his woolly quadrupeds, the Kurd always threw in his huge sheepskin coat, and his fierce sheep dog. Khalil then placed his flock under the care of some hireling shepherd, and set out on a retailing tour among the villages, selling to each family a sheep. Some sales were for cash, but more were for cocoons, to be taken at a stipulated price when the silk season should arrive in the succeeding July. If credit was thus given, the buyer paid Syrian interest, which varies from fifteen to thirty or forty per cent., by the year. Khalil had a large market to choose from, for a great proportion of the terraced declivities of Mount Lebanon, as well as the shore plain at its base, is devoted to the cultivation of the mulberry. The silk of Bhamdun alone will average nearly a ton after it is wound from the cocoons. The women, who exclusively take care of the worms, become very fond of them, caress them, kiss them, and call them endearing names. After gathering his cocoons, our friend Khalil wound off the imperfect ones, on the coarse Arab reel, and sold the better sort to the French or English merchants, who have established flourishing filatures in va-

rious parts of Syria. These men paid him in cash, which he invested in coarse raw silk, to be retailed to native weavers.

His next step was usually to go to the fine wheat lands of the Bukaa, and speculate in cereals. The mountains alone, in Syria, are freehold. The great plains are the private property of the Sultan, who exacts about a quarter of the crops from the cultivators, as tax and ground rent. This is paid in kind, or compromised for a specific sum in cash, at the time of harvest. The peasantry were glad of the intervention of so reputable a middle-man as our enterprising Bhamdunee; and the oppressive government official was equally pleased to escape from the hard duty of overlooking an unscrupulous tenantry. Khalil compromised for the cash, and became owner of the Sultan's quarter of the crops. Night and day he watched the enormous grain heaps of the threshing-floor; and at the end of the season received one measure of wheat or barley for every three retained by the villagers. He sold on the spot enough to pay the Sultan's dues, and carried home the remainder, which generally amounted to about one-eighth of the crop. He thus made a profit equal to his entire risk, without having laid out a piastre, at the same time that he conferred an actual favor on the peasants and their imperial landlord.

This was his favorite operation. He tried to persuade me into a partnership, in order to secure the protection of the stars and stripes against the petty exactions of government understrappers. I felt tempted now and then to accede, and formed various miragic fancies of setting up for a Syrian farmer-general. Three or four thousand dollars would have been a stupendous capital, and would have made me a little despot among the grain-raising, cocoon-selling peasantry of plain and mountain. With the income derivable from that sum, I could have had a town house, a mountain house, a wife from some genteel Arab family, like the Bait Susa, a couple of blood horses, and three or four servants. I should have passed only so much time as I pleased in riding about the country with Khalil; and for the rest, should have kept myself comfortably quiet with hot coffee, amber-mouthed chibouks, and silver-mounted nargilehs. I should have set up a big turban immediately, and a long beard as

soon as I was able. I should have become a great Arabic scholar, and read the Arabian Nights in the original. I should have had bad debtors and dragged them into honesty with swarms of gormandizing Howaleyyeh. Not seldom since those days has the lazy sunshine of that idea lured my mind back to Syria. I sometimes feel as if it would be delightful to retire into a turban, shadow myself with tobacco smoke, and let the age drive by.

With the hope of drawing better crops from the deep soil of the plains, Khalil sent for one of the lighter sorts of American plows. The Bhamdunees laughed heartily at the outlandish enormity when it arrived, and unanimously voted that such a thing would never work. "God knows," said Khalil, "it turns earth very well in America, and I suppose will do the same thing here." "Every land has its peculiarities," replied the unbelievers; "this will not suit our atmosphere." But this really intelligent and enterprising Arab has never yet dared to use his foreign plow, for fear that so costly and novel an instrument should be made an apology for fresh exactions.

By the time that Khalil had closed his speculation on the threshing-floors of the Bukaa, the vintage of the mountain was at hand. Bhamdun has about one thousand acres of vineyard, descending from the lofty hill, back of the village, over hundreds of terraces, to the bottom of the enormous ravine in front. The grapes are both purple and white, usually the latter; the earlier varieties small, and of a soft pulp; the later ones firm, delicious, and of some kinds remarkably large. The people eat them in great quantities fresh, and dry them into raisins for winter use. There are grape-presses where the juice is crushed out with the naked feet, to be boiled into *dibs*, a very pleasant kind of thick molasses. It is this *dibs* which is sometimes brought to our temperate shores as "communion wine," "the pure juice of the grape." The pure juice of the grape it certainly is, exactly as treacle is the pure juice of the sugar-cane. It is wine, therefore, just as true as molasses is rum. Khalil exchanged some of his wheat and barley for the vintage of his Druze neighbors, and then retired into winter quarters, and retailed at leisure his various stock of raw silk, grain, *dibs*, and raisins.

Such is the business life of a merchant of produce in Mount Lebanon. In the small career which is permitted to them, the Syrians show a good degree of mercantile shrewdness and enterprise. Perhaps the locality inspires them, or there are some echoes in the blood, as Calderon phrases it, which come down to them from their ancestors. All along their coast lived the old Phenicians, who were very glorious merchant princes when England was solely remarkable for its tin mines and the painted hides of its citizens. One of the most unfortunate blanks in ancient history is our total ignorance of the political economy of the Tyrians, Sidonians, and their colonies. What were their tariffs, their navigation laws, their profits or cargoes, the pay or character of their seaman? They gave letters to the Greeks: who were their Roscoes and Lorenzos de Medici? They coasted England and circumnavigated Africa: where are the biographies of their Columbus and Captain Cook? But their glory has sunk almost as deep into our ignorance as their gorgeous galleys ever foundered beneath Indian or Atlantic billows.

Modern Syrian enterprise sails as far, but in foreign bottoms. There are now some considerable mercantile houses in Beirut. A small, direct trade over American keels has been opened with New York and Boston. Before many years the Directory of our great commercial capital will become still more thorny to our organs of speech with unpronounceable names from the land of the east and the clime of the sun.

Of the mechanical skill of the Syrians little can be said, although they furnish some pretty specimens of silken stuffs. The manufacture of steel has died out in Damascus, whose present inhabitants are unequal to the composition of a good common hatchet. As the beautiful palaces of that city fall into dilapidation, they are restored by botchwork, distinguishable at first sight from the dim glory of the olden walls and arches. The implements of trade are probably exact copies of the expired patents of Tubal Cain; and agriculture is about as it was in the suburbs of Eden just after the expulsion of its incautious gardener.

THE DRAMA IN FRANCE—CLASSIC AND ROMANTIC.

THE *foyer* of the Theatre Français is the Campus Martius of French dramatic criticism. Thither, at the fall of the curtain, the consuls of the press lead the arbiters of renown, the "*bons esprits qui font l'opinion publique*," and there, in comital dignity, the fate of authors and of actors is sealed. Vain, we are told, are the loudest applauses of the concio in the *parterre*, if the Romans of the *foyer* shrug their invincible shoulders. Noisy, crowded, agitated, these centuriata may often be. But the noise is a delicate noise of witty words, the crowd is a crowd of well-bred men; the agitation transcends not the pleasing hubbub of a ball-room. And therefore it is that the historian of the French drama shudders to record the scenes which transpired in this celebrated saloon on the night of the first of February, 1829. For, on that eventful night, the traditions of the *foyer* were scattered to the winds, and Melpomene was outraged by the uproar of her votaries. It

was as if the *Cœil de Bœuf* had been invaded by a Jacobin Club. The walls that for so many years had echoed only the *audita susurra* of the most polished of mortals, resounded with shouts of savage exultation. A group of young men, attired in the supreme style of the day, giving each other the hand, formed a circle, such as Indians draw around some hapless captive at the stake, and performed a wild war-dance, an insane fandango, to the music of their own yells.

An Anglo-Saxon spectator of this extraordinary performance (the memory of which will be transmitted to posterity in a print which is now become one of the curiosities of lithography,) would surely have supposed that he was present at some decisive act of a great political revolution. For it is one of the cherished articles of the creed of our race, that revolutions in France are always brought about by a knot of men who happen to have nothing particular to do, and are

in lack of bread or of amusement. And most of the Englishmen and Americans who witnessed that saturnalia of the *foyer*, must have gone home with the expectation of a night of cannon and a morning of proclamations.

It would have been hard to persuade them that they had been looking on the triumph of a purely theatrical revolution. Yet, such was the simple truth. The ecstasy which had rapt the elegant loungers of the Palais Royal and Boulevards into the frantic extravagances of a Sioux scalping-party, was the fruit of a scenic victory. A dynasty had fallen, before the foot-lights! A new order of things was inaugurated, in the green-rooms! The war-cry of the dancing-dandies was neither "A bas les Bourbons!" nor "Vive l'Empereur!" but the emphatic phrase of "Enfoncé Racine."^{*}

On the night of February 1, 1829, a romantic drama was acted for the first time, with complete success, upon the boards of the Theatre Français. Hence these outcries, these demonstrations of exuberant delight and of indecent triumph. It was fondly believed by those who leapt and shouted in the *foyer* that night, that the classic tragedy had been forever banished from the stage of Paris; that Racine was, indeed, *enfoncé*, and Dumas enthroned forever! For Dumas it was, the redoubtable "Marquis de la Pailleterie" himself, whose play of Henry III. had that night been splendidly represented and rapturously received.

It is difficult for us to conceive of the mental state of a society in which a matter, in the main of an artistic interest, could give birth to such an excitement. London has had her theatrical riots. But the adherents of O. P. fought not for Old Plays, but for Old Prices.

New York has seen a dramatic difficulty transferred from the pit to the public streets, and cat-calls exchanged for cartridges. But it was no intellectual passion which led to the horrors of Astor Place. Some gross reality of pence or partisanship is needed to stimulate us into extravagance. The fact, however, that, under provocation sufficient for us, we can be quite as extravagant as our Gallic friends, should make us slow to sneer at their proceedings. And now, that

the first of living actresses has been awakening our attention to the merits and the character of the French stage, it may not be superfluous for us to glance at the meaning of the orgie of February, 1829, to see what was won by the "triumph of romanticism," and what has come of that triumph.

For a century and a half the classic tragedy had reigned supreme upon the stage of France. It was, in fact, nearly coeval with the absolute monarchy. Corneille, the founder of French tragedy, was the contemporary of Richelieu, the founder of French despotism; and, had the Cardinal's genius been equal to his ambition, the glory of the Theatre Français would have had one origin with the splendor of Versailles and the iniquity of the Bastille.

There had been dramatists in France before Corneille. The medieval mysteries were a rude compound of the sermon and the comedy; and with the advance of civilization, subjects other than sacred began to be handled in the same manner. It is a pleasure, in these impatient days, to hear of the delight with which, in the time of Henri Quatre, the Court of France could listen to Hardy's play of "Theagenes and Chariclea," which occupied eight days in the performance! During the minority of Louis XIII., familiarity having begun to breed a little contempt, Durier, in composing "The Loves of Leucippe and Clitophon," had to limit himself to two days; and by the time that Richelieu had triumphed over Anne of Austria, the way was open for a more artistic and reasonable drama. This came with Corneille, who, notwithstanding the merits of some other writers, and particularly of Rotrou, from whose robe Corneille himself was condescending enough to borrow a jewel or two, must be regarded as the true father of French tragedy.

When we speak of the "classicists" of France, we mean the tragic poets who followed in the footsteps of Corneille. Racine was his immediate successor. Voltaire and Crébillon attempted to modify his canons, and to improve upon his tragic system; and a long line of successors, from Du Belloy and Saurin to Lemercier and Delavigne,

^{*} "Enfoncé Racine" can only be paraphrased in English as nearly equivalent to the refined proposition that Racine was knocked into a cocked-hat!

continued the traditions of the Cornelian age down to the fatal epoch of 1829.

The fundamental principle of tragedy, as understood by the Greeks and by Corneille alike, was this: that tragedy is the representation of a heroic action, a heroic action being one which has a lofty argument, as, for instance, the death of a king, the acquisition of a throne, the ruin of a royal family, the humiliation of a Titanio genius. The end of tragedy is to excite terror and pity, in order, says Aristotle, (the great master of the tragic art, as, indeed, of all literature,) that the soul, through the efficacy of terror and of pity, may be purged. That is, the end of tragedy is a high moral end. So the Greeks conceived it, and such was the conception of Corneille. In order to effect its object, tragedy, it was held, must present to us a peril which terrifies, or a misfortune which moves us, and to this representation such a degree of reality must be given as may move us even to the point of pain. In order to attain this, one single course of lamentable or terrible events, all hinging upon one cause and concerning the same parties, must pass before us, without change of place, and filling a measure of time as nearly as possible equivalent to the time spent in viewing the spectacle, so that, if possible, we may suppose ourselves gazing upon the fact itself and not upon an imitation of it.

Hence the famous *trimoira* of Aristotle, the much-talked of, much-abused, and much misunderstood doctrine of the unities. So far from being a stupid fettering of dramatic genius, the triple unities of Aristotle are simply the exposition of the principles which common sense dictates to the artist who sets about composing a tragedy such as Aristotle and the Greeks intended and created.

In adopting the principle of the Greek tragedy, however, Corneille, who was a man not more remarkable for strength of feeling than for soundness of understanding, perceived that it would be necessary for him to employ a motive very different from that which controls the development of most of the tragedies of Greece.

The dangers or the sufferings into which the heroes of tragedy may be thrown, must arise from causes either within or without themselves. Destiny,

duty, kinsmanship, the forces of nature, the obligations of society, the action of other men—these are external causes of danger or of sorrow. The passions, the vicious and the virtuous emotions, and inclinations of the man himself, are internal causes of the same.

In almost all ancient tragedies, the misery of the hero or heroine arises from an external cause, and generally from the action of Nemesis, or of that terrible fate which was the shadowy, supreme, and most awful element of the Grecian religion.

This was natural enough. The theatres of Greece were open to the public; and the poet, who sought to move the minds of ten thousand spectators, could not hope to find a mightier lever than was afforded him by the strongest, most solemn, and most vital article of the popular creed. So, panting for the tragic prize, he brought before the eager and attentive multitude the awful shapes of the Atridae, or the unspeakable woes by which the implacable Juno avenged the slight her beauty took from the victorious Venus, upon all the house of Laius. In these dark and dreadful histories, which seem to us the woven web of a blind and unjust chance, the Greeks recognized a mighty lesson, and the end of tragedy was for them fulfilled. On their tragic stage no mirror was held up to nature—that was the function of comedy. To paint men and manners was no part of the function of tragedy. Aristotle even goes so far as to say, that tragedy demands a hero absolutely "without indicated character, made up of vice and virtue, neither good nor bad, but unhappy through an error or an involuntary fault."

According to this view, the *Œdipus* is the most perfect type of the Greek tragic hero, while neither the *Antigone* nor the *Prometheus* can be held to be conceived in accordance with the rigorous rules of the tragic art.

Studying Aristotle with close attention, and recognizing the principles which he lays down, Corneille, when he aspired to create a new age of tragedy, perceived that it would be utterly impossible to accomplish his object if he adopted the *motif* recommended by his master. The civilization of Christian France had developed a very different audience from that which hung upon the solemn accents of Sophocles, and was stirred by the pathos of Euripides,

Corneille, therefore, seized upon another *motif*, not recommended, indeed, but permitted by the Grecians. He resolved to paint men led by their own passions to misery and danger. He took from the Spanish a rude drama of the Cid, and his strange marriage with the daughter of his foe, slain by his own hand, and, developing that story, set forth the conflict of passion with duty, the ties of blood, and the sanctions of religion.

Thus was established the new *motif*, which gave rise to a new school of tragedy, the classic tragedy of France. Formed upon the model of the Greeks, and controlled by their theory of the ends of tragedy, the classic tragedy of France differs from the Greek *toto celo*, and is original, in respect of the *motif* of its development, which is the action of internal causes upon the fortunes and the fate of men. Passion is its first cause. Had the tragedy of Phèdre been written by a Greek, we should have seen the unhappy woman contending with an unseen power, the wrath of Venus, inexorable to punish, in the persons of his earthly descendants, that most ungallant deed of the too clear-sighted god of day, who exposed herself and Mars to the derision of Olympus. That splendid line, (so splendid that we can forgive Racine the theft of the ore he has so richly wrought) which bursts from the lips of the French Phèdre, like the last cry of a sinking swimmer—"C'est Vénus toute entière à sa proie attachée!" would have been the key note of the Grecian play. It is episodic, almost ornamental, in the play of Racine, the heroine of which, as Chateaubriand truly observes, is rather a Christian woman, struggling with a sinful passion, and yielding at last in a purely Christian despair, than a Greek princess, conscious of the doom of her house.

The theory of tragedy, as held both by the Greeks and by Corneille, was, as the reader must have observed, far from favorable to the development of character. It tended, indeed, and very strongly, to the extreme of sermonizing and declamation. Corneille, a man of such energy and earnestness of character that Napoleon used to say that, had he lived in his day, he would have made him a marshal of France, was a man, too, of warm religious feeling. He was not wanting in dramatic perception, though

the tedious *malàpropos* of the maxima which he puts into the mouths of persons, who are supposed to be in a state of the most passionate excitement, and the frigid declamation by which he continually delays the movement of his plays, make it easy to overlook this element of his genius. Nothing could be more dramatically true than the scene of Horace, in which, after his conversation with his Roman brother-in-law, Curatius receives the news that he and his brothers are selected as the champions of Alba; and the exclamation of the old man, Horatius, when the messenger, while exculpating his son, announces the result of the battle—

"What? is Rome then victorious!"

is worthy of Shakspeare himself.

Still the tragedies of Corneille do certainly lack a pervading vitality of dramatic truth, and exhibit the tendency of the Cornelian theory to supersede action by declamation.

Accepting the principle of Corneille, that passion must furnish the *motif* of tragedy, Racine went further, and declared that a tragedy must be only a development of passion. The consequences of this position are easily to be discerned. In the place of the animated movement of events, educing the pity, and the sorrow, and the fear which tragedy is to excite in the hearts of the audience, we have the heroes and the heroines of Racine relating their sufferings to the pit in the most beautiful verses. The story grows languid, the interest of the plot disappears. The characters are really so many charming declaimers of charming lines. A tragedy of Racine is what Coleridge might have called "a summ-jective epic."

Athalie, which is esteemed, and justly, the chef d'œuvre of this most mellifluous and pleasing writer, is no tragedy at all. It was originally written for the scholars of Mme. de Maintenon's famous school of St. Cyr, those interesting young ladies having been found to have been too much moved by the sentimental beauties of Andromaque; and Mme. de Sévigné, in one of her most delightful letters expressed her astonishment that the girls should have performed it so admirably. But it is not a thing to be performed at all. It is a long and varied recitation, and nothing could be more suited to the sweet, fresh voices of young

girls than the harmonious versification of Racine.

The prophecy of Boileau, who writes to his friend that his plays will live,

"Et soulever pour toi l'équitable avenir,"

has been reasonably well fulfilled. The genius of Racine was of a milder and more impressible mold than that of Corneille. Coming to maturity when the "grand age" was just beginning to decay, Racine is more luxurious and less heroic than his predecessor. While Corneille occupied himself with rendering the "Imitation of Jesus Christ" and the "Psalms" into French, Racine delighted himself with the loves of "Theagenes and Chariclea," for reading which, in the naïve and vigorous version of Amyot, he had been punished when a boy, and which was his favorite book throughout his life. He felt the influence of the license which leavened the stately and Catholic court of Louis XIV., and Mme. de Sévigné, in a fervor of truly female devotion to Corneille, declares to her daughter that not only can Racine never hope to surpass the grand old poet, but that he can never even approach him. Racine, she says, writes not for the ages to come, "mais pour la Champmesle," the beautiful Champmesle, the Adrienne of her day, who was once, to Mme. de Sévigné's chagrin, the "bel amour" of her son, but whose acting was so admirable that the witty lady, after seeing her in the part of Iphigenia, is generous enough to write that she herself, who was a very fair actress, "was not fit to light the lamps for la Champmesle."

There is some truth in the notion, that the musical monologuing and declamation of Racine's plays is due to a certain effeminate and elegiac tendency in the author's mind, but it would be equally unjust to Racine and to Corneille to omit one most material consideration, which helped to determine the character of their dramatic works.

The theatre, among the Greeks, was an institution of public worship, and held sacred like a temple of the gods. Its entertainments therefore were given upon the grandest scale, and in the most solemn manner. The representation of a Greek tragedy was a spectacle of wondrous magnificence. The pomp of the chorus, solemnly marching, crowned with golden garlands and clad

in splendid garments; the actors coming forth arrayed as heroes, or as gods; the harmony of music, and the significance of pantomime: the architectural elegance of the stage with its temple and palaces, with its statues and its paintings; over against all this grand show the vast amphitheatre filled with expectant thousands, and above it, the clear blue heaven, or the starry skies of evening, all these things combined to give the author freedom in the conception of his work. The Athenian poet did not fear to develop the dramatic interest of his play. He was sure of an ample stage, and of respectful hearers.

Very different was the case with the tragic poets of France. At the court of Louis XIV., the plays of Corneille were simply plays. The author might construct them on whatever theory he chose, but the court went to the theatre to be amused. While Corneille was thinking of "purging their minds, through pity and terror," they were thinking of being at their ease. The theatre was small, and it was the ton to sit or stand upon the stage. The chefs d'œuvre of the great French masters were performed "in an indifferent tennis court," says Voltaire, "where a few miserable decorations had been erected at one end, and where the spectators were placed, some senselessly standing on the stage and some in the parterre." Of course, dramatic action became almost impossible on a stage where a crowd of fashionable gentlemen, in the exuberant costume of the day, so filled the boards as hardly to allow the actors *ten feet of room*. Imagine the supernumeraries, requesting the young aristocracy to be good enough to "make way for Caesar's body," or Orestes, sword in hand, begging the petits-maitres to excuse him, as "he must pass through to kill Pyrrhus." An actress was exposed, in the midst of her most passionate scenes, to the silly gallantries and flippant courtesy of a knot of dangles, and it would have been idle to attempt anything beyond the impassioned declamation of the author's words.

It was not until 1759 that these benches were removed from the stage, at the instance of the Count de Lauraguis, who paid 30,000 francs to secure this reform.

As a consequence of the various causes at which we have hinted, the

classic tragedy of Racine himself was sadly wanting in dramatic character. And yet, so exquisite is the harmony of Racine's versification, so genuine and natural is his sentiment, and so felicitous his power of expression, that it is impossible to listen to one of his better plays, when well recited, without pleasure. A genius such as that of Racine, can even give to some of his parts the dignity of characters, but an inferior artist might well interest us in the beautiful declamations of Monime or of Athalie, of Berenice or of Hermione. Racine may be said to have created the language of French tragedy, a language which he generally used with good sense, and with musical effect.

On the lips of his successors and imitators, this conventional language of French tragedy became the dreariest twaddle that ever emptied a pit and put the boxes to sleep. Like all grand ideas, the idea of the separate and solemn dignity of tragedy gradually became degraded into an absurd pretension. The ridiculous phrases of social distinction passed into the language of criticism. Whoever is unlucky enough to read the "Jugemens" of M. Chapelain and his compeers upon the works of the tragic poets, cannot fail to be struck with the manner in which the designations of "style anobli" and "style bourgeois" are there employed. Corneille, who flourished before the maturity of despotism and etiquette, is constantly called to account, by writers of a later date, for his incorrect and coarse locutions.

Such a line as his famous

"Ses rides sur son front ont gravé ses exploits"

was improper, "because wrinkles mark years, and not exploits." If a writer wished to speak of a soldier, he must not say, "un homme qui frappe avec son épée," but "un mortel qui immole avec son glaive;" if of a spy, he must allude to "ces mortels dont l'état gage la vigilance." Nothing could be called by its familiar name. In 1732, the fatal handkerchief of Desdemona being in his memory, Voltaire dared not cause that lady (ingeniously introduced by him into France in the disguise of one *Zaire*) to use or speak of such a thing, but gave her a *note* instead. In 1792, Desdemona, again travestied, reappeared, with a *bandeau of diamonds*. In 1820, Lebrun,

reproducing Schiller's Mary Stuart, had occasion to employ a handkerchief, boldly put it into the queen's hand, but called it *tissu*, and *don*. And, finally, in 1829, Alfred de Vigny, translating Othello, had the courage to bring forward a handkerchief, and called it—a *handkerchief*, to the horror of the weaker brethren!

Throughout the decadence of the old French society, the tragedy of France continued to decline, growing daily weaker and more inane. It afforded a languid satisfaction to a knot of trivial dilettanti; but it ceased to exert any influence or to awaken any interest beyond their circle. In the midst of the mighty movements that were beginning to shake mankind, the world of active and thinking men cared nothing for lukewarm declamations in the "style anobli." There was serious work a-foot, and men of bourgeois blood began to utter certain observations, in the "style bourgeois," of an import transcending the solemnities of tragedy. "Ne serait-il pas à désirer," wrote Rousseau, "que nos sublimes auteurs daignassent descendre un peu de leur continuelle élévation, et nous attendre pour l'humanité souffrante, de peur que n'ayant de la pitié que pour des héros malheureux, nous n'en ayons jamais pour personne?" "Que me fait à moi, paisible sujet d'un monarchie du dix-huitième siècle, les révolutions d'Athènes et de Rome?" cried Beaumarchais; "Quel véritable intérêt puis-je prendre à la mort d'un tyran du Péloponèse, au sacrifice d'une jeune princesse en Aulide?"

The bourgeoisie began to think their own story no uninteresting tragedy. They listened to the pregnant speeches of Figaro with an interest which no Grecian heroes could inspire. When the valet appeared upon the stage, wiser, wittier, more gifted than his superiors, and, bitterly comparing his position with theirs, cried out, in a sort of savage scorn, "Qu'est-ce qu'un noble? Quelqu'un qui s'est donné la peine de naître!" the bourgeoisie recognized him as the personification of the Tiers-Etat. The bourgeoisie laughed at the valet's wit, and the dissolute nobles, gathered at their Belshazzar's feast, laughed too, but the echoes of that laughter came, full soon, in the crash of the falling Bastille, and the cannonades of Valmy.

During the terrible days of the re-

public and the stern despotism of the empire, the classical tragedy led out a lingering existence.* The names of Chénier, Lemercier, and Delavigne, are not without honor in the annals of tragic authorship, and the genius of Talma will be forever one of the great traditions of French dramatic history. The first Napoleon had an Italian fondness for declamation, and encouraged the classical stage partly because, as he said, he loved "les genres tranchés," and partly from political motives. Plato banished tragedy from his ideal republic, as of too exciting a quality. But the tragedy which Napoleon encouraged, was encouraged by him as a safe channel for personal and literary enthusiasm.

He could not, however, triumph over the irresistible tendency of things. The poetical genius of France would not flow where he wished. It slumbered or kept silent throughout his arbitrary and military career. Then came the restoration, giving peace, at least, to France, and a liberty to the press which it had not enjoyed under Bonaparte; and it soon became impossible for the Bourbons to arrest the development of thought and passion in French literature—a development as sudden as the outburst of a Scandinavian summer.

Mme. de Staël had introduced the study or rather the admiration of foreign literature into France, under the empire, and under the Bourbons the fruits of this study and admiration soon began to be gathered. Shakespeare, Calderon, Goethe began to be read a little, and to be talked about a great deal. "Who shall deliver us from the Greeks and Romans?" asked Berchoux, in his *Gastronomy*, and the answer was not long in coming. The romanticists appeared on the stage, wearing the colors of Spain, Germany, or England. How much these romanticists had really learned from the great leaders whom they professed to follow, we shall presently see.

They founded the drama, so called in contradistinction to the elder tragedy.

The tragedy of the Greeks and of the French was, as we have seen, primarily and eminently didactic. The Athenians and the French, alike remarkable for the predominance of the intellect over the imagination, insisted that the particular lesson to be taught by a tragedy should be kept constantly in sight. Every personage and every event presented on the stage must be either an illustration or an enforcement of this lesson. Thus they did not recoil from representing an individual as absorbed in one set of emotions throughout the whole period of a play, or a whole family as possessed at once by similar passions, suffering, and hoping, and acting, in one mood.† Of course, such phenomena were never witnessed in real life; but the Greek and the French writers, let it be remembered, undertook to depict not men, but moods; not interesting individuals, but impressive types.

The Spaniard Calderon departed considerably from this theory. He, as the tragedian of the Catholic faith, has so far an affinity with the ancients, that he draws the materials of his tragedy from the relations of man with the awful and objective realities of the superhuman world; but in the tragedies of Calderon these realities do not stand apart and away from human nature, but communicate with, and in actions of divine grace, influence and transform the human heart. If we take for an example of Calderon's tragedy his fine play of "El Purgatorio de San Patricio," we find the tragic interest wholly dependent upon the conflict between the providence of God and the free-will of the hero, who, plunging into every sin and wickedness, is yet miraculously preserved by the marvelous and indefeasible agency of holy symbols.‡

The tragedy of Calderon is, indeed, a true development, modified by classic

* A young colonel frankly said to Geoffroy St. Hilaire, "after the campaign in Russia, I have never been able to think *Iphigénie en Aulide* a very good tragedy."

† In this respect, again, Sophocles, in his beautiful tragedy of *Antigone*, must be held to have departed from the spirit of the ancient art. The character and the conduct of the commonplace Ismene afford a truly modern relief to the piece. In truth, this noble play would suffice of itself, we think, to show that Sophocles was intrinsically the greatest and most naturally dramatic of the Greek tragic poets.

‡ The plays of "El Principe Constante" and "El Mágico Prodigioso" afford illustrations of Calderon's dramatic theory which are, perhaps, more familiar to the American dramatic student. But we think that the overruling *motif* of which we speak is nowhere more conspicuous than in the play cited in the text.

culture, and enriched from the poet's teeming imagination, of the miracle plays, the religious dramas of the middle ages. Its theory is such as to admit of a portraiture of character unsuitable to the notions of the Greeks, and unattained by the French tragic writers.

But it is to the genius of England that we owe the truly modern drama.

The England of Elizabeth was the blossom of the modern world. That development of individualism, which most marks modern civilization, germinated first in England. The oppressive sense of the objective in religion, oppressive, with all its wealth of beautiful imaginations, never weighed so strongly upon the English mind as upon the mind of the Latin and the Celtic races. The Christian mythology of the middle ages had no such hold upon the people of England as upon the Italians, the Spaniards, or the French. And the first English dramatists, worthy of the name—Greene, Marlow, Shakespeare—drew their tragic material from the fountains of human life and general experience.

Shakespeare did not reject the supernatural as one element of experience, but he accorded, alike to the supernatural and to the special passions of human nature itself, no such exclusive and absorbing power as was conceded to them by the Greeks, the French, or even the Spaniards.

The tragic writers of other stages had depicted, primarily, passions in their influence upon human conduct and destiny. Shakespeare depicted man in his experience of passion. Hence, to the dramas of Shakespeare, his wonderful genius communicated a variety of contrasts, and of movement, like the variety of life itself. With him the drama ceased to be didactic, and became suggestive, as suggestive as history. Indeed, the drama of Shakespeare is essentially a history. If we seek in antiquity for his precursors, we must turn rather to the comic than the tragic stage. Sophocles, indeed, seems to have been swayed by the instincts of his genius into a dramatic tendency. But, in the energy, truth, and humanity of Aristophanes, we find more striking analogies with the great characteristics of the Shakespearian drama than any other writer for the ancient stage offers us. Such are the qualities of the Shakespearian drama, that its hold, not upon

the English mind alone, but upon the universal mind of modern man, could not fail to become constantly stronger with the development of the spirit of modern institutions.

The fall of feudalism in France, the demolition of the "société anobli" was a sure presage of the decay of the conventional and antiquated forms of the French tragedy, of the "style anobli," and the classic theories.

The insurrection against the classics was, as we have shown, almost contemporaneous with the great revolution of '89. In the progress of this insurrection, Lebrun (the adapter of Mary Stuart), Nep. Lemercier and some others may be considered to represent the first stage. Soon these cautious reformers gave way to the dramatic Girondins like Vitet, Prosper Mérimée, and Alfred de Vigny, while these, in their turn, sank out of view in the blaze of revolutionary victory, which attended the advent of the Jacobins, Victor Hugo and Dumas.

It was the "Henri III." of Dumas which triumphantly ushered in the republic of the drama. Victor Hugo's *Cromwell* had been published, indeed, a year before, and in the preface to that play are to be found the articles of the new dramatic faith. But to Dumas belongs the glory, such as it is, of carrying by storm the Theatre Français, the Tuilleries of the old tragic monarchs, and of their degenerate descendants.

Dumas, indeed, claims for himself that he was the inspired prophet of a new era. Towards the end of the Restoration, the young Dumas was living at Paris, as an under secretary of the Duke of Orleans. His salary was a pittance, his dreams were sublime. He tells us that he used to attend the theatre without comprehending "how anybody could construct such tragedies" as were there produced. That any other dramatic school existed, he knew not, till a company of English actors came to Paris. He went then to see *Hamlet*, and thus *Hamlet* affected the future author of *Monte Cristo*.

"Suppose," he cries, "suppose a man born blind, whose sight is restored, who discovers a whole world, of which he had no idea; suppose Adam awaking after his creation and finding beneath his feet the enameled earth, above his head a flowing sky, around him trees with golden fruits, in the distance a

river, a broad and beautiful river of silver; at his side a woman, young, chaste, and nude; and you will have an idea of the enchanted Eden" which M. Dumas then beheld. Enamelled earth, and flowing heaven! Gold and silver, and the original Eve! Here, in this passage, we have the whole soul of Dumas and his loves laid bare. "Beauty and booty;" this was what he found, Heaven save the mark! in Hamlet. Or, rather, he says that it was in Hamlet he found it.

History, uncompromising muse! however, says not so. This young dreamer, who woke to tragedy at the touch of Shakespeare, and had been insensible to the classic art, was, at that time, the author and proprietor of a classic tragedy, "Christine," lying unperformed in the répertoire of the Théâtre Français!

Let not the reader lose sight of this fact. The student of Dumas, and, alas! that we must say it, of Victor Hugo also, is speedily forced to the conviction that neither of these chiefs of the French drama possesses the spiritual sense of veracity. A defect, this, not unimportant in minds that are to be held, as mirrors, up to nature!

That Dumas, while vastly inferior, as a poet and as a writer, to Hugo, should have successfully stolen his compeer's thunder, and preceded him in the triumph, is not surprising. For the qualities of a dramaturgist Dumas possesses in a high degree. A wonderful fertility and facility of invention, (witness those serial lies in four volumes each, called "Impressions de Voyage,") a familiar knowledge of stage machinery and effect, and no ordinary powers of combination and arrangement, gave Dumas a decisive advantage over Hugo, whose fine but purely lyrical imagination plays him sad tricks upon the stage. Melpomene has, indeed, been liberal of her gifts to the author of the "Odes et Ballades," but she has come to him as she came to Horace, and he should be content.

"Monstrari digito proteruntium
Gallicæ fidicen lyre."

This, however, suffices him not. The renown of Dumas stimulated him to rivalry and to success. The romanticists utterly usurped the stage. For eight years the echoes of the fandango in the foyer resounded through Paris.

Christine, La Tour de Neale, Angelo, Angela, Le roi s'amuse, Marie Delorme, Richard Darlington, and a multitude of similar performances, astonished, in rapid succession, the expectant public.

The romantic drama is stamped with all the features of a violent and successful rebellion. It is a literary terrorism. The old tragedy of France had been "anobli" in phrase, meager in incident, limited in the range of its subjects. The drama expanded into the wildest license of phrase, the utmost exuberance of incident, the widest sweep of themes. The manner of the romanticists protested against Corneille and Racine, much as the shockhead of Danton protested against the peruke of Louis XIV. By the revolutionists of the theatre, the characters of the ancient sovereigns of France, the nation's heritage of honorable loyalty, were outraged as brutally as the tombs of St. Denis by the mob of September. The old tragedy had arrogated the "exclusive privilege" of noble sentiment, solemn woe, and mighty passion, to the upper classes of society. The drama went into the alleys and the back-slums for its heroes. To justify man as man, it selected the most wretched and the most criminal of the race, and presented them radiant with sublimities of feeling. The drama of Hugo and Dumas reflected nothing—it was no intellectual mirror of man or nature. But it transmitted much. "Out of the abundance of the heart" the dramatists spoke. The materialism, the vague and feverish ambition, the discontent, the imperious passions, and the imbecile will of a transitional and discordant age passed from the characters of the men themselves into their works. To call them scholars of Shakespeare is simply an absurdity, and almost a blasphemy. They have but one thing in common with Shakespeare—the number of their dramatis personæ!

Antithesis, both moral and literary, irreverence as well of living instincts as of embalmed tradition, a supreme determination to dazzle, to startle, to confound, these are the most prominent traits of the romantic drama. The dramas of Victor Hugo, in particular, are arguments of a morbid tone in the author's character which indicates what we may call an organic affection of the conscience. If he un-

dertakes to paint Francis I. as an Appius Claudius, or a Tarquin, he goes to a court-jester, a back-stairs pander for his Virginias and his Brutus. He willfully perpetrates a historical alander, that he may set forth the parental love of Lucrezia Borgia in finer relief upon a background of unredeemed criminality. He studies the same morbid effects in his physical portraits. All his old men have the strength of Hercules. All his lovely young girls are smitten with a secret blight. And he calls these melo-dramatic effects, artistic contrasts, and finds his archetype (the reader must forgive us) in "le bon Dieu, qui est unplus grand faiseur d'antitheses que lui!"

Dumas is more frank and healthy in his materialism and superficiality than his more gifted compeer. But between them what a work they accomplished! They filled the French stage with historical decorations, splendid dresses, trap-doors, feudal castles, banners, guillotines, alcoves, daggers, in short, with all the paraphernalia of an inflammatory realism. Dreadful actions were represented in all their bald horror before the footlights; and it is only surprising that the example set by Domitian, who crucified real brigands in the course of a comedy of Catullus, was not followed in Paris. Indeed, in the play of the "Marquis de Farvas," the gallows was actually produced upon the stage, and only taken away under a storm of hootings and hisses from the parterre. To the favorite subjects of these writers, Tacitus must do justice. They were, simply, "Tragediæ cruentæ et lascivæ." In the course of ten of their plays, taken at random, we find eight Lovelaces, five young girls utterly ruined, six abandoned women, two accouchements just off the stage, four victims of the madness of Phèdre, six gentlemen who have no legal right to a name, and, consequently, abhor all laws, eleven lovers and ladies who commit murder from philanthropic motives!

The fevers of society may be sharp, but they must be short. In a few years the romantic drama began to lose its fascination. It was not that men began to find anything new in the classic tragedies, but that they began to weary of superficial humanity and dramatic upholstery. One by one the more extravagant pieces of the romantic school began to be dropped. One or two

of the plays of Hugo, less repulsive than the rest, and remarkable for passages of that rich lyric power which has been so abundantly bestowed on him, will never, perhaps, lose their place in the dramatic repertoire. But the romantic drama and the Theatre Français seemed dying out together, when, in the summer of 1838, a girl of seventeen, with a few notes of her deep and vibrant voice, and a weird spell of gesture and of glance, evoked the shapes of the classic tragedy once again, and renewed the theatrical life of France. The *soi-disant* "scholars of Shakespeare" had promised truth, and given blatant falsehood. The young Rachel, by speech, by action, and by look, gave to vague types the intensity of character, and to rhymed couplets the power of simple passion.

Since this wonderful woman has trod the Parisian stage, the theatre in France has assumed a new phase. She has taken, from every school, parts to which she communicates the vitality of her own genius. She has compelled classicists to applaud the Thisbe of Victor Hugo, and made romanticists tremble before the agony of Phèdre.

Of late years the attempt has been made by writers, like Ponsard, and Lattour, and Soumet, to create a new and comprehensive school of tragic art, to construct what we may call dramatic tragedies. But the form of the classic tragedy is one thing, and the *fond* of the modern drama, as the Arabs would say, is another thing, and the effort to combine them can only result in a disastrous failure. Each new development of art proceeds from a new contemplation of truth, a new relation between man and his circumstances, and it is idle to pour the new wine into the old bottles. Rachel has breathed the breath of life, by turns, into Lucrèce and Virginie, into Jeanne d'Arc and Cleopatra, but none of these characters are stamped with the seal of genius, and the modern drama of France boasts, as yet, no name worthy to be compared with those of the great classicists. And lofty as must be the place accorded to Corneille and to Racine, in the world's regard, France has not yet produced a dramatic writer worthy to stand with Æschylus and Euripides, with Calderon, and with Goethe, around the throne of Shakespeare, and beneath the right hand of Sophocles.

THE LEGEND OF GOODMAN POVERTY.

ONE day I was so fortunate as to discover an old traditionary relic of great beauty; the legend and its title running as follows:

The new and pleasant history of Goodman Poverty; showing who Poverty was, where he had his origin, in what fashion he dealt with death, and when he will come to an end in the world.

Saint Peter and Saint Paul, overtaken suddenly by a great storm, once upon a time, when they were journeying together, came to the outskirts of a village, where, at first sight, they perceived only a rich man's house, so grand that they hesitated to enter it.

"It seems to me, in my poor judgment," said Saint Peter, "that it would be well, before knocking at the gate of this grand house, to try and learn in the neighborhood what manner of person the master may be; and whether he be really a man of substance, and well to do in the world: for this is a point upon which one is often mistaken. No matter how handsome the houses we see by the wayside, we generally find that those who call themselves their owners are over head and ears in debt; owing their fine dwellings, and all that they contain, to their creditors, and not possessing, in reality, a farthing of their own to bless themselves with."

Saint Paul fully agreed in this prudent view of the case; but he was hungry, and cast his eyes about in every direction, seeking some one of whom to make the necessary inquiries. At length he exclaimed, joyfully, "I see a woman washing linen in yonder pool; I will go and ask her if she knows anything of the master of the house."

So saying, he approached the washerwoman, and accosting her very politely, "Good day to you, dame," said he, "this is a heavy rain that we are having to-day!"

"Sooth, and ye may well say so, master," replied the woman, without stopping her work, "and, 'tis lucky for me 'tis only water, for if it were wine it would hardly suit my washing; but then, to be sure, we might have a brave drinking bout, and after that lay up a good store in the cellar."

"Ye are merry, methinks, good dame!" returned Saint Paul.

"And wherefore not?" quoth the washerwoman. "Thank God, I lack nothing that woman need wish for, except, to be sure, now and then a little money."

"Money!" cried the Saint; "ah, you are very fortunate in having no money, and being able to do without it."

"Aye, aye, that's all very well to say," returned the washerwoman, "but, for all the harm that money has ever done to me, I may say that I shouldn't mind seeing a little more of it!"

"I see you like to have your joke, my good dame," continued the Saint; "but I assure you that money causes the ruin of a vast number of souls; and that it were to be wished, for the good of very many people, that they might never behold a coin all the days of their life."

"As for me," said the washerwoman, "I am too busy to do much wishing; and a crown so seldom comes in my way that I never had the chance to look at one long enough to make out the pictures upon it."

Saint Peter, who had been standing all this time under an oak, where he had taken refuge from the rain, grew impatient at hearing this long conversation, and begged Saint Paul to come away at once, and seek some better shelter. So they went up to the gate of the mansion, and lifted the knocker; but the master of the house put his head out of the window and bade them begone.

"This is no inn, fellows," cried he, roughly, "off with you this moment, and look for lodgings elsewhere!" And with this he shut the window, and turned scornfully away.

But the poor travelers were now drenched to the skin, and their forlorn plight touched the washerwoman's heart with pity.

"I wish I could take ye home with me," said she, "I would do so with right good will; for ye seem to be decent, honest folk; but I dare not ask ye in, for I am a widow, and the neighbors would talk. But if ye will have patience a bit, while I finish my washing, I will presently take ye to the house of one of the townspeople, Poverty by name,

who lives at the further end of the village, and who will gladly give ye a night's lodging."

Accordingly, as soon as the washing was done, the woman led Saint Peter and Saint Paul to Poverty's cottage, as she had promised to do.

It was but a little past sundown, and yet the Goodman was already gone to bed.

"Halloo, Poverty!" cried the washerwoman, going close up to the window, "here are two poor travelers who have been caught in the storm, and who know not where to lay their heads!"

Goodman Poverty had no sooner heard that these poor people wanted a night's lodging than he lifted the latch, and bade them come in. "Light the lamp, neighbor," said he to the washerwoman, as she stepped across the threshold.

Saint Peter and Saint Paul now entered the cottage. Everything in the house was topsy-turvy; one could distinguish nothing for the confusion; and the master himself, tall, thin, withered, and pale, looked as though he had just come out of a sepulchre.

"God be praised for the shelter of this roof, and may his blessing descend upon it!" said Saint Peter.

"Amen!" responded Poverty, "so mote it be! In sooth, my masters, I should have great need of his blessing, to be able to offer you any supper; for I have not so much as a morsel of bread in the house."

But the washerwoman, who had expected as much, now opened a basket which she had brought with her, and produced four fine large whittings, ready fried, a great brown loaf, and a pitcher of wine.

"Ah, Lord! bread and fish, as I live!" cried Saint Paul, greatly delighted.

"Thank ye kindly, dame," said Saint Peter, "we only asked for a roof to cover us, and you give us also this good supper! The Lord reward you for all the trouble you have taken!"

"Bah!" cried the washerwoman, setting out the food on the ricketty table, "a morsel before sleeping never yet did harm to anybody; and, for my part, I am well paid in being able to offer your friend something to his mind."

They now seated themselves at the

table, and began to eat with good appetites; all but Poverty, who was sad because of something that had happened to him that very afternoon. The poor man possessed nothing in the world but his cottage, and the little paddock, about as long as your arm, that lay behind it, and in which grew a fine pear-tree; but the hedge round this paddock was not much harder to get through than a spider's web, and certain marauders from the neighborhood had taken advantage of this bad state of the hedge to get through into the paddock, and rob the pear-tree, whose fruit formed the Goodman's sole revenue. This was why he had gone to bed supperless, vexed to the heart at seeing the half of his crop stolen from him; and his trouble was still so great that he could not touch a mouthful of the four large whittings, ready fried, the great loaf, and the pitcher of wine, with which his guests were regaling themselves. When the supper was over, Saint Peter, looking at Saint Paul, said to him, in a low voice: "This poor man's sorrow really excites my compassion; we must pray for him."

"Indeed, sirs," said Poverty, who had overheard what was said, "I should be very much obliged to you if you would do so; as for me, it is plain that my prayers have very little credit with Heaven, seeing I cannot find any way of bettering the miserable condition in which you find me."

"The Lord sometimes tries the just for their good," said Saint Peter; "it may be that He is thus trying you; but have you any particular favor to ask of Him?"

"The rogues who have robbed my pears have made me so angry," replied the Goodman, "that, if I might have my way, I would ask that all those who climb up into my pear-tree might be forced to stay there as long as I choose to keep them."

"That is certainly contenting yourself with very little," replied Saint Peter.

"Not so little as you may think," rejoined Poverty; "what joy for me to see a rogue stuck up there on a branch, unable to budge, and begging for mercy!"

"Well," replied Saint Peter, "if the Lord condescends to listen to the voice of his servants (which he does), you may be sure that your wish will be

granted; for we shall do our very best for you, in the way of praying."

All that night did Saint Peter and Saint Paul remain on their knees in prayer; they would not take a moment's repose, notwithstanding the good offices of Poverty, who, in order to furnish them each with a couch, had divided into three parts the bundle of straw that formed his bed. But when the morning was come, Saint Peter and Saint Paul informed their charitable host that his wish was granted; and then, Poverty having shaken them heartily by the hand (although he could not help fearing that they were only making game of him), they left the cottage, and went on their way.

But lo and behold! next morning, when Poverty was coming back with his pitcher from the well, he espied a good-for-nothing varlet, from the village, stuck fast in the pear-tree, working his arms and legs about with might and main, and looking for all the world like a bird caught fast in the lime.

"Aha! villain! I have thee!" cried Poverty; "but, good Heaven, what manner of men were they who came to me last night! As for thee, thou rascally thief, I shall keep thee up there, and treat thee just as thou deservest. In the first place I shall call the whole village together, and then I shall kindle a good fire of straw, and roast thee like a sucking-pig!"

Thereupon, the thief begged hard for mercy, offering to pay, at the very least, the worth of ten crops of pears.

"No, no; don't trouble thyself to offer me money," answered Poverty; "I am poor enough, Heaven knows; but, nevertheless, I prefer to pay myself after my own fashion. Wait just the least little half-quarter of an hour; I shall soon have gathered faggots enough to give thy hide a good singeing! Aha! thou lovest fine, juicy pears! I'll cure thee of thy thirst for them, thou rascal!"

Away went Poverty to gather straw and sticks for his fire; and, when he was gone, the thief cried for help with all the force he could muster, and so lustily that he drew to the spot two wood-cutters, who were going home from the forest.

"Why, what art doing up there, Nicholas?" inquired the men.

"That wicked old wizard, Poverty, for he is a wizard, has put a spell on me," replied the thief; "here am I,

glued fast to the tree, and all because of a few miserable pears, forsooth, that I had eaten, being very thirsty!"

Thereupon the wood-cutters began to amuse themselves at the caitiff's expense; joking him for the fright he was in, and declaring that Poverty was but a sorry sort of wizard, after all; "for otherwise," said they, "he would have had the wit to mend his own fortune, and keep himself from starving long ago!"

Having delivered themselves of this piece of reasoning, and wishing to help Nicholas down from his perch, they climbed up into the tree, thinking to set the vagabond at liberty; but they would sooner have torn his arms from his body than have got him loose from the bough.

"Faith, lad, there's no help for it," said the wood-cutters; "all we can do for thee is, to go to the squire."

But when they would have got down out of the tree, they found themselves caught just as fast as Nicholas; so that Poverty, on coming back a few minutes after, with a great bundle of brushwood and faggots, found, as he thought, three pear-thieves in his tree, instead of one!

"Aha!" cried he, with a chuckle; "the fair goes on bravely, I see; there's no lack of traders! very good, my fine fellows; just stay where you are; in two minutes I shall smoke you all like so many herrings!"

"Excellent Poverty," began both the wood-cutters together, while their tears trickled down to the very foot of the tree, "look at us, we beseech of you, and you will see that we are good neighbors of yours; indeed, and in truth, we only got up into this cursed tree to help Nicholas down."

"Don't tell me," cried Poverty; "no, no; you wanted to steal my pears!"

"But, good Poverty, we never passed for thieves in all the countryside; we have pear-trees in our own gardens, that bear pears quite as fine as these. And even had we neither pear-trees nor pears, had we wanted any, the market is not far off, and we could get our fill of them for a few farthings."

"If what you say is true," replied Poverty, "you may come down; the punishment is only meant for thieves."

And, in sooth, the two wood-cutters found themselves suddenly let loose,

and were able to jump down to the ground; whereupon the first thing they did was to intercede for the rascal who remained in the tree, as frightened and weary as a toad in a wine-vat.

"It's no use begging for him," cried Poverty, "no, no; he shall stay up there a year for every pear he has stolen!"

But the wood-cutters, nothing daunted, pleaded so well, and the poor man's heart was so rich in charity, that, at last, he consented to forgive the thief on condition that, for the future, he never came within a hundred paces of the little garden; but the vagabond swore that he would never again be seen within even a league of the cottage, so terrible did the very sight of the pear-tree now seem to him.

Moreover, the noise of this adventure soon spread abroad in the village, and frightened the people so much, that no one ever again sought to rob Poverty of his pears; the very children, bold as they generally are and greedy of fruit, would on no account have even thrown a stone up into the tree, for they were still more afraid of this pear-tree than of the wolf that ate up Little Red Riding Hood.

For a long space, Poverty lived merrily, and his heart rejoiced within him whenever he looked at his pear-tree, so green, and so thriving, laden with red and yellow fruit, that stood him in place of everything else; but the years passed on, and the Goodman's head was covered with snow. From time to time sickness took hold of him.

One day there was a tap at the cottage door, and Poverty opened it to see who was there. It was Death.

Now many people are troubled on beholding the King of the country of Clatter-bones, but Poverty was not a whit afraid of him, for he had nothing amiss on his conscience, and had always lived an honest man, though a poor one.

"What! art thou not afraid of me?" cried Death, very much astonished, "of me, before whom popes, kings, and emperors tremble!"

"You do not frighten me the least in the world," answered Poverty. "What pleasure have I in this life, that I should not also quit it with pleasure? I have neither wife nor children; in sooth, I have had trouble enough without that sort of fry to take care of; I have not the worth of a farthing, except my cot-

tage and my pear-tree, which is, as I may say, a nursing mother to me, through the fine fruit it gives me every year. See! it is now covered with pears, and the only sorrow I have in setting eyes on you, is the thought of being obliged to leave it without having first eaten this year's crop. Unluckily, you are one of those gentry with whom it is no use talking, otherwise I should beg you to let me take one good bite out of my finest pear; after that I should be quite ready to follow you."

"What thou sayest seems to me very reasonable," said Death; "go and gather the fruit for thyself."

Hereupon Poverty, with Death following close at his heels, stepped out into the paddock, and walked round and round the tree, seeking out the finest pear.

"I see one that looks very ripe and red," cried he, at last, "but how high it hangs! However, if I might make bold to borrow your worship's scythe for a moment, I think I should be able to get at the branch."

"Oh, as to my scythe," replied Death, "I never lend that to anybody; but it seems to me, it would be better to gather this pear by hand, lest it should get bruised in the falling."

"You are certainly right," returned Poverty, "it would be altogether better; but my poor old bones have grown stiff of late, and I cannot climb it as I could at fifteen."

"Well," said Death, "I'll go up myself, and gather for thee this fine pear, from which thou thinkest to have so much pleasure," and so saying he clambered up into the pear-tree.

"Hallo!" cried Death, "but what is it that is taking hold of me? Why, I can't get down."

"As to that," returned Poverty, very coolly, "that's your affair, not mine. Why did you come to my cottage? You have the whole world to mow in, and yet you must needs come poking into my miserable hovel, to take the life of one who never did you any harm."

"Darest thou trifle thus with me?" cried Death. "Bethink thee to what thou expositest thyself!"

"I've bethought me of all that, already," replied Poverty, "and I'm not in the least afraid of you. I have you fast in my pear-tree, old gentleman, and there you shall stay. I shall thus

be doing a great service to a lot of other honest folk whom you meant to visit to-day."

Death, who never before had found himself in such a strait, saw at once that there must be something unearthly about this tree. "I have deserved what has happened," said he to himself, "by a piece of condescension quite out of my usual way. But let me tell thee," cried he, addressing himself to Poverty, "thou wilt gain nothing by thus setting thyself against the will of Heaven. If it be the Lord's pleasure that thou quit this life, he will make thee quit it, in spite of all thou canst do; and besides, if thou dost not let me come down of thine own free-will, I shall very soon have killed thy pear-tree with my scythe."

"Pshaw!" returned Poverty, "whether my pear-tree be living or dead, you don't come out of it except at my pleasure, and that won't be very soon, I promise you."

"Why did I ever set my foot in this plaguey dwelling?" said Death to himself; "I had plenty to do in the four corners of the earth, without coming here. Thou wilt repent of this day's business," cried he to Poverty, "when it is too late."

"I shall do no such thing," replied Poverty; "he who is not afraid of dying, is also above the fear of many other

things. Your threats do not cause me the slightest alarm, and I am quite ready to start for the other world when the Master shall call me."

"Thou may'st boast thyself, Goodman, to be the first who has ever vanquished Death. Heaven orders me, with thy leave, to quit thee, and not to come back to thee until the day of doom, when I shall have finished my great work."

"Is it not to cheat me, that you speak to me thus?" asked Poverty.

"No," replied Death, "I swear to thee that thou shalt see me no more until the desolation of all nature shall be accomplished; it is thou who shalt receive the last stroke of my scythe."

"In that case," returned Poverty, "you may come down from the tree."

Death did not wait to be told twice, but flew away through the air, and Poverty has never heard another word from him to this day. It is true that Death has often come back to the village, and has carried off even the most respectable people, but he flies past the Goodman's cottage, as though the pest were in it.

Poverty has lived on, ever since, in the same humble way, under the shadow of his beloved pear-tree, and Poverty will still live on, in the world, as long as the world shall last.

BORN, BUT NOT BURIED.

LIFT your dress as you cross the street,

And show your dainty little feet;

Your steps are light, your eye is gay;

No fairer lady greets the day!

Your rivals smile with bitter hate,

Humbled to death with your scornful state;

Each gallant eyes you through his glass,

And the poor stand by to let you pass.

Madam! 'tis sweet to be young and fair,

And well to be rich, and free from care;

But the poor are flesh and blood like you,

'Tis ill to scorn them as you do.

That wrinkled old crone, who begs alone,

While the sharp wind cuts her to the bone—

Hark! to her burden, sad and wild,

"We are born, but we are not buried, child!"

REMINISCENCES OF A TEMPEST-TOST LIFE.

I.

LAFAYETTE.

EARLY in the spring of 1831, one of those insurrectionary eruptions which marked the preceding year, darted me from the field of battle to Paris, as the confidential agent of the ultra-revolutionary democratic—or, if you please—as I am not ashamed of the name), Jacobin party in my own country. My mission, accordingly, was directed, in the first instance, to men of the same stamp in France, in her chamber of Deputies, among the members of the press, and in the various political associations, propaganda and conspiracies. I was thus brought into contact with Lafayette, to whom, as the god-father of all revolutions for more than half a century, I was specially accredited. Hence, I am now able to present some traits for the appreciation of this noble, illustrious—and in more respects than one—unique personality.

At that time, the General was still enjoying the full flush of his popularity. Under its protection, Louis Philippe found shelter, and when the more exalted republicans began to conspire against that vile, clinging, creeping parasite, he drew support from its vitality for his newly-established royal nest. When I reached France, a legal prosecution had just been brought to a close against a fresh conspiracy—the first one recorded under the name of the Artillerists, and of the medical and law students—the students represented by a young man named Sambuc—the others, by the late Godfrey Cavaignac, elder brother of the General—to whom, for many years afterward, I was united in the closest ties of friendship—by Bastide, Guinard, and some others, who again became prominent in the outbursts of 1848-49.

When the young republicans began to undermine Louis Philippe, this crafty, unprincipled schemer attempted to make use of Lafayette by the most barefaced cajolery and duplicity. Seeking to nourish his new-born monarchical dynasty with the vital juices of an

old revolutionary stock, he afterwards threw the veteran away, like the dried-up peel of an orange which he had squeezed to exhaustion. Louis Philippe did the same with all his benefactors whom he could not pervert, as Lafitte, Audry de Puyraveau, and many others, through whose superfluous generosity he crept to the throne. As to Lafayette, he was still assiduously courted by all those who, afterwards, under the leadership of the *risland* (old umbrella)* king, tried to draw him down from the pedestal on which he stood, and who, finally, turned against him. His weekly receptions were then thronged with celebrities of every political color, school, and party. The haughty, irascible bourgeois Casimir Perrier, and the grand seigneur Talleyrand were thus mixed up with Bazard, once President of the Supreme Venta of Carbonari, and then leader of the St. Simonians—or Beranger, the humble but perfumed violet of French song, was surrounded by an Etienne, and other flashy, classical poetasters of the same kidney.

The Duke of Orleans, the eldest son of Louis Philippe, and heir apparent to the crown, at that time often visited Lafayette's family on intimate terms—assiduously devoting himself to one of his grand-daughters. This was doubtless a trick concocted in the Palais-Royal, then the residence of the King, between Louis Philippe, Queen Amelie, and Madame Adelaide, the King's sister—and for years his most confidential and, at the same time, his boldest and most reckless adviser. The Lafayettes were to be enticed by the prospect of a match, an eventual royal connection, and a throne in their family. The veteran sire was not lured by the bait; but not so his daughters and grand-daughters, whose heads were a little turned by the splendor of a royal alliance. The intimate friends of the family preserved a discreet silence—the easier, no doubt, as the comedy was brought to a close, the moment that

* This was a nickname given to Louis Philippe from an old umbrella of enormous size, which he used to carry at the time when he affected the simple manners of a bourgeois, and tried to curry favor with the shopkeepers.

Louis Philippe felt himself firmly seated on the throne. Every one must regret that so young a man as the Duke of Orleans then was, should have consented to take part in such a degrading game; but it is not improbable that he was forced into the act, by the influence of his parents, and especially of his mother, Marie Amelie. This *saint-like* wife of Louis Philippe even surpassed her partner in hypocrisy. You may be startled at this assertion—but I have abundant proofs to back it up; they are, however, of a private nature, derived from my family connections; and hence I must refer the incredulous to historical events, and to the posthumous memoirs of Chateaubriand. "And it is difficult to believe," as Lamartine remarks, "that a posthumous writer, with years of premeditation, would borrow the sacred asylum of the grave to calumniate those who survive him."

The grateful memory of the patriots of 1831, is confirmed by history, which records the undaunted devotion with which Lafayette espoused their cause, on every occasion, both public and private. The rights of foreign nations fighting for their independence or for liberal institutions, were urged upon the protecting sympathy of France against the selfish maxim, "that French blood should be shed only in the interests of France;"—a maxim announced in the Chamber of Deputies by the distinguished lawyer, Dupin, and eagerly adopted by the majority of the deputies and by the bourgeoisie, as well as by Louis Philippe himself. With enthusiastic ardor, he devoted himself to the cause of Poland—my own country then—and, in Paris, was regarded as its personification. He moved heaven and earth to overcome the indifference of the King and of his government, and to induce the French people to afford efficient aid to the distant revolution.

Lafayette was not what is commonly called an orator—not a brilliant generalizer, or an expert constructor of sententious phraseology. But his words were the expression of deep and generous feeling. In public debate, he was a graceful and elegant talker, always at his ease, calm, clear, and self-possessed; never out of temper, but quietly piercing his opponents to the bone by a fine and exquisitely sharpened dart.

During the summer and the autumn, I often visited him at La Grange, his

country-seat, so well known to Americans. He took pride in relating that the old mediæval castle, which came to him by his wife, a Noailles, was constructed by Louis IX. At La Grange, I became more intimately acquainted with the rest of the family. His son George was a sincere republican on principle, as well as by filial piety. And such are now his sons. Madame de Lasteyrie and Madame de Maubourg, the daughters of Lafayette, had a rustic appearance, with no traces of the fashionable life of Paris. On the death of their husbands, they were left with only moderate fortunes. They did not share the enthusiasm for republics or revolutions, which was cherished by their father and brother. They knew too well the generosity of Lafayette, in making pecuniary, and often ruinous sacrifices, in behalf of those who were struggling for freedom, and had thus been taught a lesson of caution. Their principal aim was to secure a good establishment for their children, and transmit to them a large inheritance.

The conversation of Lafayette with his intimates was an instructive record of the momentous events, in which he had participated, either as actor or eyewitness, for more than half a century. You can easily conceive the attraction in the familiar talk of one who had assisted at the reviews of Frederick II. at Potsdam, fought at the side of Washington, rode through all the phases of the French Revolution and of the Napoleonic epoch, and christened the bourgeois king at the city-hall of Paris. I once asked him why he did not proclaim a republic in the days of July. "What would you have had," he replied, "we were only some thirty sincere republicans, and that man" (meaning Louis Philippe) "took me in."

La Grange is a considerable landed estate in the Pays de Brie, one of the best agricultural districts in that part of France. The General was very proud of his farm, which was, indeed, a model for the whole country around. He raised great numbers of pigs, and had specimens from all zones and regions of the earth, furnished him principally by "his dear friends, the American shipmasters," as he was wont to call them. It would be useless to repeat with what feeling he spoke of the United States and their inhabitants. He often told me, "You"—meaning my Polish

countrymen—would do well to take them for models." Two or three years after this, I was standing one morning with the General at the window of his hotel in Paris, when Mr. Livingston, then Minister to Louis Philippe, from the United States, drove up to the door. The driver and footman were in full scarlet liveries. I smiled at the sight of this anti-democratic display. The General, tapping me on the head, remarked, "It seems that my republicans are getting spoilt."

The summer of 1831 was the com-

mencement of Louis Philippe's efforts, under the guidance of Guizot and Casimir Perrier, to reduce the number of his liberal associates, although the commotions of July, 1830, still continued to agitate France, both in Paris and the provinces. New conspiracies were arranged; popular societies, both secret and public, like that of "The Friends of the People," were formed; new general elections were to take place; and committees for their direction to be organized. Lafayette was the center of every movement.* La Grange was

As an interesting relic, I subjoin a fac-simile and a translation of a note from Lafayette, taken at hazard from a number still in my possession. This note, which was written in 1831, but is accidentally without a date, is as follows:—

J'ai écrit à M. de Mortemart, mon cher...
 l'philopie pour lui votre note et ne charger que deux
 ou trois mois, tel que celui-ci, l'hep de la conspiration
 auquel j'ai écrit hier l'compromis dans. je lui ai écrit
 que cette note est une à l'prie l'compromis de pour lui
 Seul il ne par que dans deux mois m'a dit le gél
 l'chutarié mais il pour ce n'est.
 je suis allé à l'prie à pour l'chutarié
 par lui parler du même objet. il m'a dit avoir
 écrit à l'prie que on se lui écrit la première note. il a
 de l'compromis l'compromis de l'prie à M. de Mortemart
 par l'compromis qui par l'compromis lui en demain.

je suis à la gél pour l'prie de ma l'compromis;
 l'compromis de demain par la chambre. j'aport ne par
 l'compromis à l'compromis M. de Mortemart

Bien à l'compromis l'compromis

I have written to Mr. Mortemart,* my dear —, and I had your note copied for him,

constantly filled with visitors, seeking participation in their plans, or direction and advice. By my connection with the party in Poland, whose confidence I shared, I was brought into contact with the most inflammable spirits in Paris, and was often made acquainted with their secrets. Many of those I knew were strangers to the General. When one of these visitors was announced, Lafayette would, therefore, sometimes, call me into his cabinet, to inquire with regard to his position and antecedents. Such was the case, among others, on the arrival of a certain Lennox, ex-captain in Napoleon's army, who had gained some notoriety by being the first to advocate the cause of the Bonapartes to the population of Paris. For this purpose, among other measures, he purchased and edited a newspaper called "The Revolution of 1830," which was started just after the days of July, by my friend James Fazy, now the celebrated leader of the radicals of Geneva and of Switzerland. The General retained me in his cabinet to assist at the interview with Lennox, who wished to make disclosures and proposals in favor of the Duke of Reichstadt, then a captive in Vienna. Lafayette, most politely but promptly, refused to listen to the details. "I have," said he, "sent away the father, and shall not work in favor of the son." Thus the affair ended as far as Lafayette was concerned. But a Bonapartist conspiracy was going on, at the bottom of which was the present French emperor. The plan was to carry off the Duke of Reichstadt from Vienna—to bring him to Strasbourg, or some other place in Alsace—as there was a lurking Napoleonic sentiment in that quarter, as well as in the Eastern departments, especially in Auvergne—and there proclaim him emperor. In case of his success, Louis

Napoleon was to become King of Poland, as France would have marched to the rescue of her so-called sister. The whole plot was directed by Louis Napoleon from Switzerland, where he had resided with his mother, since an unsuccessful attempt at insurrection in the Papal States. Among his principal agents was a certain Pole named Zaba, who was devoted, soul and body, to the interests of his employer.

Protected by his nationality, which was then everywhere regarded as sacred, Zaba was constantly passing and repassing on the road between Switzerland and Paris. As to the ultimate elevation of Louis Napoleon to the Polish throne, it was peremptorily declared that the Republicans of that nation would neither accept him nor any other king, however imposed on them by treaties or conspiracies. Still, as the success of the Polish insurrection depended on the event of a general European war—which was then considered the natural result of the triumph of the Napoleonic party—the progress of the conspiracy was followed with interest. It is customary in all such operations to use an assumed name in the necessary correspondence. Mine was that of Mlle. Bellisle. General Lamarque, one of the most eminent men of the epoch, was acquainted with the affair, and many others as well. Among them was Mauguin, the leading orator of the war-party in the Chamber of Deputies, and an unrelenting enemy of Louis Philippe. At one time, after a return of Zaba, from Switzerland, we brought together a letter from Louis Napoleon to Mauguin, with a draft for several thousand dollars, on one of the principal banking houses in Paris. The conspiracy was discovered in part by the government, but we succeeded in baffling the police. No one was compromised, except Zaba, in

changing but two or three words such as *chief* of the conspiracy, for which I substituted *compromised in*. I told him that this note was entirely confidential for him alone. He will not leave for two months, as Gen. Sebastiani tells me, but he can write.

I went, yesterday, at a fortunate moment, to Gen. Sebastiani's to speak with him on the same subject. He assured me that he had written at the time when I gave him the first note, and he will recommend the affair to Bourgoing, by the courier who leaves to-day or to-morrow.

I am going to La Grange on the business of my commune. I shall return to-morrow for the Chamber. I hope that I shall soon see Mr. Lelewel.

Yours ever cordially,

LAFAYETTE

* Duke de Mortemart, special ambassador of Louis Philippe to Czar Nicholas.

† Count Sebastiani, Secretary of Foreign Affairs.

‡ French Minister resident at St. Petersburg.

spite of all the efforts of Casimir Perrier, then the premier, to get hold of the eminent men, whom he knew to have been partially acquainted with the enterprise. We gave a decidedly foreign aspect to the affair, representing it as relating only to the hopes of my country; and before the jury, by whom Zaba was discharged, I appeared, to testify to his innocence. The Duke of Reichstadt died some time afterwards—the public spoke of poison—and many accused Metternich. This was, certainly, without foundation. Austria could have no interest in destroying one whom she kept suspended, like the sword of Damocles, over the head of the new King of France. Many years after that, died Malfatti, one of the first physicians in Vienna. His confidential body-servant came to Italy, where I then resided. It was rumored that he was in possession of proofs, tracing to Malfatti the suspicion of having poisoned the Duke of Reichstadt, under a bribe from Louis Philippe. At any rate, this unscrupulous old schemer was the only person in the world who, in various ways, could be jeopardized and awed by the life of a son of Napoleon. But the murmur was soon hushed, and the man disappeared. How, I do not know, and never inquired, as I had no other interest than that of mere curiosity in such disgusting disclosures and transactions.

Near the month of July, 1831, the general elections took place. It had been hoped by many, and especially by Odillon Barrot, that the cabinet of Perrier would be defeated in favor of himself. The Republican societies believed that a violent demonstration in behalf of foreign revolutions would be a suitable prelude to the expected change of policy. The *émeute* was carried into effect, but proved unsuccessful. I was in the garden of the Palais Royal, the residence of the King and his family, where I was seized by a squad of the National Guards, and hurried off to the St. Pelagie, the famous prison for debtors and political offenders. Towards evening, on the same day, George Lafayette came to see me, saying that his father had done everything in his power to procure my release—had called upon Louis Philippe, but was refused an audience, the King remarking to his aid-de-camp Delaborde, "This must be a bad fellow, since Lafayette is interested in him." I retorted, "At least,

I am not the first bad fellow for whom your father has interceded—he once did the same for Louis Philippe." Our conversation took place in the parlor common to all the prisoners, by several of whom we were surrounded. One of them was the editor of the *Quotidienne*—the most violent Carlist paper—and he sent to his office an account of the interview. It appeared in the journal the next morning, and found its way to several continental papers, to the great relish of the enemies of Louis Philippe. Two days after, I was released by the decision of a magistrate. The publicity given to the above-mentioned words, together with an accident which occurred to one of the Royal daughters—the deceased Princess of Württemberg—an accident growing out of the fright occasioned by the *émeute*, of which Louis Philippe considered me as the prime mover—produced a hostile impression towards me in his mind, which he often betrayed during several years of my sojourn in Paris. He afterwards transferred this hostility to one of my brothers, on account of his marriage with a member of the Bourbon family.

Among the parliamentary characters at that time grouped around Lafayette—all of whom he overtopped, head and shoulders—was Odillon Barrot. He was a new political and Parliamentary star. He was surpassed by no one in popularity, except the General himself. A man of generous impulses, with the command of a brilliant and sonorous phraseology, he had no firmness of character, no decided aim but that of adjusting the parliamentary balance, as it was called, and which was the object of his fond admiration. On the whole, his mind was thoroughly unproductive. Such an imposing incapacity for statesmanship has rarely been found in any country or age. At the same time, his conceit was carried to a ridiculous excess—he was full of personal affectations—among them, that of imitating the postures of Napoleon—a fine exhibition for a lawyer! He was not without personal beauty, of which he was not a little vain; and his airs on this account often brought the laugh upon him. Louis Philippe—or, rather, his sister, Madame Adelaide, who was famous in more respects than one, and especially for not being too avaricious of her favors, even in the camp of Dumourier—took

advantage of this foible of Odillon Barrot, enticing him, as was said, into a Platonic love affair. This continued as long as his popularity could be of use to the still precarious house of Orleans. But, as soon as they felt themselves firmly seated on the throne, Odillon Barrot was contemptuously thrown away as a superfluous lover, and a political inutility. Still, he was not cured, at least of his parliamentary vanity. Even to the end of the reign, he cherished the hope of one day or other becoming the responsible chief of the Government. But Louis Philippe, surrounded by such statesmen as his favorite Guizot, Molé, Dupin, Montalivet, Sebastiani, and even Talleyrand, held him in utter contempt and aversion. Louis Napoleon imitated the conduct of Louis Philippe towards Odillon Barrot, who was strenuously opposed to the new Republic. The "nephew of his uncle" cajoled the susceptible aspirant with insidious flattery, affecting to admire his exalted capacities, and to be guided wholly by his counsels. For this purpose, upon being elected President, he made Odillon Barrot his premier, but kicking him out as soon as his transformation into a bloody usurper was mature, under the cover of the blind and pliable imbecility of his parliamentary tool. At present, Odillon Barrot is one of the apostles of the fusion between the Princes of Orleans and Henry V.; having contributed to depopularize the one, and, in 1830, having served as the commissioner of Louis Philippe, to conduct forcibly from France Charles X., the Duke and Duchess of Angouleme, the Duchess of Berri, with her infant son, the above-named Henry.

The autumn of 1831 sounded the death-knell of European revolutions. France, and Paris especially, was daily filled up with exiled patriots. All were eager to appear before Lafayette. My connection with him transformed me into a sort of gentleman usher. From seven to nine or ten in the morning, he daily received his political friends, or those who were merely curious to see him. Matters of every kind were laid before him—projects of new conspiracies, eventual insurrections, and the like. Emissaries to be sent out were introduced. You would often meet in his parlor as great a variety of voices, nations, and idioms, as at the time of the Pelasgian migration, or the building

of the tower of Babel. Beside Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Poles, Spaniards, Mulattoes and Africans, principally from the French West Indies, Americans—Don Pedro of Brazil, Santander of Bolivia, the Duke of Brunswick—the mad tyrant, expelled by his subjects with the assent of his royal relatives—Arabs from Algeria, the exiled Bey of Tunis, nay, once even the de-throned Dey of Algiers, waited on the venerable patriarch of liberty. The daughters of the General were well aware how heartily the old sire was willing to back with his purse any project of emancipation—beside generously alleviating personal misfortunes—and, therefore, these fastidious dames kept watch, as far as possible, in a room adjoining the cabinet, regarding many of the visitors with a suspicious and unfriendly eye. As I was almost a daily guest at the house, they suspected me of being one of the channels for draining their father's pocket. In time, however, they gave me their confidence, regarding me in the light of a confederate. Very likely the General might have told them that I not only never had recourse to him on my own account, or to the funds entrusted to his care as President of various committees for the relief of political refugees, but that I often prevented a wanton disbursement from both sources, by timely advice concerning individuals, or proposed schemes in reference to foreign countries.

To the last days of his life, Lafayette preserved his so called French gallantry, or devotion to the fair sex. He was inflammable as tinder, and was easily brought into the state of an *amorous* by any handsome and distinguished face, without special regard to social gradations or shadowings. He did the honors of Paris to Julia Grisi, who, then a girl of eighteen, had broken off her engagement at the theatre of Milan, and, secretly escaping the Austrian police, had reached Paris to join her lover, Count Mariani, a Milanese patriot and refugee. The General liked to talk about his successes when young, and was not unwilling to be a little teased on that account. I once asked him about his famous interview with Marie Antoinette, and how much gallantry or loyal devotion to a queen there was in the reported kissing of her hand. He smiled self-complacently and tap-

ping me on the nose replied, "Why are you so curious?"

Among the objects of his ardent devotion, was the Princess of Belgiojoso, a lady celebrated for her personal attractions, her mental accomplishments, her connection with important political movements, her varied experience of life, and the kindness and generosity of her disposition. No plan of social reform failed to excite her interest, while she almost became a martyr to her patriotic zeal in the cause of Italy. Being a subject of Austria, her large fortune was sequestered by the Government in 1831, on account of her participation in a revolutionary scheme at Milan, which was not, however, carried into effect. From a splendid hotel which she occupied in Paris, she retired to comparatively humble lodgings in a fifth story. It must be said, to the honor of the best Parisian society, both in aristocratic and financial circles, (bankers, brokers, money-operators, and so forth,) that not a person, not a lady of the highest fashion and elegance dropped her acquaintance on this account, and no one was frightened from visiting her by the ninety-six steps of the stair-case. Lafayette, always noble and chivalrous, was the last man to be changed towards his friend by such a reverse of fortune. The amusing circumstance in the affair was, that his grandson, Jules de Lasteyrie, a very young man, was, at the same time, assiduously devoted to the Princess. The two extremes often met in their innocent visits to a common shrine, and in that case, youth was compelled to retire before senility.* To me, at that time, and for many years after, the Princess was a friend, dearly beloved as a sister. She cherished the utmost enthusiasm for Lafayette. Her devotion to him was boundless—but his expressions of gallantry—the squeezing and kissing of hands—were very little to her taste. In this respect, she resembled the generality of her countrywomen. The visits of the General, often repeated twice a day, were usually made at certain hours, on going to and returning from the Chamber of Deputies. At the request of the Princess, I

used to go to her lodgings about the same time. When the bell of the porter announced the General's arrival, I would hurry down to the door to receive him, and, as he was a little lame, he would lean on my arm, while making the tedious ascent of the stair-case. The same thing took place on coming down, and when we parted he always embraced me, enjoining me to take good care of our dear common friend.

Lafayette certainly had his weaknesses, and this devotion to the fair was one of them. But what of that? By relating such minutiae, I do not disparage his character. Heroes do not constantly walk on stilts, or in the cothurnus, like the Greek tragedians. Man is a compound of wisdom and folly, of various impulses and passions, of lights and shadows; and the beauty of a character consists in the prevalence of the sunny sides over the cloudy ones. Frozen, mock perfections, suspended, like icicles, from the nose of humanity, are false to nature and repulsive to the soul.

One of the General's intimate friends was Destutt de Tracy, to whose daughter George Lafayette was married. This was the man whom Napoleon called the ideologue of the Institute. He was celebrated as the philosopher who had carried out the materialist system of the 18th century to its ultimate extreme. He was the intimate friend of Jefferson, during the diplomatic residence of the latter in Paris, and afterwards, for several years his correspondent. He thus sent to the American sage the manuscript of his commentary upon Montesquieu's "Spirit of Laws," in which he lucidly exposed the superficial and inconsequent reasonings of that distinguished publicist. The iron rule of Napoleon prevented the publication of this work in France, and it appeared for the first time in this country, as translated by Jefferson. As Destutt de Tracy and myself were conversing with each other one evening in the saloon, we observed the General devoting himself to a certain young beauty, with youthful alacrity. The philosopher smiled and remarked, "The

* This Jules is the cousin of Ferdinand de Lasteyrie who married a lady from Charleston, S. C. and is often mistaken in this country for another. Ferdinand is a decided republican, which Jules never was, not even in his youth. He is married to a Rohan, the most aristocratic connection in France, and is the leading chief of the Orleanist party.

General is always the same—always young in his devotion to women and liberty.

And so he was. Ardent in the defense of freedom, at the age of seventy, as when a youth, he fought under the flag of American independence. Always ready to plunge headlong into every movement for social and political disenfranchisement, and to sacrifice his fortune, or even his life, when the case had become desperate, and the scaffold beamed in the distance. Such was his course in the celebrated conspiracy of Belfort, when he owed his salvation almost to a miracle. Had he been seized at that time, the Bourbons and their ultra-royalists and priestly retinue would have treated him as they did Ney, Didier, Berton, the non-commissioned officers of la Rochelle, and many others.

Lafayette had enemies, with whom he was the object both of envy and detraction. Barrère, the celebrated member of the Committee of Public Safety with Robespierre, the Demosthenes of the guillotine, speaking to me one day about the General, called him a Marquis, who had received liberal frictions in America, but as their effect passed away, the red heel peeped out.* But this was wholly unfounded. The montagnards, the sans-culottes—and Barrère was one of them—hated Lafayette from the outset—nor did he spare them at that time, or afterwards. He once told me that Marat and other Jacobins were paid by the aristocrats, by Egalité Orleans, and by Pitt, to attack and discredit him in public opinion. This, however, was a mere fancy of the General. Marat and his followers were consumed by violent passions, but their convictions were sincere. The true Jacobins were not mercenary.

At a subsequent period of my protracted sojourn in Paris, the statesmen of Louis Philippe and of the bourgeoisie, the hangers-on of the court, and above all, the coterie of the Doctrinaires, were wont to call the General visionary, impracticable, and to affix God knows how many other similar epithets to his name. This was because he never compromised with his convictions or his conscience. In the opinion of the above-mentioned persons, Lafayette was a man without

talent, without far-reaching or profound ideas, and governed chiefly by vanity in his practical course. But, in reality, he shone among them all, as a pure spirit among mean and perverse ones. If his actions ever were prompted by vanity or ambition, it was of that noble and disinterested character, of which not even a glimpse could ever have possibly been attained by his detractors. When I knew him, his vanity was concentrated in the wish to be the symbol of freedom for the oppressed of all nations and races upon the earth, and to make his name a terror among the sovereigns of Europe, all of whom, without exception, he regarded as tyrants. He desired that his image might thus be remembered in royal palaces, and in the dwellings of the people. If his soul felt the stirrings of ambition, it was an impersonal and magnanimous sentiment. He valued power only as an instrument for the establishment of freedom. To the triumph of this cause he was wholly devoted. In its pursuit, he was incapable of intimidation. His mind was elastic and hopeful. He was an ardent believer in human progress. He cherished the largest charity for new ideas. No plan for reform, however opposed to prevailing notions, was deemed unworthy of his interest. He was the only person in the social circles in which he moved who never spoke with contempt or ridicule of the doctrines of St. Simon and Fourier. St. Simon he knew personally, and had fought by his side for the independence of this country, the former having held a commission in the army of Rochambeau. Lafayette was bent upon eradicating the prejudices by which the human mind was enslaved, and advancing the highest and purest development of the race, without exception of clime, color, or creed. The leading article of his faith was the melioration of the political, social, and material condition of humanity.

How different, in all respects, was this revered patriarch from the chief pontiff of Louis Philippe, the rigid, arrogant and, politically speaking, wholly unprincipled and immoral Guizot. It is true that Guizot was not without personal honesty in matters pertaining

* Previously to the great French Revolution, the nobility and men of aristocratic pretensions wore red heels to their shoes.

to his worldly fortune; but he spread broadcast the seeds of moral and political corruption, during the whole period of his administration. He openly preached to his constituents the civic duty of becoming rich, by whatever means. He several times changed his convictions, always siding with power, if his services were accepted by its holders, thus verifying the words of an ancient, "omnia serviliter pro dominatione." He balanced power against liberty, and so far degraded himself as to become the willing and supple tool of the reckless designs of Louis Philippe. Guizot, with a plebeian origin, hates democracy, and has more than once tortured both logic and history, in order to gain weapons for its defeat. He would fain destroy the democratic spirit, as a sacrifice to wealth, to the bourgeoisie, and to royalty. Guizot, the born Calvinist, the former accuser of the Jesuits, when in possession of power allowed that order again to spread surreptitiously for the sake of gratifying the wishes of the pious Queen. When the just wrath of the people overthrew his master, and wrenched the power from their united hands, he elevates Monk, the betrayer of English liberty, to the dignity of a hero, and of a benefactor to his country—thus tampering with history in order to impel Changarnier, the commander of the Republican army, to the restoration of the defeated house of Orleans. Such a man, and his satellites, from their sham pedestal of philosophical arrogance, presumed to look down with compassion on a person like Lafayette.

To the last day of his life, the General treated me with unchanged kindness and confidence. When he died, the mourning, though widely spread, was not so deeply felt as might have been anticipated on the departure of such a noble veteran in the cause of popular enfranchisement. At that moment, the popularity of Lafayette was slightly on the

decrease. The republicans, who were then reduced to a small number, regarded him as the cause of their misfortunes, and, in their uncalled-for displeasure, accused him of unfaithfulness to their cause. Thus the celebrated Raspail said to me, at the funeral, "The king of the bourgeoisie is dead." On the other hand the bourgeois, great and small, the banker and the shopkeeper,—in France, at least, for the most part, groveling in their ideas and their aspirations, wholly insensible to generous impulses—went over, horse and foot, to the camp of Louis Philippe—who, at that epoch, had just reached the climax of his power, and become the idol of traders, jobbers, brokers, of all kinds of speculators on the exchange, and of the host of new-fledged literary men, as well as of writers "in the serot and yellow leaf," who sought to win by their pen the speedy enjoyment of material luxury. Justice was not done to Lafayette at his death. The republican party was exasperated by its discomfiture, and was, therefore, unjust. The mass of the nation—the literature of France, in general, with a comparatively few honorable exceptions—had been plunged into the quagmire of materialism, by the influence of the king, and the prevailing financial tendency. Lafayette was not a man of transcendent abilities—he was no pompous declaimer—nor had he a creative and organizing genius. Least of all, was he a statesman, as that term is commonly understood. But his character was ennobled by unrivaled purity of purpose, by disinterested and magnanimous aims, by indomitable courage and devotion to the highest interests of humanity. All nations, and the French more than any other, worship brilliancy of intellect, adroitness of management, and practical success. For want of these shining traits, Lafayette failed of a just appreciation in the minds of his countrymen.

IN the year 1850, it was decreed by conventions of the whig and democratic parties, representing three-fifths, at least, of the people who concern themselves with politics, that the compromise measures were a final settlement, "in principle and substance," of the question of slavery. Mr. Webster, who had contributed so much talent and reputation to their success, congratulated himself, and the country, as he drew near his death, that there was then no part of the territory of the United States in which this subject had not been determined and disposed of by positive law. The President of the nation, even, in his first message, was impelled to speak of those measures as having "given renewed vigor to our institutions, and restored a sense of repose and security to the public mind throughout the confederacy;" and he promised that this "repose should suffer no shock, if he had power to avert it, during his administration."

Yet, those measures had scarcely been promulgated at the outermost limits of our empire, their great advocate of Massachusetts was hardly cold in his grave, the President himself was but warm in his chair, when the agitation of the slavery question broke forth anew, with a universality and earnestness of feeling never before equaled. It seemed as if all the warring winds of opinion were loose, and, as a distinguished senator aptly quoted,

"Eurus Notusque raunt, creberque procellis,
Africus —."

Slavery became at once the real and vital question of the day. It vibrated in every heart, and burned on every tongue. Older issues were dropped in the intense excitement it occasioned; the ancient rallying cries, once so potent in marshaling the electoral legions around the standards of their leaders, grew as charmless as the blasts of fish-horns, and the freshest of political frenzies, which, a year before, swept over the land like a torrent, was arrested and hurled back, and broken into foam by the opposing waves of this greater agitation.

Thus, the hopes of a long era of political quiet, engendered by the recon-

ciling action of Congress and the conventions, were dashed to the ground, and the flames of former feud, extinguished for a brief time, were kindled once more into a livelier energy and glow. But there is a peculiarity in the revived commotion, which it is impossible not to remark. During the earlier periods of anti-slavery excitement, it was mainly confined to men of ardent temperaments and extreme opinion, to abolitionists, strictly so-called; but, as things are now, it is shared by men of tempered and conservative disposition. The cautious and the wise—heads silvered over with age, and hearts which experience has taught to beat in measured pulses—are joined with more enthusiastic spirits in a common cause. It is, indeed, no exaggeration to describe the feeling at the North as general. If we except the small joint-stock association which draws the udders of the federal government, and a score or two of effete politicians, who, like the elder Bourbons, forget nothing and learn nothing, there is not a thinking man among us who is not absorbed in this topic of the domination and spread of slavery.

Whence this change? Why are the halcyon expectations, which crowned the compromises as a halo, dispersed? Why are minds, the least quick to catch the impulses of the times, carried away by a prevailing sentiment? Why are they compelled into coalition with those for whom, a little while ago, they felt no sympathy, and whose plans of policy generally they disapproved? There is an effect, as we see, and there must be a cause. Is it that the hereditary anti-slavery sentiment of the North has received some new and mysterious access of violence, like a fever which recurs in a more malignant type? Is it that the people of the North have been suddenly seized with some irrational animosity towards their brethren of the South, and rush forward, blindly, to the perpetration of an unprovoked injustice? Not at all. There is nothing thoughtless or unkind in the recent movement. It is a legitimate fruit of circumstances—a natural and normal development of events, which any sagacious student of cause and effect, in the moral sphere, might have predicted,

and which, indeed, was predicted by many in the deepest lull of 1850.

In the first place, there can be no finality in politics, except in the establishment of justice and truth. Where society is divided on a principle, and that principle involves, beside its moral issues, vast practical interests, no parliamentary device or legislative expedient can put a stop to the discussion of it—no compromise or temporary adjustment of it can settle it forever. The very attempt to settle it, in this way, though it may succeed in quelling an existing vehemence of agitation, will, in the end, provoke a still more vehement reaction. For the mind of man is, in its nature, vital and irrepressible; you may force it down, but you cannot keep it there; its inherent elasticity will cause it to spring back; and in that spring, perhaps, it will tear into shreds the cords by which it was bound. When the compromisers of 1850, therefore, undertook to suppress, in effect, the discussion of slavery, they undertook what was plainly impossible; and much of the exacerbation which has since arisen must be referred to a natural revolt against that impracticable enterprise.

But, in the second place, there is to be remarked a special cause for the late outbreak of anti-slavery feeling, and particularly for its appearance among those classes which have not heretofore manifested a strong tendency in that direction. It is this: that a gigantic fraud, as they esteem it, has been committed in the name of slavery—a surreptitious and dishonorable act has been perpetrated in its behalf, which has aroused a keen sense of wrong, which has brought with it a humiliating consciousness of vassalage on their part, and filled the dullest understandings with apprehensions for the security of our future liberties. The Kansas-Nebraska bill, which repealed the Missouri Compromise—sprung like a trap, as it was, upon a Congress not chosen in reference to it; hurried through the forms of legislation, under whip and spur, by a temporary majority; alleging a falsehood in its very terms, and having the seizure of a vast province, secured to freedom by thirty years of plighted faith, as its motive—was the fatal signal which, after astounding the nation by its audacity, rallied it to battle. The repeal of a statute, which for

nearly half a century had been regarded as irrevocable, and which, whether rightly or not, had come to be invested in general reverence with somewhat of the sacredness of a constitutional compact—the repeal of it, too, without having been called for by a single soul, under a false pretense, and by an arbitrary enforcement of parliamentary rules, struck the people everywhere with surprise, and those of the North particularly with consternation. A few months before it occurred, the very abettors of the transaction had pronounced it impossible. The committee of the Senate which reported it had pronounced it impossible. Not a man in the Union but would, at that time, have pronounced it equally impossible, had his opinion been asked; yet it was repealed by the simple declaration, which all the world knew to be untrue, that it had been rendered inoperative by the legislation of 1850! Marvelous assurance, but still more marvelous success!

We shall not inquire here whether the Missouri Compromise was originally proper or not; averse as we are to compromises in general, we are not sure that it would not have been better for all sides to have settled the dispute at that time on a basis of principle, and at all hazards; but, inasmuch as the South had reaped its share of the benefit proposed by the bargain—inasmuch as its continuance involved, to a considerable extent, the good faith of the South, we are clear, that the disturbance of it by the South was neither honorable nor wise. In accepting the responsibility of the deed, it has, so far as those interests are concerned, which led to it, both lost an opportunity and committed a fatal error. Had it spurned the offer of the territories, when it was made, it would have achieved a moral triumph far more valuable to it than any other immediate success can be. But the virtue of its representatives was not equal to the occasion—the spirit of Henry, Wythe, Macon, Jefferson, was not theirs. Or had it, after the act was consummated in Congress, withheld its approval, and manifested a willingness to allow the North a fair chance in the appropriation of land, so long consecrated to freedom by its own consent, there would have been a color of equity in its proceedings, which would have gone far in tempering the horror and

reprobation which the original offense provoked. But here again the South proved unworthy of its opportunities. It has sustained and abetted the lawless invasion of Kansas, by the armed marauders of Missouri. It has sent thither its agents, or allowed them to go—which is the same thing—in order to subjugate the peaceful settlers, and to impose a peculiar social system upon them against their will. The Kansas Legislature, acting in the name of the South, is a usurping body. The people of Kansas, overruled by violence at the elections, are not its constituents. It reflects no popular sovereignty, only the sway of the mob; and they who support its cause, support the ascendancy of the bowie-knife and the rifle over the ballot-box and the law.

Under this condition of facts and events, it was very natural that public opinion at the North should be stung into a keen and vivid resentment. Averse as it may have been, as a whole, to any interference with the internal relations of the South; willing, as it has shown itself, to accept any settlement of difficulties which did not involve an actual approval of the Southern system—hoping that, under a geographical demarcation of the respective regions of slavery and freedom, the causes of dispute would be gradually supplanted by the advancing enterprise, if not by the Christianity and democracy, of the nation—or be reduced, at least, to the smallest possible surface of contact—it has yet been able to discover in that repeal, and in the conduct by which it has been followed up, nothing less than a rooted determination to extend the peculiar social usages of the South, over the whole West, in the face of contracts and laws, and to the exclusion of freedom. But how, in the name of humanity, could the North listen to the avowal, or witness the incipient steps in the execution of such a scheme, without loudly and sternly protesting against it, and resolving to resist it to the end?

The immediate effect of this repeal, grounded as it was on the absurd doctrine which ascribed full sovereignty and independence to an inchoate political body, and invested a remote dependency of the organism with the most vital functions of the brain and heart, has been to introduce confusion and civil war into the whole system. But

the history of this part of its operation is so well and so honestly though rudely told, by the editor of the *St. Louis Intelligencer*, who resides near the scene of trouble, and who is himself a friend of slavery, that we reproduce it. Writing in the latter part of August, he says:

"The emigration to Kansas has been entirely checked. Emigrants from the northern or free states have ceased to go to Kansas, because they can find as good land elsewhere, not cursed by mob law nor ruled by non-resident bullies. Emigrants from the southern states do not go to Kansas, because they will not put their slave property in peril, by taking it to a territory where there is a strong free soil element, threatening the security of slaves. Any man of sense might have foreseen the result. Alabama and Georgia may hold public meetings, and resolve to sustain the slaveholders in Missouri in making Kansas a slave state. But their resolutions comprise all their aid—which is not 'material' enough for the crisis. When slaveholders of Alabama and Georgia emigrate, they go to Louisiana, Arkansas, and Texas. They do not come with their slaves to Missouri or to Kansas. Call they that backing their friends! Thus the matter stands. The northern emigrants shun Missouri and Kansas as plague spots of the nation. The southern emigrants shun Missouri and Kansas, because here is the battle-ground between slavery and free soil. The result is, Kansas, the fairest land under the sun, is neglected and idle; occupied only by a few honest and earnest but disheartened pioneers, and lorded over by a dozen or two feudal tyrants of Missouri, who curse by their presence the land they have desolated. In May last the editor of the *Intelligencer* was in Kentucky, and he met numerous of the most respectable and wealthy farmers of that state, such as form so large a portion of the population of Missouri, who inquired earnestly about the condition of things in Kansas and in western Missouri. They spoke of the intention they had of removing to Kansas or western Missouri, but said they had abandoned it utterly, for the reason that they would never think of taking their families to a region where law was set aside, presses mobbed, and men driven from the country by irresponsible and unknown bands of regulators. They preferred the rule of law to anarchy. In a recent trip through several northwestern states we found that the same circumstances were most industriously and fatally used to divert emigration to those states, and to prejudice Missouri and Kansas with every class of people. The most aggravating stories of insults and outrages committed by Missourians on the persons of emigrants from the old world or from the free states, who are found ascending the Missouri river, are circulated in the newspapers all through the free states; and it is impossible to conceive of the deep hatred thus generated towards our whole state in the northern half of the Union."

"Between these free Missouri is leading on her languid existence. St. Louis is retarded in a most woeful way. Our railroads creep at snail's pace. We build ten miles while other western states build one hundred. In every

department of life we feel the paralysis. Instead of bounding forward, buoyant, strong, and rejoicing, we sit with dull eyes and heavy spirits, and listen to the tick of a death-watch. These are the bitter fruits of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise—a wicked and wrongful deed—that will yet bring a hell of bitter self-reproach to its authors. Missouri did not demand that repeal. The South never asked it. Atchison solicited it—and, in a moment of political insanity, the South consented to the wrong, and made the wrong her own. This was the suicide of slavery. Every step since taken has deepened the wrong and enhanced the danger. The free states organized Aid Societies, and sent their men to make Kansas free. It had been free soil by solemn compact for thirty-five years, and they naturally were incensed to see its character changed. The South would have been far more indignant if a slave territory had been thus, by an unexpected act of Congress, been converted into free soil. The free states had a right to be indignant that a life-long compromise had been repealed—and they had a right to keep Kansas free as it had been, by peaceful colonization. They attempted nothing else; but a portion of the citizens of Missouri, headed by Atchison and Stringfellow, denounced the northern emigrants as 'paupers and hirelings,' because they were sent west with the money of a society; and so they had county meetings in Missouri and raised money, and sent Missourians to Kansas to make Kansas a slave territory! Were these Missourians 'hirelings' too? And did these two wrongs make one right? Atchison and Stringfellow, with their Missouri followers, overwhelmed the settlers in Kansas, browbeat and bullied them, and took the government from their hands. Missouri votes elected the present body of men, who insult public intelligence and popular rights by styling themselves 'the Legislature of Kansas.' This body of men are helping themselves to fat speculations by locating the 'seat of government' and getting town lots for their votes. They are passing laws disfranchising all the citizens of Kansas who do not believe negro slavery to be a Christian institution and a national blessing. They are proposing to punish with imprisonment the utterance of views inconsistent with their own. And they are trying to perpetuate their preposterous and infernal tyranny, by appointing for a term of years creatures of their own, as commissioners in every county, to levy and collect taxes, and see that the laws they are passing are faithfully executed. Has this age anything to compare with these acts in audacity?

"The free state men of Kansas have resolved not to submit to this daring usurpation of a non-resident oligarchy. They have called a convention of the people of Kansas, to meet in September next, and frame a constitution for their government. This movement will be supported by thousands in Kansas, and it will rally and bring to their aid the northern states that have been for the time staggered and confused by the untoward events in Kansas. The next Congress will find, then, this issue before them—a free state constitution presented by one portion of the people of Kansas, and the pro-slavery territorial laws of the present fraudulent legislature. The House of Representatives of the next Congress will be largely free soil or anti-Nebraska. The pro-

slavery laws of the *bogus* legislature will be rejected—and, without Congressional sanction, they are not valid—the contest will then be on accepting the constitution presented by the free state people. The free state constitution may pass the House, but not the Senate. But the effect will be as disastrous to Missouri and the South. Kansas will be left to anarchy. The slavery that is there will flee from it, and perhaps even the slave property of western Missouri give way under the panic, and seek safety in the cotton fields and sugar plantations of Texas.

"It has been the common opinion with thoughtless persons and thick-headed bullies at the west, that the northern and eastern men will not fight. Never was a greater mistake. The sons of New England and of the middle states do not like to fight. They would rather work, plough, build towns, railroads, make money, and raise families, than fight. But fight they will, if need be. Remember, the sons of New England shed the first blood in the American Revolution, and they were the last to furl their flags in that terrible struggle. They have never disgraced the country by cowardice, and they will not. They are Americans, with spirit, courage, endurance and deep love of liberty to animate them. The free state men in Kansas will fight before they will be disfranchised and trampled upon. Mark the word."

There is much truth here; but the most serious part of the evil, serious to North and South alike, is merely hinted at, and not dwelt upon as it deserves. It is this: that the repeal of the Compromise was the practical triumph of a party, which is the worst in its principles, and the most dangerous in its designs, of any party that ever arose in the Republic. We refer to the filibustering propagandists of slavery, whose unquestionable purpose it is to rule the Union, if they can, and if they cannot, to set up a southern slave confederacy for themselves. They are few in numbers as yet, though great in influence, but they have of late grown rapidly in both, and will be prodigiously strengthened by success in Kansas. Let us sketch the rise and progress of certain sentiments, briefly, in order to show the bearing of their schemes.

When the Constitution of the United States was formed, slavery existed in nearly all the States, but it existed as an acknowledged evil, which it was hoped the progress of events would, in the course of a few years, extinguish. With the exception of South Carolina, there was not a state in which some decided efforts had not been made towards its alleviation and ultimate removal. It was this feeling, to wit, that it was an evil, and that it would soon be abated, which excluded all mention of slavery

by name from the Constitution, and which led to the adoption of such a phraseology, in the parts referring to the subject, that it does not necessarily imply its existence. The Constitution was made for all time, while the makers of it supposed slavery to be but a transient fact, and the terms of it consequently were adapted to the larger purpose, and not to the temporary exigency. A jurist from the interior of China, who know nothing of the actual condition of our country, or Justinian, could he arise from the dead, would never learn, from the mere reading of that instrument, of the existence of slavery. He would read of "persons held to service," and of certain "other persons," who were to be counted only as three-fifths, in the distribution of representative population: but he would never imagine them, unless expressly told, a species of property. The general sentiment was averse to slavery, and the men of the Revolution were unwilling to recognize it, except in an indirect and roundabout way, and then only, as they expected, for a limited period.

For many years subsequent to the Revolution, a similar feeling prevailed throughout the South as well as at the North, that slavery was a most unhappy inheritance from colonial times, and that it ought to be got rid of if it could. The most intense expressions of disapproval that have ever been uttered against the system, may be quoted from the writings of those who were born and brought up under it; and whenever it was defended, it was defended on the ground, not that it was right or even desirable, but that it was inevitable. "It is fastened upon us," said the South, "and we must do the best with it that we can." We are like men in a morass, who cannot spring at once to the firm land, but who must work their way thither, gradually, as they are able. We trust that Providence has some good end in thus afflicting us—what it is we do not see—we discover certain incidental goods in our strange relations; but we must look to God to justify his own dealings to us in this wretched business." This was the prevailing tone; few regarded slavery as anything less than a curse, and none held it to be a permanent condition. As for the domestic trade in slaves, it was generally execrated. John Randolph, as late as 1816, denounced it, on

the floor of Congress, as "heinous and abominable," "inhuman and illegal," and Governor Williams, of South Carolina, spoke of it, in one of his messages as "a remorseless and merciless traffic," the result of "insatiable avarice," and condemned "by enlightened humanity, wise policy, and the prayers of the just."

But the miraculous extension given to the cotton trade, by the contrivance of the gin and by the manufacturing industry of Great Britain, produced a vast change in the opinions of the country. As the slave system spread to an unexampled extent, and the hopes of its ultimate extinction diminished, it was found necessary by the slaveholders, in order to justify to their own consciences their adherence to it, and to shelter their conduct from the indignant moral censure of the world, to invent some plea which should be plausible at least, if not well-founded. In pursuance of this need, they resorted to the Bible to show that slavery was divinely allowed, and could not be, therefore, in itself, wrong. They ransacked physiological science, to establish the inferiority of the black race, and the consequent duty of protecting it and educating it to labor. They began to interpret the designs of Heaven, and to contend that slavery was to be made an instrument in raising the enslaved Africans to a knowledge of the industrial arts and Christianity, and in the subsequent civilization, through them, of the vast continent from which they were originally taken. All this reasoning, however, implied no more than a temporary state of slavery, making it probationary or propædæutic, and not justifying it as a finality or permanent condition. The motives assigned in apology for it, looked to the future redemption of the slave, to his improvement in the methods of civilized life, and of course to his restoration to a condition in which those methods would avail himself and his race.

A sterner logic was required to meet the difficulties of the problem, which was nothing less than the reconciliation of a selfish interest to universal conscience—at all times a most embarrassing affair. If slavery were right because only of its probable and ultimate benefits to the slave caste, the inference could not be avoided that the time must come when that caste, or the superior

portions of it at least, might be emancipated. The opponents of the slaveholders might justly taunt them, on their own premises, for continuing the system beyond the period requisite for the fulfillment of its alleged purposes. They might reasonably demand that some definite term be put to the time of this educational discipline; that the system, in fact, should be resolved into a species of apprenticeship; and that the lot of its enforced beneficiaries should be illuminated by some hope or prospect, however distant, of final release. For of what use to the slave, or to his race, would be an education protracted to the hour of his death? Education is a means to some end, and where the end is withheld, the means is worthless. How were negroes, taught the social arts here, to benefit their fellows in Africa, if they were to be held here in perpetual bondage? Why teach them knowledge, which, in raising them individually above their original savageness, could only render them more keenly sensible that their out-look embraced no future? It was hard for the slaveholders to reply, and so the bolder among them shifted their grounds. They began to discover and to aver that slavery was a good in itself—that it was the natural relation of the two races—that negroes could never be anything more, by the fiat of God, than the servants of the white man; and that a society constructed upon this arrangement, in which the inferior should do all the work, and the superior exercise the protection and guidance, (beside enjoying the best fruits,) was the truest and happiest society that could be conceived. It was a heaven-ordained socialism—thoroughly articulated and organized, effective and economical as an industrial machine—benevolent as a provision for the poorer classes, so woefully overlooked in other societies, ample in its furniture of motives and means for the ripest culture in the higher classes, and rendering the interchanges of life between different ranks, whose interests are radically united, a perpetual reciprocation of gratitude, affection, and care.

With this change in opinion, from despairing lament or feeble apology to positive vindication, came a corresponding change in tactics, from defense to aggression. While the greater part of the slaveholders accepted the glorifying

view of their system, merely as a political reaction against the bitter reproaches of the civilized world, or as a pleasant, *couleur de rose* dream-land, into which imagination might escape from the too painful reality, there were others, more daring spirits, with whom argument was action, and of whom it might be said—

“—Straightforward goes the lightning's path, and straight the fearful path of the cannon ball.”

Without caring a whit for the right or wrong, the good or evil of slavery or of anything else, and animated mainly by an insatiable thirst for power and gain, they found it exceedingly convenient to adopt the philanthropic theory. They eagerly embraced the premises, and more eagerly shot to the conclusion. Slavery is a good thing, a desirable thing, a benefaction and heaven's blessing to all concerned, and *ergo*, ought not to be restricted, but diffused! There was the whole question! Why limit so excellent a social institution to the few states that are now basking in its genial beams? Why not spread the benefits of it over the North? Why be so cruel as to withhold it from the poor benighted Territories, or from languishing Mexico, or from the wilderness shores of the Amazon? Or why shut off its natural supplies from the teeming fountains of Congo and the Gold Coast?

They were consecutive reasoners, you see, these fellows, and practical men, besides; and, accordingly, they set to work both to remodel the principles and practices of the South. Exploding the old democratic creed, that man had inherent and inviolable rights, which had been the inspiring faith of the glorious days of the Revolution, and trampling down the once cherished conviction of the sovereign supremacy of the states, within their own jurisdiction, and over everything political which had not been conceded in so many words to the federal authority, they proclaimed that only a particular race of men had rights, that the states were nothing more than departments, that slavery was the one supreme and universal interest, and that it might go everywhere and determine every question. Brave propagandists! It was to you we owed the breaking down of all old and sacred distinctions, to you we owed our wars for the acquisition of new land—to you the spirit of encroachment and aggrava-

dizement which is abroad—to you the filibuster, expeditions which disgrace our name—to you the fugitive slave law, which would convert freemen into bloodhounds—to you the incessant agitation of slavery, and an insolence which hangs the fate of the Union on a constant subservience to its behests! And now, as the latest step in this career of conquest, as the very *coup de grace* to our national freedom and the independence of the states, comes this erasure of an ancient landmark, which had stood for thirty years, like a long line of coast, against which the black billows dashed themselves only to be broken! Grant this triumph and where will you stop? On what remote boundary of our possible empire, in what era of unknown time, will your god Terminus erect his altar? Whither shall we fly to escape your frowns, where look for a rescue from your abhorrent domination?

It must not be forgotten, however, that this small but desperate and determined knot of propagandists would never have achieved the influence they have, if the political parties of the country had maintained their primitive rectitude and honor. Had they continued to fight as Washington and Franklin fought, as Jefferson and Adams and Madison fought, for principles and not small expediences, there is no local faction that could have made head against them for any length of time. But with success comes relaxation; with victory, indulgence; with prosperity and power, corruption. Our parties, once having tasted the luscious spoils of office, made them the end of their life. They lost the stringency and sternness of conviction, the nobleness and purity of purpose, in which they began. They were debauched, they fell into the hands of men of small ambitions and cold hearts, their creeds became the merest hodge-podge of contradictory maxims, and their conduct a series of contemptible shifts and doublings, and prostitutions. A late foreign writer, observing from an impartial stand-point, and describing the aspect of our affairs, says, with equal justice and force:—"Few things have more surprised the world than the deterioration of the political men of America. When the United States were a mere aggregate of scantily-peopled colonies, when their principal citizens were plant-

ers, shop-keepers and traders, trained up in the narrowness and prejudices and petty employments of provincial life, they produced statesmen and negotiators, and administrators and legislators whose names will be forever illustrious in history. Now that they form a great empire, that they possess a large class of men born in opulence, to whom all the schools and universities of each hemisphere are open, who have leisure to pursue the studies and to acquire the habits of political life, few of their public men would pass in Europe for tolerable second-rates." What other conclusion could he draw, when the chair of Washington and Jefferson has come to be occupied by a Tyler and a Pierce, and the diplomacy of a Franklin and an Adams is represented by that of a Soule and a Borland? Yet the decay of leaders would be nothing, were there no evidences of a similar degeneracy in the spirit of society, which unfortunately happens to be the case. Our civil life exhibits an almost universal demoralization; there is scarcely a party among us which holds to any consistent theory of government or law, or which can enunciate two principles that are not utterly incompatible and at war with each other,—while political presses, public documents, speeches in Congress, and even the discourses of the pulpit, are filled with arguments, appeals and denunciations, going to show an utter abandonment of the foundation-principle of our nation, which is the rights of man. A gross materialism, the success of trade, the progress of gain, an external expediency, is preferred to lofty ideal aspirations and spiritual truth. The grand and beautiful theory which lies at the center of our institutions, their noble humanitarianism, their just and magnanimous recognition of the dignity and worth of every human being, their utter and indignant disdain of the spirit of caste, of exclusion, of selfish aggrandisement,—no longer touch our hearts and kindle them into a fine and generous enthusiasm. Great deeds are not done among us. The atmosphere around us is cold and ungenial. We speculate how to get rich; we build railroads and ships, to increase our stores; we spy out the neighboring lands which promise us luxurious harvests hereafter; we return the panting fugitive to his life-long doom; but the heroic

virtues, the chivalric sentiments, the sweet, and tender, and self-forgetful impulses, which constitute the true and only glories of manhood, we lay aside, forgetting them even in our prayers. "Oh! reverence," says the poet, "the dreams of thy youth!" but the fair dreams of our youth we despise. The dream that this young land, fresh from the hands of its Creator, unpolluted by the stains of time, should be the home of freedom and a race of men so manly that they would lift the earth by the whole breadth of its orbit nearer heaven, that it should be a light to the struggling nations, holding on high, forever, the standard of justice and humanity—and supplanting the despotism under which mankind had withered, by a rich, and noble, and free republican civilization, has passed away from the most of us, as nothing but a dream. We yield ourselves, instead, to calculation, money-making and moral indifference. The prophet of the Lord might again cry in our streets, "How is the gold become dim, how is the most fine gold changed!"

It is a dark view of things we have taken; not darker than circumstances warrant: and yet, not altogether hopeless. Behind the foul and stormy clouds overspreading the lower skies, and which are but earth-born mists, glimpses are to be had of a fairer heaven. Behind the mean and sordid life of politics, shutting out the sunshine for a time, there is a great, true life, which may yet redeem this people. At the South there are many noble, Christian souls, who have not been withered by the blight of slavery, and to whose generous impulses the creed of the vulgar propagandists is as repugnant as the creed of the pirate. They have thought too long and earnestly of the evil they suffer, to disguise its character, and they are too kind and just in sentiment, to wish to impose it on others. In their prayers and struggles against it, lies the hope of a better issue to the awful question than is contained in the violent solution of the more active men by whom they are, for the present, silenced and overborne. It is to their wisdom and piety that we look for a brighter future. Again, at the North, we are not wholly given up to the idolatry of "Timour-Mammon." Scattered over the broad inland, are thousands upon thousands of cheerful homes which nurture a race to whom

the heavenly law, and not the earthly greed, is the rule of duty. They retain the simple honesty, the masculine vigor, the love of liberty and of God, which came to them from the stern old republican stock of England, from those who fought with Cromwell, and read John Milton. Indeed, in no nation of the world do we believe that more intelligent, upright, self-sacrificing and energetic men and women are to be found than in this—where the best culture of Europe is so widely diffused, where religion is so free and so active, and where the sweet influences of woman are so heartily accepted. But the misery is, that these virtuous and redeeming classes have been elbowed by the politicians, and their rude herd, into obscurity. Shrinking from the clamor, and meanness, and ribaldry of political exertion, they have retired with disgust into their cottages and fields, into their stores and workshops, into their parlors and libraries, and they have thus left the arena free for the gladiators and the wild beasts, who, having mauled and torn each other, turn at last to rend the innocent citizen, and to desolate the peaceful home.

We conceive that in pointing out the two evils to which we have referred, namely, the aggressions of slavery and the corruption of parties, we have struck upon the very mother sins of our career. They are the sources to which may be traced every error and iniquity that we have fallen into: not only external offenses against honor and justice, such as Texan forays and Cuban freebooting, but the deeper inward debasement—the decay and meanness of spirit, which could submit to fugitive slave laws, and other outrages, the most insulting ever inflicted upon a free people: and it will be impossible to retrieve the past until the mighty stream of influences which they pour forth is stopped. Unless there is integrity, self-respect, and decision enough in our society to arrest these gangrenes, they will spread until they have corroded the whole body. Unless there is moral vitality in our heart sufficient to assert itself against the powerful poisons already in the blood, we may be sure that the circulation will carry them soon to every member, till there shall be no health nor life in us.

But these two evils are in reality one—or are, at least, reciprocally cause

and effect of each other, inasmuch as they have both the same origin—the departure of the nation, in feeling and practice, from the idea in which it was founded. Nations, like man himself, have certain ends or ideals of existence, which constitute the inmost ground or essence of their being, and when they depart from these, they either degrade themselves into some lower form, or grow into monsters. Men who cease to be men, become either animals or fiends. Nations, which lose their constituent principles, fall into barbarism, or rush into some diabolic fury. Their salvation lies alone in their adherence to the great thought which gave them their original organic unity. Now, the great thought, the fundamental idea, the constituent principle of our nationality, was the liberty of all men, secured by equal laws, and defended from invasion, either on the part of the state or of individuals, by the whole power of the state. The peculiarity of organization by which this liberty was made sure, was that distribution of power whereby every mature locality was rendered free and supreme in whatever concerned itself solely, yet coöperative in more general spheres, so that there was a perfect equilibrium in the centripetal and centrifugal forces of government, as in the solar system. The great object of the arrangement was the security, the elevation, the freedom of the individual, who, regarded as the child of God, as the joint heir with others of the earth, as an immortal spirit, capable of an infinite growth in love, and truth, and beauty, was too sacred not to be hedged round by every defense, and helped forward by every kind nurture and care. He was the Prince of the Great King, for whom all the granaries were to be filled, and all the treasures displayed, and all the bells to ring out a joyous welcome.

We must return to our fundamental principles, to our primitive spirit, to the noble and manly moral tone, which made us giants in our youth, but in the loss of which we dwindle into dwarfs. No single measure of improvement, nor series of measures, can help us, if we do not recover, along with them, the old inward health and soundness. A restoration of the Missouri Prohibition, for instance, at which so many aim, though important as a sign of repentance, and as a restitution for

wrong done, would be, in itself, but a first step towards the infinitely greater end, the regeneration of the mind of the people on the subject of slavery. There will be no peace, nor purity, nor noble vigor, until, as a federation, we shall have discharged ourselves of all responsibility for a system vitally at war with its objects. The separate states have a larger and more difficult task, and they must stand or fall by their fidelity to its duties; they must struggle with their own burdens; we cannot help or relieve them, except by their own consent; but the confederacy has but one single, plain, and inevitable course. It must be free! how wildly soever interested factions may rage against the attempt to recover the ground that has been lost, deep and wide as are the delusions which are to be scattered, painful as may be the process of healing, even to the dividing asunder of the joints and marrow, the Republic must be free! The dearest memories of the past, the saddening aspects of the present, the hopes of the future alike proclaim it as the imperative law of duty for us of the present day, that the Republic must be free. As in days of yore—

"Hills flung that cry to hills around,
And ocean-mart replied to mart,
And streams, whose springs were yet
Unfount,
Pealed far away the startling sound,
Into the forest's heart."

So let it be again flung abroad till every stain is wiped from our soil, and the recreancy of our hearts retrieved. There is a time in the history of nations, as there is in the life of the individual, and as there was in the life of Christ, when the Devil carries them up into a high mountain, and offers them all the kingdoms of the earth, if they will but worship him. At such a time have we arrived in our national career. The spirit of evil points us to the vast outlying regions of the globe, and he promises that all these shall be ours, with riches, and power and glory, if we will but covet them and take them, and think no more of the other spirit, which only whispers in sadness to our inmost soul, that goodness is better than wealth, that truth is greater than power, and that the beauty of a humane and benignant life is the brightest glory of man. Let us beware how we choose!

EDITORIAL NOTES.

AMERICAN LITERATURE AND REPRINTS.

A WANT IN LITERATURE.—De Quincy, in a recent essay, referring to the tendency of modern science to an extreme division, instances medicine as subdividing itself into a distinct ministry, not only of the several organs of the body, oculists, aurists, dentists, chiropodists, etc., etc., but almost upon the several diseases of the same organ. A great benefit, he argues, will arise from this development, provided the sub-dividing tendency can be kept within the limits of the generalizing tendency, so as to retain the unity of the sciences. Yet this remark of his suggests another, which is, that in the midst of this increasing scientific multiplicity the possibility of popularizing it grows more and more out of the question. Every day the gulf is widening between the *savant* and the popular mind, or even the best literary mind. At the late Scientific Convention, for instance, how many of the papers and discussions were quite beyond the apprehension of all but those who had made science an object of special study? In the twelve goodly tomes of Natural History, which Agassiz promises, how much of it will in reality be too well-done for general public enlightenment and instruction? Like our own magnificent State Natural History, it will be addressed to the initiated and not to us profane vulgar. Every rich man will have it in his library, and every Lyceum and Mechanics' Institute; yet how few, beside scientific men, strictly so-called, will be able to read it, or do more than refer to it at long intervals?

But must men of science give up their minute and extensive researches on that account? Must they agree to confine their tasks to a prescribed circle of inquiry? Must they abandon the large outlying regions of nature of which they are still ignorant, and which invite their scrutiny and penetration? Not at all: for that were to quit the domain of science altogether, and surrender one of the intellectual characteristics and triumphs of the modern epoch. At the same time, something ought to be done to keep the world, the literary world, at least, *au fait* to their discoveries and progress. A new class is

needed—a class of middle men or interpreters—to stand between the original investigator and the public, and to give the best results of the newest inquiry, in a readable and interesting shape. What an excellent railroad volume, for instance, could be made of our state geology, in which the abstruser terms should be avoided, and still the substance be retained. Of course, the *savant* himself will not do this; the greater number of simply literary men are incapable of doing it; and so we say that a new order of writers is required for that specific purpose. We have said that investigators will not generally undertake this task, because it requires a peculiar kind of talent, not always theirs, for its accomplishment: still, a sufficient number of them have undertaken it, luckily, to enable us to illustrate what we mean, by their own successful labors. In the first rank of a somewhat special, but nervous and lucid treatment of their subject, we should place the "Chemical Letters" of Liebig, written with all the nervous haste of a hand urgent to return to its more legitimate labors, yet feeling a duty to his science and the public, and laying before the world an exposition of the very science which might have been first chosen to show the impracticableness of exposition. Brilliant in manipulation, Liebig hastens into the arena of commerce, puts himself *en rapport* with the business world, and after showing an enviable faculty of expression, returns with equal facility to the minute labors of the laboratory. So with the comparative anatomist, Owen, incomparable in logical and generalizing powers, he has laid before the learned world, in language as clear as his subject would admit, the most abstruse of researches. In Geology, again, we have another great example; the popular volumes of Hugh Miller, which, lacking in little of the soundness and the technicality exacted by the man of science, for they almost need the use of a glossary, have still been more read than any thoroughly scientific books we can quote. These, however, are not the sole examples; they but suggest the order of sound popular writers who have

recently placed themselves between the public and the closets of the philosophers. Schleiden, in the *Biography of Plants*, has become a kind of Lliebig of Botany, and an able though daring innovator to boot. In his wake stand Henfrey, Unger, and Schouw. Then, can we forget the success of Guyot's "Earth and Man, or Physical Geography of the Globe," or, the broad and all-embracing *Cosmos*, and the more special manuals of Lyell? The name of Lardner has long held a peculiar place in physical science: not endowed with any inventive power, without having in any marked degree contributed to the direct advancement of science, but possessed of practical talent and of lucidity of description rather than of eloquence, his name for many years prominently figured in England as an oracle, is always more or less as the mouth-piece of everything pertaining to natural philosophy; the explanation of which, and his possession of an unusual faculty of elucidation, which, to this moment, in London makes him the busy purveyor of the numerous popular tracts, and text books to the English public. It is to the enterprise of Doctor Lardner the public is indebted for a scientific discourse of a much more lofty character; that of Sir John Herschel, published in the Cabinet Library.

We might add a dozen or two more names to those we have mentioned, not forgetting, among the rest, the admirable papers of Professor Schele de Vere, and others, contributed to our own Magazine; but that we have said enough to show what we mean.

It was but lately we asked one of our ablest professors, why the most lovely of pursuits, Botany, which, by dint of classification, has been effectually mummified into the driest of all subjects—why it was not all written upon from some such half dozen stand points as: The connection of plant life with temperature and latitude, with geological zones of soil: and with plants as influenced by maritime climate, aridity, mechanical conditions, etc., instead of the usual not very intelligible heads of Thalamifloræ, Calycifloræ, Clerogens, and-so-forth, together with the further moderate subdivision of no less than about one hundred and thirty families; and, while he professed the intention of carrying out some such plan,

at some future leisure period, one could not help seeing that, in his mind, all this was already pretty much realized, in these fearfully condensed tables of analysis which botanists hold up to you, as master-pieces of condensation and labor-saving obscurity.

The man of science, when addressed upon this point, says to you, "Why, my dear sir, if, in a subject like that of the description of nature, we were to undertake the task of popularizing, by making our writings what is more in accordance with literary style, in exchange for our usual succinctness of description, so voluminous is the field of our investigation, that we should almost cover the earth with letter-press." Then, gentlemen naturalists, we say to you, cover the earth with letter-press, and we will tell you why. Read, for example, the average printed matter of "Household Words," now reaching its twelfth volume. You will there learn how much the mass of the reading public will bear to have an idea amplified, turned over in every possible angle of regard, thoroughly exhausted, and the style even diluted, so that clearness and interest may be gained through abundant exposition, rather than mere brevity and condensation with its accompanying meagerness and obscurity. There you will see how little, with the reader, depends upon a numerical array and crowding together of facts, and how much in that which is truly literary in the mode of their presentation.

In the collected works of De Quincey, amounting to eight or ten volumes, in which the quality of verbal extension is almost as marvelous as that surfacing property attributed to some of the malleable metals, the public has not yet expressed itself as at all encumbered. If ten volumes, then, of De Quincey, why not fifty of Agassiz, if they do but excel in literary charm at the same time that they are pregnant with underlying principle, and with ideas. Look, again, at the collected works of a Herder, of Richter, at the "Memoirs of George Sand," already reaching seventeen volumes, and not yet complete; consider whether the world has ever groaned under the prolific pens and the fertility of those popular names? Are they not rather blessed for their bequests, and likely to be read for all time to come? And why should not science be made equally popular?

MODERN MYSTERIES EXPLAINED AND EXPOSED.—Dr. Mahan, of Ohio, has undertaken to give the finishing blow to the theories of the spiritualists, as those people call themselves who ascribe the curious phenomena of rappings, etc., to an ultra-mundane origin. He requires nearly five hundred closely printed pages to do it in, but when the reader gets to the end of them, he feels that some light has been thrown upon the subject, or upon particular branches of it, but that, as a whole, the matter remains quite as involved as it was before. It should be stated, however, that a great deal of the book has only a secondary connection with the principal theme, the first part, for instance, being taken up with a refutation of the rhapsodies of A. J. Davis, another with a proof of the divine origin of Christianity, and a third with a criticism of the claims of Swedenborg. What is said of Davis is superficial; the argument in defense of the Scriptures has been a thousand times more ably given elsewhere; and the remarks on Swedenborg betray such an utter want of knowledge of the character of the man and his thought that they are almost worthless. We must express some surprise, therefore, that a writer of President Mahan's pretensions should, in the first place, waste his time and the reader's, in an exposure of Davis's absurdities, which are certainly not of a nature to mislead anybody with a grain of mental sanity left, and, in the second place, that he should, when he comes to grapple with a really formidable topic, like the system of the Scandinavian seer, be satisfied with so exceedingly superficial a view of it, discovering an ignorance of its first principles, and repeating, without inquiry, the statements of others no better qualified to speak than himself. What would be thought of a philosopher who, in attempting to estimate the schemes of Plato, Hegel, Coleridge, Comte, or any other great thinker, should first assume their mental hallucination, and then argue the case from that assumption? But such a proceeding is no fairer in the case of Swedenborg than it would be in that of any other speculator. He might be mistaken in his claims to a divine illumination, and yet be fundamentally correct in his theories or principles. We do not say that he was correct (for we are not able to decide so large a question),

but we do say that his philosophy is a consistent whole, as much so as Plato's pagan philosophy, or Comte's positive philosophy, and ought to be judged of on its own merits, and not from our opinion of the author's psychological state. It is true he himself asserts a special authority for what he says, but an enlightened criticism ought to put that aside, and decide the value of the message by its contents. Had this been done, we conceive that we might have had a much more impartial and satisfactory estimate of this wonderful mystic than any that has yet been written. Emerson, in his Representative Men, has characterized him from the Emersonian standpoint, and has, consequently, given us an instructive essay—far more interesting than any written from the extreme stand-points of those who accept him either as an infallible teacher, or as an unmitigated humbug.

As to spiritualism itself, which is the proper subject of Dr. Mahan's book, he does not deny the facts of the case, but he endeavors to show, first, that similar or analogous facts arise from known mundane causes; second, that the so-called spirit manifestations occur in circumstances in which such causes are known to act; and third, that such manifestations proceed from such causes and not from the agency of disembodied spirits. These positions he illustrates with great ingenuity and force of reasoning, but assuming, as he does, the existence of Reichenbach's Odyllic Force, which has not yet been admitted by science, and neglecting certain alleged phenomena which cannot be accounted for on mesmeric grounds, his conclusions are not always convincing. To explain spiritualism by mesmerism, clairvoyance, the odyllic force, etc., is to illustrate one dark subject by another quite as dark. Still, we think all these different manifestations throw light upon each other, and will, by and by, when the matter is taken up by a really scientific, and not a metaphysical mind, lead to a philosophical solution. The truth is, that at present there is too great a want of well-authenticated facts to warrant a safe generalization. The spiritualists themselves are too credulous and excited, and too much taken up with their foregone hypotheses to be good reporters of facts, and the scientific men properly ignore the subject, just as they did or do phrenology.

mesmerism, etc. In the mean time, this part of Dr. Mahan's book, or the much sabler book of Dr. Rogers, on the same subject, may be read with profit by earnest and truth-seeking inquirers.

ANNALS OF SAN FRANCISCO.—That the present is a "fast" age is proved by many things, but by none more signally than the rapid march of nations from nothing to notoriety. California is not in her teens, and yet publishes her "annals" in a huge volume, full of curious matter, and astonishing adventures. If we were not the contemporaries of the changes recorded, we would not believe the report. A great deal, in earlier periods of Rome and Greece, not half so improbable, is voted fabulous by all the historians, on the grounds of its utter improbability. But it is a great advantage modern nations possess in the printing press and books. They may narrate the tale of their lives, even from their cradles. No future Niebuhr or Grote will be able to say that the story has no foundation but in their fancies. The golden gate will not be turned into a legend as the golden fleece was, nor the good ship which carried out the first colonists become a second Argo. Sutter, and Fremont, and Marshall, will not grow into demi-gods, nor the squabble among the squatters take the mythical proportions of wars in heaven. Everything is known about the origin of California, but is none the less strange for being known. It is marvelous without the aid of the mythopoeic faculties. The wilderness of yesterday, transformed into the populous, civilized city of to-day, is a standing miracle.

Messrs. SOULÉ, GIMON, and NISBET—for it has taken three men to prepare this ponderous book—have delivered what they had to say, profusely, yet well. They have condensed from the newspapers, all that it was essential to preserve concerning the rise and progress of the new State, putting it together with skill, and not flattering the Californians more than is inevitable in young writers discoursing to a young people. Youth are prone to exaggerate, and a youth so premature as that of California, has, perhaps, a right to exaggerate. Making every deduction on that score, however, her growth is still unparalleled. How can a people who have sprung at once from chaos into empire, fail to be conscious of it? A man strapped

to a locomotive, would he not know that he was going? and might he not boast of considerable speed?

Beside the letter press of this volume, giving historical and descriptive incidents, it contains excellent maps of the state and the chief city, some seventy or eighty illustrations of scenery and buildings, and portraits of many of the more prominent men and women. The constitution of the state, the charter of San Francisco, and the statistics of production, population, imports, etc., are also added, to render it of value to the business man, as well as to the historian and the curious student. It must be, for a time at least, the standard work on California.

JAPAN: AS IT WAS AND IS.—Probably no part of the globe, excepting the lands about the Arctic and Antarctic poles, is less known to the civilized world than Japan. Yet a great deal has been written about Japan since the first mention of it by the renowned Marco Polo, about the year A.D., 1298, by different adventurers, who had visited its coast, and by commercial and other agents, who, from time to time, have been permitted a slight intercourse with its people. Mr. HILDRETH, therefore, has performed an acceptable service to the reading world, in collecting the most trustworthy of these accounts in a single volume, connecting them by a thread of historic narrative, and working up into an interesting shape nearly all that is yet revealed of our strange antipodes. Far as the Japanese are removed from us, and small as are their influences upon mankind, the reports of their civilization are so new and curious, that one peruses them with an unusual degree of attention. They open to us a new language, a new literature, and, to some extent, a new politics; while the recent visits of the American expedition invest them with a peculiar and timely interest. We need hardly say that Mr. Hildreth has executed his labor with great care and patience. He seems to have left no source of information unconsulted, and he gives the result in a plain, somewhat dry style, but with the utmost clearness and precision. No other book upon Japan can compare with his in the fullness of its details. He has swept the spoils of all the libraries into his basket. The volume is also enriched by a good outline map, a glossary of terms, and an index, in which

many curious things in regard to the Japanese tongue, names, adventures, products, customs, etc., are gathered. Among the political parties of Japan, by the way, we notice one, of which the members are called Inoetz-no-Kajoru, meaning the "Frogs-in-a-well," and referring to those who hold Japan to be the greatest of empires: that is, they see no more of the sky than the circumference of the well allows them to see—but, we suspect, this party is not confined to Japan.

PANAMA AND ASPENWALL.—Among the gentlemen who accepted the invitation of the Panama Railroad Company, to a pleasure-trip in the tropics, was Dr. ROBERT TOMES of this city, who has liquidated his fare in the shape of a lively and instructive book about the trip. It is doubtful whether the steamboat and railroad associations will like his plain speaking in regard to some of their arrangements, but the public assuredly will, as they will also like the droll and striking views which the Doctor has given of life on the Isthmus. He has a keen eye for the characteristic in men and things, and his pen (for which we suspect he now and then uses his scalpel), readily puts in sharp relief what the eye sees. Dr. Tomes is a cheerful traveler, who grumbles when there is real occasion, but in general passes on his way, with a sunny, open disposition. His book, brief as it is, gives one a clear feeling of the scenery and society of the land it describes. The extraordinary enterprise, whose completion was the occasion of the visit, receives proper notice and explanation.

PICTURES OF EUROPE.—As some fond papas are not always fortunate in giving names to their babes, so some authors are not happy in christening their books. Mr. BARTOL is a specimen of the latter sort. His work cannot with propriety be called *Pictures of Europe*, as there is much more frame than picture. It would have been more truly and simply described as essays or sermons suggested by a tour of Europe. It consists mainly of thoughts—interspersed, it is true, by fine descriptions of scenes and events in Europe—but possessing few of the characteristics of painting. Instead of writing an itinerary, which would have been to some extent a repetition of the guide-books and the works of previous travelers, he has, like Mr. Ware, in his *European*

Capitals, grouped his impressions under distinct heads, such as Lakes, Mountains, Society, the Church, History, etc., which he treats in a highly intellectual and graceful way. Any thoughtful man will, we think, read the book to the end, if he once begins it; not merely for the agreeable memories it may revive, but for the charm of the style, the vigorous and sweet thoughts and the good and manly sentiments it imparts. The author has both an eye for nature and art, and a soul for society and the deep poetry of existence.

One chapter, which has pleased us much, is that on the "Superiority of Art to Nature;" not because we hold its conclusions to be in every respect sustainable, but because it is an argument in the right direction. So much cant is uttered now-a-days about "imitating nature," and "copying nature," as if that were possible or desirable, or as if nature were above and not subservient to man, that it delights one to find an occasional word in behalf of our true human rank. If artists should follow the advice of the greater part of the late theoretical writers on art, their labors would be swamped in a mesh of materialisms. But their genius, their human souls, their ardent aspirations for a truth and beauty, of which nature is but the dead symbol, saves them from this distressing wreck and degradation. At the same time we regard Mr. Bartol's discussion of the subject as altogether too vague in thought. He confounds art, in instantancing the Stelvio pass as a specimen of it, with mere mechanical contrivance, and he denies that nature is an out-growth of the spiritual state of man; and, in consequence, has made a singular jumble of fundamental principles.

THE HIDDEN PATH.—Our Richmond novelist, Miss Marion Harland, has followed up the success of her first venture, "Alone," with a second work, which is greatly superior to it—named, *The Hidden Path*. It is a domestic story, founded upon the experience of certain estimable young people, who, after the usual trials and difficulties of this mortal state, get married and seem to be quite happy. It is told with considerable power and great good taste. Its descriptions evince careful observation of social life and insight into character. In sentiment it is most unexceptionable, and the religious sentiment particularly is a

large advance upon that of "Alone," which we thought at the time a little bit canty. The chief defect of it is want of variety in the personages introduced. There are no less than three or four heroines, and quite as many heroes, different from each other, of course, and yet not very decidedly different. Miss Bella is a lovely, self-denying young woman, and so is Miss Isabel, and Miss Marion; and Mr. Maurice is a noble young man, and so is Mr. Frank Lyle, and Mr. Powhle Norwood, and Dr. Merton. They are all excellent people (with only one real villain among them—Papa Snowden—who marries rich widows, etc.), but one gets glimpses of others, not so good, or, rather, good in another way, whom one would like to have seen more of. Negro Ben, for instance, and the Aunt in the kitchen, with Mrs. Norwood and the old maid Ellis, discover idiosyncrasies, which, had they been more fully worked out, would have varied and enlivened the narrative, relieving the general sombre impression which is now left by many parts of the book. It would be a great satisfaction, in the midst of the dark inward struggles with which the principal people torment themselves, to come upon a right hearty laugh now and then—some creature who is not at all "subjective,"—but lives on for the pure fun of the thing—who has no particulars entiment or sentimentalities, but a vast fund of health and enjoyment. There is some nice discrimination of character in Miss Harland's novel, and the narrative is well sustained; but we wish she had more "animal spirits"—more jocundity and delight, and less iteration of woes, which are mostly morbid, and sometimes tedious. Cannot she give us a picture of southern life, as it is, with no reformatory or moral purpose whatever, except what may be contained in the reality itself?

RELIGIOUS BOOKS.—Mr. Blanchard, who seems determined that America shall lose none of the uneasy skepticism of Europe, having furnished us with Comte and Strauss, now adds thereto Gæzio's *Creed of Christianity*—a searching criticism of the orthodox faith. It is written in so earnest and sincere a spirit, that one sympathises with the poor author in his perplexities. But it occurs to us, meanwhile, that most of the difficulties which modern writers find in religion, arise from the fact, that they regard the understanding

alone as the exclusive source and judge of truth. How would it do for one to go through a gallery of art on that principle, making his intellect, and not his imagination and heart with it, the guide to his judgment? Or, how would it do to regard nature in the light of scientific revelation alone, and not as she addresses herself, with thousand-fold splendors of color and shape, to the senses and the affections? Well, then, shall we approach religion with anything less than the whole man? It is remarkable that, while the defenders and opponents of Christianity are pommeling each other about the "evidences, etc.," Christianity rests its proofs upon a single ground:—"If ye do my will, ye shall know," etc. Suppose some of the skeptics should try to settle the questions which trouble them, in that way?

—A book on the *Christian Life*, by Mr. BARN, is a hatcheling of Carlyle and his school, from the stand-point of Calvinism, by a brother Scotchman, who has an immense reverence for the idol he yet flings to the earth. He contends that the Calvinistic solution of the great problem of life is, after all, infinitely more rational in its principles, and more beneficial in its effects, than the pantheistic theory, and he argues the question with great zeal and vigor. In illustration of the power of Christianity over the individual mind, in its various constitution, he gives minute and appreciative biographies of the inner life of such men as Wilberforce, Chalmers, and Foster, and of its power over society, by remarks upon modern philanthropic movements.

—In the year 1785, a Mr. Burnett, merchant of Aberdeen, bequeathed a considerable sum of money as prizes for the best essay on the evidences of the Divine existence and attributes, to be paid every forty years. The first premium amounts to £1800, and the second to £600; and these were, last year, awarded to the Rev. R. A. Thompson, and the Rev. John Tullock, both of Great Britain. Mr. Tullock's essay, entitled *Theism*, has been republished in this country; and, though one never looks for much merit in a prize essay, is really a work of profound thought and force of logic. It first treats of the principles of Inductive Evidence, then of Illustrative Evidence, then of Moral Intuitive Evidence, and, finally, of the Divine

Wisdom and Goodness. Dr. Tullock is *en courant* in the latest theological speculations, both in England and Germany, and while he adheres, for the most part, to the orthodox standards of philosophy, yet manifests an intelligent appreciation of the merits of other schools. His argument must interest all those who are susceptible of an interest in such inquiries.

A FAIRY BOOK.—Any parent or instructor of youth, who knows how the young mind craves imaginative food, in the shape of nursery and legendary lore, will be glad to get the *Child's Own Book of Fairy Tales*—a judicious collection of some of the best things to be found in the Arabian Nights, and the ancient Mr. Newbury's publications. We know of one venerable gentleman, at least, whose various experiences in the way of editing daily newspapers and monthly magazines, and sometimes both together, have not so tasked his brain as the demands of a certain small circle, who look to him for the latest reports from the realm of giant and fairy. He is glad to avail himself of any assistance from foreign sources, and he doubts not that others, in like circumstances, will be equally glad. A portable volume, with Aladdin, and Ali Baba, and Jack the Giant Killer, and Cinderella, and Blue Beard, and Hop o' my Thumb, and some two dozen more choice extracts from the store-houses of juvenile fiction, nicely packed between its two covers, must prove to them a most acceptable resource. It will be, also, as lasting as it is acceptable, for this species of literature is of the perennial kind. It never wears out. Like the greater fictions which have made the names of Homer and Shakespeare so enduring, they defy the ravages of time. They float down the current of the ages, like lilies which are refreshed by the flow of the tide. They bear always in bloom; and, as long as children shall be born (and we opine that no premature frost of Shakerism, or sudden fire of Millerism will cut the period short), always will be. Empires may decay, and stars withdraw from the sky, but, until this great globe itself dissolves, the Bean Stalk of Jack will flourish, and the Tom Thumb rise heroic over destiny.

THE UNHOLY ALLIANCE.—MR. WM. GILES Dix has written a most enthusiastic protest against the part which England and

France are playing, so much to their serious cost, in the Eastern affairs. He regards the Eastern Question as, at bottom, a question between Christianity and Mohammedanism; and he is shocked that the leading Christian Nations of Europe should lend their aid to the great arch-enemy of Christ, just at a time when his empire is staggering to its fall. For Russia he does not cherish any particular sympathy, but in the existing quarrel he thinks her quite in the right; and he expresses a fervent hope that she may succeed in the fearful trial of strength waged around Sebastopol, unless England and France change their policy. If Mr. Dix were personally one of the parties engaged, he could not write with more warmth than he does of the merits of the dispute. Nor can it be denied that there is much truth in what he says, although it appears to us he over-estimates the bearing of the quarrel on the destinies of the world. In one place he represents this war as the greatest event which has occurred since the fall of the Roman Empire, in which opinion few students of history will concur. Russia is bound to possess Constantinople, he predicts, and the possession of it will render her, in the course of time, a commercial and consequently a less despotic power. In opposing her spread in that direction, England and France are really opposing her civilization. Despotism can only exist as a kind of close corporation, and, by opening itself to the moral and social influences of the world, it really liberalizes itself, and becomes constitutional and free. This point is stated with much force by Mr. Dix, whose whole argument, indeed, deserves attentive consideration. He has fallen, however, into one great heresy, as it seems to us, which is in the sentiment that the political tendency of this age is toward consolidated empire—and which leads him into an unfriendly attitude towards the republican efforts of Poland, Hungary, and Italy. The tendency and hope of this age is in the liberation and freedom of the nationalities, without which there can be no genuine consolidation, only despotism. Indeed, all consolidation is despotism; and federation alone, between mutually independent states, as in this country, furnishes the key to vigorous and stable national existence.

EUROPEAN LITERATURE.

ENGLAND.—The press in England continues to be more rich in promises than in performance. Perhaps the most important book upon our table is Sir DAVID BREWSTER'S new *Life of Sir Isaac Newton*. The small volume published by Sir David, then plain Dr., Brewster, in the "Family Library" some twenty years ago, has grown up into two stately octavos. Sir David has had access to valuable MS. collections, from which he has drawn new materials for his work. The whole Flamsteed correspondence has thus come into his hands. Sir David Brewster is an enthusiast in his task. Not satisfied with placing Newton, the philosopher, at the head of the "benefactors and ornaments of their species," he claims for Newton, the man, a character "exhibiting all the symmetry of which an imperfect nature is susceptible." His book is so truly a panegyric, that, before finishing the first volume, the reader begins to sympathize with the Athenian who voted Aristides into banishment because he was weary of hearing him called the "Just." If this were the only consequence of Sir David's partisanship it might be easily forgiven. But his love for Newton, or rather for *Sir David Brewster's hero*, has led him into strange injustice to the contemporaries of Sir Isaac. It surely should have sufficed Sir David to immolate Archimedes and Anaxagoras, Kepler and Copernicus on the shrine of Newton's intellectual glory. Is it not going too far to offer up the good name of so mild, and generous, and honorable a man as Leibnitz to the idol, which Sir David's hands have reared, of Newton's spiritual perfections? According to Sir David's own showing, the discovery of the Differential Calculus was made independently on Newton by Leibnitz. Leibnitz asked of Newton, in the most candid manner, what progress he had made in his alleged analytical discoveries. Newton wrote, in October, 1676, a reply not very courteous in style, and rendered nearly worthless to Leibnitz by the fact that the meaning of the most important passage it contained was purposely veiled from him by an enigmatical arrangement of the words! This obdurate reply Newton kept nearly six months before he sent it. Leibnitz instantly acknowledged the receipt by a letter, in which he frankly

stated, in plain language, his own most important discovery. No respectable man, not a biographer, could have failed to see and to lament in this matter, the moral inferiority of the great Englishman to his German contemporary. Throughout his account of the unfortunate quarrel which followed the publication of Leibnitz's method, (a quarrel of Sir Isaac's own seeking, since Leibnitz was really bound, in courtesy, to say nothing of alleged discoveries which Newton had himself refused to make public), Sir David Brewster preserves the tone of a passionate partisan. He roars like a lion when he finds Newton thinking that he has been charged with plagiarism, but quite "like a sucking dove" when Newton's friends, coarsely and plainly, bring the same charge against Leibnitz. His awkward and irate advocacy will do no more, we fear, to damage Newton's reputation in this affair, than Newton himself ever did.

The unfortunate Flamsteed fares still worse at Sir David's hands. He is charged with downright lying, and is dismissed with an antithetical kick, as "a divine without charity, and an astronomer without principles." His correspondence is called "revolting," on p. 242 of vol. II., although on p. 162 of the same volume, Sir David asserts that Flamsteed "bore his misfortunes with Christian resignation, and never failed to exhibit in his conduct, and to express in his writings, the humblest submission to the Divine will!" The truth would seem to be, that Flamsteed was really wronged in regard to his "Observations;" that Sir Isaac was at least privy to the wrong, and that when Flamsteed applied for redress to the government, Sir Isaac made no effort to help him, great as were his personal obligations to Flamsteed for scientific assistance. Flamsteed did some wrong things and said some unwise ones, but Sir David should have remembered the allowance to be made for a "great man" (his own words), "feeble from his infancy, afflicted with the stone," and confessedly treated with great unkindness and want of consideration. The Scotch knight, however, sharply slaps, with one hand, Flamsteed's "gross iniquities," while with the other he mildly pats Sir Isaac's "little imperfections." Sir David, indeed,

goes nearly as far in his partisanship as the lady who maintained that John Wilkes acquitted "no more than a gentleman and a man of honor ought to acquit." He impliedly charges a respectable foreign *savant* with falsehood for saying that Sir Isaac gave him bad wine at dinner!

This tendency is the most serious drawback upon the value of Sir David's biography. His historical sketches of the sciences, illustrated by the glorious intellect of Newton, are admirable. In treating his own department of Optics, Sir David has shown especial judgment and ability. And he is so honest, with all his partiality, that he gives us, in his own text, the means of correcting his judgments. Thus, he makes it plain that Sir Isaac was of a somewhat testy and suspicious temper, a man in short, as John Locke says, "nice to deal with, and a little too apt to raise in himself suspicions where there was no ground."

In discussing Sir Isaac's theology, Sir David avoids conclusions, though he intimates pretty plainly that Newton was a simple humanitarian. Newton's own papers, indeed, leave no room for doubt on the subject. The second volume of the work is illustrated with a photographic engraving of Roubillac's spirited statue of Sir Isaac. It is an exquisite specimen of this new and beautiful art, which is surely destined to work wonders in the æsthetic cultivation of mankind.

—*Commentaries upon the Productive Forces of Russia*, can hardly fail to command attention at this juncture of affairs, when they come to us from a Privy Councillor and member of the Council of the Russian Empire. M. L. DE TEGOBORSKI is already known in America, from this very work, published in French nearly three years since, and briefly noticed in our pages at the time. He is a diligent and accomplished statistician, and, as a high official in the Russian treasury, enjoyed excellent opportunities for familiarizing himself, as far as such a thing was possible, with the resources of the Empire. His "Commentaries" are quoted all over Europe as an authority, and are now first translated into English. The first volume lies before us, the second is to appear shortly. M. de Tegoborski gives an interesting picture of the resources of Russia. For instance, he states that the extent of cultivated land in European Russia, is to that of France as 15 to 4,

and to that of Austria as 9 to 2. It is thrice as large as the area of Prussia. The Russian forests cover an area nearly four times as large as France. In the proportion of productive to unproductive soil, however, Russia is greatly behind the rest of the Continent. He estimates the population of Russia at 62,000,000, but admits that, in density of population, Russia is very far in the rear of Europe. This is a serious drawback not only in the development of Russian resources, but on the administration of finance and of the military power of the empire. "Its inconveniences," says M. Tegoborski, "are felt in every branch of the public service." The want of large towns is another source of weakness. In France, we find one town to 102.3 square miles; in Russia, one to 130 1.2 square miles! Moreover, "in the Russian towns, we seldom see the animation of industry and commerce." There is a great scarcity of artificers in Russia. The proportion of skilled workmen in Prussia, is more than quadruple that of Russia. And M. Tegoborski confesses the almost entire absence, in Russia, of that municipal spirit which makes the strength of the Teutonic nations. The Russians tend to association and subordination rather than to individuality and enterprise. The immense proportion which the raw products of Russia bear to her manufactures, is established by M. Tegoborski; and it is easy to infer, from this fact, the extent of the distress which must have been already inflicted upon the empire by the destruction of the export trade. Scarcity of capital and the high rate of interest, the want of water-power and the expense of steam machinery, in a country ill-provided with coal, and where iron is excessively dear, the difficulties of communication, and the low standard of burgher education, are enumerated by M. Tegoborski as causes which may serve to account for the comparative failure of Russia to develop her manufacturing industry under a system of protection amounting almost to prohibition. The exceeding poverty of the masses of the population is apparent, not only from the condition of the town revenues, but from the small relative consumption in Russia of many articles which may be called the popular luxuries of modern civilized life.

On the whole, M. Tegoborski, patriotic

as he is, makes out a rather unfavorable case for the capacity of Russia to maintain such a struggle as that in which she is now engaged. The importance to the allied powers of their operations in the Black Sea, is fully attested by his statements. He lays immense stress on the value of the Black Sea ports, and declares that the prosperity of the richest provinces of Southern and Central Russia, whatever may be their internal welfare, "must always depend, in a great measure, on the activity of the Black Sea commerce." In 1843, Odessa and Taganrog exported more than 60 per cent. of the cereals alone, sent from Russia. The influence of serfage on the prosperity of Russia, M. de Tegoborski distinctly declares to be disastrous. "Slave labor," he justly says, "is always less productive than free labor; that is, not always as regards the interest of the proprietor, but as regards the total amount of value created by the employment of labor." The number of serfs in Russia he estimates at about 46 per cent. of the male population.

We shall return to M. Tegoborski's work on the appearance of the second volume.

—A bibliographical work of more than bibliographical interest, has been published by Dr. Cotton, Archdeacon of Cashel. It is entitled *Rhemes and Douay*, and is an attempt to show what has been done by Roman Catholics for the diffusion of the Bible in English. As the author observes, "there is a general want of information on this subject among all classes." "Learned men" talk loosely of "*the Douay Bible*," "*the Rhemes Testament*," as if they believed there was but one English text of the Catholic Scriptures, and one body of Notes upon them. So far is this from being true, that Dr. Cotton enumerates no less than ten editions published "by authority," many of them repeatedly multiplied, which differ from each other materially, and some of which, *e. g.*, Challoner's, of 1750, which was reprinted at Dublin, in 1820, without note or comment, do not vary from the common English version more than that varies from other Protestant translations. In addition to these, he describes seven translations, made by individuals, according to their own notions. Upon one of these translations, in particular, that of Bishop Kenrick, of Philadelphia, Dr. Cotton bestows high and merited commendation. The currency which these independent

versions have obtained among the clergy, has not been very encouraging, and Dr. Cotton quotes Cardinal Wiseman to show that the highest dignitaries of Rome "do not encourage their people to read the Scriptures, and do not spread them to the utmost." The fate of the labors of the learned and liberal Dr. Geddes, the most earnest of Catholic translators, among whose papers, after his death, not a line relating to his biblical studies could be found by his executor the accomplished Butler, is a further illustration of clerical hostility to all projects for increasing the popular knowledge of the Scriptures. Rome, indeed, boasts of her Vulgate translation, but it is the Vulgate of the dead, and not of the living. On the other hand, it is fair to say that men like Dr. Kenrick strenuously advocate the publication of "the whole New Testament in a more popular form for the general edification of the faithful." And Dr. Cotton gives some facts, which we fancy will be new to most of our readers, in respect to Catholic "Bible Societies." A society of Catholics at Paris published several editions of the New Testament for popular distribution, at the beginning of the last century, nearly a hundred years before the establishment of Bible societies in England and America. A society at Ratisbon, in Germany, instituted in 1805, contemporaneously with the "British and Foreign Bible Society," had distributed, before 1818, sixty thousand German Testaments, without note or comment. The Catholic Bible Societies of Russia preceded the Protestant efforts in that direction, which were inaugurated under the protection of the "illuminated" Emperor Alexander. The faithful labors of Von Eas, who, by his individual exertions, and in the face of Papal opposition, distributed, in four years, 390,000 copies of his own translation (and a very good one it is), among the Germans, are well known. And under the auspices of the Catholic aristocracy of England, a Catholic Bible Society was formed at London, in 1813 (five years before our American Bible Society began its career), which distributed three large editions of the *Rhemish Testament*, edited by the Vicar Apostolic of London.

—Mr. STIRLING, the author of the "*Annals of the Artists of Spain*," has given us a most complete and interesting account

of *Velazquez and his Works*. This is founded upon his sketch of that painter in his previous and excellent book, but it is really a new and independent treatise. In his preface, he treats Mr. Blanc's *Histoire des Peintres de toutes les Ecoles* with great severity, and we are gratified to find our general impressions of that publication confirmed by Mr. Stirling's specific investigations. Mr. Stirling fails in his descriptions, but he is a man of sound sense, of healthy sentiment, and of unwearied diligence, and he has made an excellent biography of a painter who was himself more distinguished for sound sense, healthy sentiment, and unwearied diligence, than for the higher qualities of the imagination.

—Another English contribution to the literature of art is Mr. STANLEY's *Synopsis of Dutch and Flemish Painters*. It is by no means a brilliant book, but it might have been made an useful one by a better index, and an arrangement approaching the philosophical. It is, in fact, a carelessly written compilation by a gentleman who has edited his facts, as Carlyle once said of somebody, just as a cartman edits a load of bricks, "by dumping them down."

FRANCE.—M. DE LAMARTINE'S *Histoire de Russie* is not M. de Lamartine's *Histoire de Russie*, but a *risfacciamento* of M. Schnitzler's works on Russia. We are aware that M. de Lamartine has, for some time past, been engaged in bookmaking, and we would not willingly be hypercritical in noticing works which a man of genius is compelled, by the pressure of necessity, to produce. But the extent to which M. de Lamartine, without a word of acknowledgment, has made use of M. Schnitzler's labors, is really unjustifiable. The *Histoire de Russie* is divided into ten books and an epilogue; the books being again divided into numbered paragraphs, stanzas we might call them. It is really a sort of chronicle in poetical prose. The web of the work comes from the loom of Schnitzler, and is well known as the "*Histoire de l'Empire Russe*." M. de Lamartine has covered it with embroideries of his own. Each Russian reign becomes for him the theme of a "*Méditation poétique*." The vile favorites of the murderers of Peter III., from the savage Orloff to the contemptible Zouboff, pass from his magic pencil invested with a pensive beauty, a regiment of "*Raphaels*," dimly discerned

by the light of their diamonds, through a haze of soft perfumes. From Schnitzler's "*Secret History of the Court and Cabinet*," M. de Lamartine takes, bodily, his account of the last days of Alexander I., forming a large proportion of book IX. He condescends occasionally to use quotation marks, but he gives no reference to his authorities.

The book thus nimbly constructed, is, of course, a readable one, for the subject is interesting, and Lamartine has a flowing style. The "Epilogue," a series of reflections on the causes and consequences of the present war, is a striking, and, on the whole, we think, a sound and sensible paper. We have never believed that Lamartine failed, in political life, from the Utopianism of his views. So far as his views of public affairs transpired, they seem to us to have been generally statesmanlike and correct. Vanity, forever falsifying his vision where he himself is called upon to act, made him impotent in public life as it has constantly made him absurd in private. In his account of the sixth coalition against Napoleon (vol. II., p. 260), occurs a passage which paints the man. He is speaking of Moreau, who came back from exile to join the armies allied against France, and conceived the plan of the campaign which overthrew the emperor. This conduct, he says, is "a new proof that emigration perverts the views as well as the hearts of the greatest men, and that one can only preserve patriotic morality upon the soil of one's native land." Lamartine, we need hardly say, alone among the republican leaders, has remained in France since the triumph of Napoleon III.!

His notion of the effects of emigration would hardly be accepted, we fancy, by the authors of *L'Almanach de l'Exil pour 1855*, "conçu et rédigé dans l'esprit et la pratique de liberté," and published at London and Jersey. F. Pyat, L. Blanc, V. Hugo and his two sons, the Russian Herzen, the Italian Piancini, the German Ruge, and the Hungarian Teleki, all contribute to this cosmopolite work, which is of moderate size. But, like Hermia, "though it be but little it is fierce," and breathes wrath in every word. We confess a dislike to the mad mouthing of mighty phrases, and we allude to this little book only because it contains a paper on Shakespeare, from the pen of F. Victor Hugo,

and the inspiration, no doubt, of his sire. Poor Shakespeare! an American critic has first lifted up the heel against thee for speaking loyally of thy sovereign, and now here comes a Frenchman to laud thee as an early prophet of the "République Rouge," a scourge of kings, and an "Orator of the Human Race!" Which is the sorer insult to the great poet, the censure or the praise? M. Hugo's notion of Shakespeare would make the swan of Avon a good hero for one of Victor Hugo's high-pressure dramas. "Moneyless, homeless, starving," he writes, "in misery, and in crime, Shakespeare" came to London. The reader may imagine what a pathetic picture follows of Shakespeare se tordant dans la misère, and acquiring tremendous opinions on all manner of subjects, particularly upon kings and aristocracy. Born "in the mud," and viewing society from that favorable "stand-point," the works of Shakespeare, says Hugo, Jr., "all smell of his origin." This accounts (how felicitously!) for the difference between the genius of Shakespeare and that of Byron! and for Byron's preference of Pope to the author of *Romeo and Juliet*! How young Hugo accounts for the democratic spirit of his father's works, seeing that the author of "*Napoleon le Petit*" has always insisted a good deal on the respectability of his birth, and has viewed society rather from the first floors of fashionable Paris than from the kennels of the Ile St. Louis, we cannot pretend to guess.

GERMANY.—The German sovereigns cry "Peace!" but the German people think "War!" and the number of books now appearing on the subject of the German "War of Liberation," is a sign of the times not to be passed over without notice. In a single number of the *Heidelberger Jahrbücher* we notice reviews of no less than

six new works, diaries and military histories of the wars against Napoleon.

—The interesting work which M. OLSHAUSEN is now publishing on America has reached its fourth number, which describes Missouri. It is very full and reliable. The author sets forth the great advantages of the country for immigrants of the peasant order, but thinks it his duty to warn his countrymen that "the Germans in America are not permitted to aspire to the first ranks of society, the Americans arrogating to themselves the great advantages of social position." Strangely as these words may sound in Germany, where America exists as an ideal, we, who live in America the real, have to admit their truth.

We have two other German works on America, one entitled "*Zwischen Hudson und Mississippi*," a tourist's book, and the other a more elaborate picture of manners, morals, and life, called "*Nach Amerika!*" from the *atelier* of F. GERSTÄCKER, not unfavorably known as the author of a "*Voyage Round the World*," and other rather lively works.

Want of space compels us to pass over, for the present, several books which we had marked for notice; but we must let our readers know that there is at last a prospect of our having that *desideratum* of many years—a thorough and yet readable history of the German Empire. Herr GIESSELRECHT, after twenty years of preparation, has published the first part of the first volume of his *Geschichte der Deutschen Kaiserzeit*, at Brunswick. This work is meant to be at once popular and profound; "*Lebendigkeit und Anschaulichkeit*" to attract and chain the reader's attention, being always kept in view. The work opens finely. We have only to hope that it may not be as long in the publication as in the composition.

THE DRAMA.

RACHEL.—*Dies albâ notandâ*, in the American annals of dramatic art, was the 3d of September, 1855. We have no passion for prodigies, but an event so remarkable as the successful début, upon an American stage, of the greatest of French actresses, should be chronicled with more than ordinary interest.

The classic tragedy of France was composed in the spirit of a society which no

longer exists, and in a poetic form, very agreeable, doubtless, to the French intellect, but comparatively powerless over the Anglo-Saxon Imagination. No scenic splendors enlist the sympathies through the sight; the classic stage is bare and chill, without pomp, or rumor, or parade. A monotone of passion, sustained with few modulations throughout the play, gives the mind no relief, and refuses those rich

effects of *chiaroscuro* in which the modern taste delights. To make the classic tragedy interesting to an American audience, would be a triumph for an actress speaking our own tongue. We grow drowsy with the mere thought of Addison's Cato, and Vandenhoff's attempt to reproduce the "Antigone," which is much the nearest to the modern mind of all the Greek tragedies, and by far superior, as a work of art, to the master-pieces of French genius, assisted, as that attempt was, by the attractions of Mendelssohn's music, hardly stirred the surface of London life. Berlin itself listened almost with apathy to the same tragedy, represented before the most cultivated audience of Europe by the best dramatic talent of Germany.

Mlle. Rachel comes, speaking a foreign tongue, supported by actors of moderate ability, and before the close of the first act of her first performance, receives, in the irrepressible emotion of an audience predominantly American, the assurance that she has mastered the mind and reached the heart of a strange people, who care nothing for classical proprieties, and take her meaning less from her articulate declamation of the poet's words, than from the mute eloquence of look, and tone, and gesture!

This is, certainly, a most extraordinary achievement, and an argument of such power in the actress, of some sort, as has not often been vouchsafed to woman. As a tribute to the capacity of our people to appreciate and to enjoy the highest art, the success of Mlle. Rachel is gratifying, but not, we think, surprising. We are too much in the habit of accepting the depreciatory estimate often put upon the æsthetic life of America. We suffer, indeed, from the want of a class of persons so situated as to be able to form, concentrate, and give direction to the popular taste, but while there is no country in which the science of criticism is less developed than in America, there is also none, we believe, where there exists a wider or deeper desire of æsthetic culture. The traveler who passes beyond the bounds of a special class, in the most advanced of European countries, soon finds that the gross necessities, and the sordid cares of life, have as materializing an effect upon the Frenchman, the German, or the Italian, as upon the American. The existence of great

works of art in the European countries, indeed, offers immediate encouragement to every germ of finer feeling in the breast of the humblest European; but that such germs live in the American heart, waiting only to be evoked by the touch of genius, we have never doubted. We think art has more to hope from an America which can boast of two mechanics, rising, far from Galleries and Academies, to the rank of masters in sculpture, than from an Italy whose hundred sculptors, in the presence of the immortal works of departed genius, have sunk into mere mechanics.

And, satisfactory as has been the success of Mlle. Rachel so far, we are sure that it would only be increased by such a change in the price of admission to her performances as should bring them within the reach of a much larger circle. It is much less true in America than in Europe, that wealth is a presumptive argument of culture in the possessor. We believe that the number of persons in New York, who would willingly make some sacrifice to hear Rachel at one dollar a night, is much larger than the number of the wealthy who will care to hear her.

Attendance upon so rare an exhibition of dramatic genius must not be allowed to degenerate into a fashion. Still, we are not an economical people; and if Rachel can only be heard at a high price, it is to be hoped we shall not begin to be penny wise and pound foolish by throwing away this opportunity of witnessing poetry embodied, and moving, picture. Such is Rachel upon the stage. Upon the sources of her power we may hereafter speculate; upon its characteristics we shall certainly enlarge. We content ourselves now with urging it upon all our readers, urban and rural, who can compass a visit to the Metropolitan Theatre, to accomplish the same as soon as may be. Would you come to New York to see the Medicean Venus or the Niobe? The chisel of Praxiteles never carved the mellow-tinted marble of Pentelicus into shapes of beauty more ideal than those which the measured or the maddened movement, the passionate earnestness, or the concentrated calm of Rachel's action can communicate to drapery, to the exquisitely simple pallium and tunic of Camille, or to the graceful chlamys and the gorgeous robe of Phèdre.

Who could hear with indifference that

the most finished and admirable of the portraits of Holbein or Vandyke was to be seen in Broadway? But the cunning of the painter has never enriched canvas with a more sad and stately vision of queenly womanhood than Rachel, as Mary Stuart, gives to the memory forever.

If you would see some of the strongest emotions that can agitate human nature, represented to the very life, not in earthy color nor the inert marble, but in all the flushing, changing, subtle substance, the mystery and the beauty of the human frame and face divine; if you would see the most accurate attention to detail, the keenest feeling for material effect, combining to produce a consummate reality and splendor of costume and of coloring, which it is dazzling to look upon and delightful to study, while yet these admirable results are so completely subordinated to the poetic expression they are enlisted to serve, that it is long before their extraordinary perfection breaks upon the mind; if you would see all this and more, which, lost now, you may hardly hope in a lifetime again to see, we counsel you, reader, come quickly to New York!

For a time, Mlle. Rachel must mainly claim our attention. But we are glad to notice a great animation in theatrical matters generally. Our managers have entered hopefully upon a season of anticipated prosperity. We trust they may not find themselves deceived.

We are promised Mme. Lagrange at the Academy of Music. Where is our American, Miss Hensler? We trust her fresh and pleasing talent will not be overlooked.

Signora Parodi has been concerting successfully. The Pyne troupe, soon, alas! to depart, have drawn excellent houses; and the farewell concert of the handsome Vestval was an ovation—though the night was hot and Rachel at the Metropolitan. All signs show that our musical public "stands provided and prepared" for the coming season.

We have seen with pleasure that many of our own actors and actresses are among the most regular attendants upon Mlle. Rachel's performances. This is as it should be: for, without mooted any question of comparisons between Mlle. Rachel and the great tragedians of the English school, (comparisons, by the way, which few men living are competent to draw, since the

great actor leaves behind him no witness of his powers but the voice of tradition,) there can be no doubt that the study of excellence so extraordinary as hers must be in every way profitable, even to artists of a school radically unlike that which she represents. She applies a stimulus to ambition even where she does not supply a model for imitation.

One most characteristic fault of the English stage, is the unnatural key in which all our actors think it necessary to pitch their voices. In the humblest farce, as in the loftiest tragedy, this fault is continually repeated, till the trick of the stage-voice has become so familiar to our ears as almost to escape notice. The English or American visitor to Paris is instantly struck on visiting a French theatre, by the entire naturalness of the tones which reach his ears. One can hardly persuade himself, at first, that he is looking upon a stage. In witnessing Parisian comedies, we were long haunted with a vague notion that we were looking in upon the proceedings of a private family, and committing an indiscretion of the grossest kind. Trained in this excellent school, the actors who accompany Mlle. Rachel, by the sheer simplicity of their method, (for they are by no means performers of the first rank,) have made, in comedy at least, a decided impression upon our public. Our own performers will do much for the theatre in America, if the example of these French players shall move them to shake off the trammels of a bad habit, consecrated by years though it be. It is only in private circles that such natural and unaffected acting has heretofore been found in America; but we have seen so much admirable dramatic talent displayed in our private theatricals, that we entertain no doubt of the capacity of America to produce, with the inspiration of good models, and under the control of a good system, a most respectable body of actors.

But few of the French performers carry upon the tragic stage the same unforced and simple manner. There are exceptions: and Mlle. Rachel is supported by two or three persons worthy of all praise for the ease and dignity with which they fill their rôles. But the construction of French tragic verse betrays most of them into a kind of see-saw declamation, up to the

sixth syllable and down again to the twelfth, which is wearisome to the ear and sadly impairs the effect of the dramatic situations. No such fault can be found with Mlle. Rachel herself. Her declamation strikes us as nearly perfect. With that exquisite perception of *nuances* which distinguishes her alike in conception and in execution, (witness, for instance, a subordinate, but still most important example, the taste and delicacy with which she suits her complexion to her part, without even suggesting to the spectator the notion of artificial coloring,) she has just exactly hit the point where verse would vanish into prose, and while the ear, in listening to her, retains all the time a vague consciousness of the poet's peculiar rhythm, the perception of the metrical form of her speech very rarely comes between the mind and its apprehension of the passionate emotions she is expressing. Like Lucrece in the gripe of Tarquin,

"She puts the period often from his place,"

and without confounding the measure, or destroying the mere declamatory effect of her recitations, gives to the verses of Corneille and Racine a reality of power, not, perhaps, their own. In this respect, she probably resembles her great prototype on the French stage, whose genius, thanks to the temper of her times, never received a recognition so brilliant and so honorable as has been vouchsafed to the daughter of the colporteur Felix, in the palaces of monarchs, but whose memory has been so gracefully revived by Rachel herself. Adrienne Lecouvreur first commanded the ear and the attention of the French court, by her departure from the style of chanting declamation, of true *recitative*, in which actresses like la Duclos had been accustomed to utter the poetry of the stage. Let us hope that the good taste, the chaste and, subdued energy of the power of which Mlle. Rachel is giving such memorable proofs, may be among the permanent legacies which she will leave to us.

There will be no lack of actors in New

York this winter to profit by this new study. Our theatrical season has opened with great spirit. A new English comedy at Burton's; a new American comedy, founded upon a French story, and written by Mr. Brougham, at Wallack's, have already been put upon the stage, with newly-arranged and well-recruited companies at those theatres; and Mr. Davenport has appeared again in Shakespearian drama at the Broadway.

Poor, indeed, must the actor be whose Shakespearian name will, in its turn, not support. With the best disposition in the world to admire Corneille and Racine, we have been compelled to feel that the interest of their tragedies, for us, depends absolutely upon the genius of the actress who is their interpreter. But who has not felt a keen wish, on seeing Rachel, that he could behold her, supported by an adequate cast, darkening the stage with the awful spirit of Lady Macbeth, or making it gorgeous with the passion of Cleopatra? We would be sorry if the appearance of the past French tragedies should have any (even momentary) effect in diminishing the zeal of Shakespearian students and actors.

PLASTIC ART.—Scheffer's "Beatrice and Dante" (noticed in our last number) is on exhibition at the Messrs. Goupil's. We hope our readers will see it. And we specially recommend to their attention the print, also to be found there, which we think much finer than the painting itself.

At the Messrs. Williams's, Greenough's "Boy and the Eagle" has just been received. This is a bronze, beautifully cast at Springfield, and is for sale. It is a simple conception, admirably wrought out. A mother eagle, breathing vengeance, has fixed her talons in the back of a lad who has been stealing her eaglets; and the lad, finding himself in trouble, drops his prey, and turns, painfully enough, to defend himself. The same gentlemen have also received a beautiful head of a coquettish "Spanish Maid," an oil painting by Baxter, of London, which can hardly fail to charm our young friends.

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